







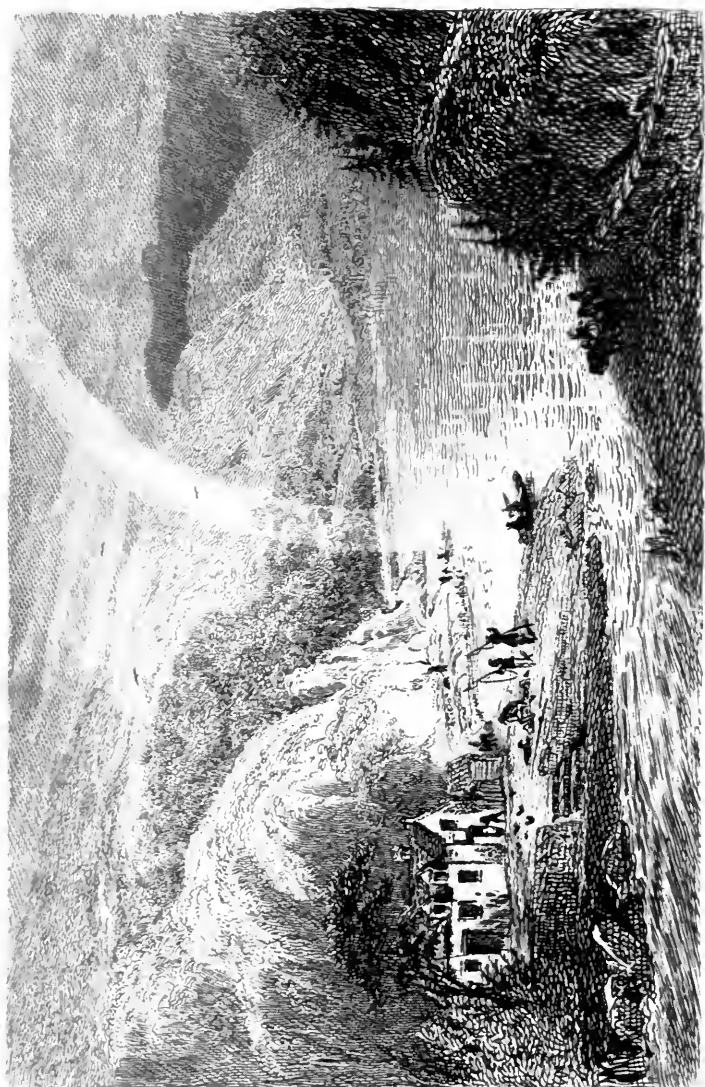




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THE  
ANGLER IN WALES,  
OR  
DAYS AND NIGHTS OF SPORTSMEN.

By THOMAS MEDWIN, Esq.

LATE OF THE FIRST LIFE GUARDS,  
AUTHOR OF "THE CONVERSATIONS OF LORD BYRON."

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SI QUID EST IN LIBELLIS MEIS QUOD PLACEAT, DICTAVI AUDITA.

---

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.



LONDON:  
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,  
Publisher in Ordinary to His Majesty.  
1834.

LONDON :  
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,  
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.

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TO

**ROBERT ALLEN, ESQ.**

In gratitude for most of the Illustrations, and  
some of the best materials of these Volumes,  
they are inscribed by his affectionate friend and  
Brother of the Angle,

**THE EDITOR.**

1853  
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## P R E F A C E.

---

HAVING sought in vain for companionship by turning over and over again the leaves of the tattered, dog's-eared, dirty, margin-annotated album, at Tal 'y Llyn, in Merionethshire, on a wet, cold day, as I had often done at Chamouny, Interlaken, and Grendelwald, I rang for the landlord, and asked him if he had no book he could lend me?

“Eze, sure, sir, a Welsh Bible.”

“A *Welsh* Bible!” I shook my head. He saw I was disappointed. “Well, indeed, sir, I don't know,” after a pause, said he, in his own idiomatic dialect, (that may be thus translated,) “perhaps you might be able to read some papers, lying in an old trunk in my *topsee* (attic) that belonged to a ‘*Goorbinhitheg-o-Lloiger*,

(which being interpreted, means, an idle, or good-for-nothing, or useless Englishman) who died, a year come next 7th of July, at my house, and now lies buried opposite the window (here he pointed to the church-yard). Poor gentleman! we all loved him as if he had been one of the family; he was as lively as a trout in our lake, when he first came among us, but grew all at once very melancholy, which was strange, for he was in the prime of life, and, from the free way in which he spent his money, must have had enough to be considered rich, in this country. He came here to angle with two travelling companions, who, when they continued their tour, tried all in their power to dissuade him from staying behind; but he obstinately refused to go with them. I should tell you that he was no great fisherman, for some days before their departure, he had laid up his rods on the pegs of my kitchen, where they now are. His daily custom was, to take long walks on the banks of the lake, and on Cader Idris, never returning till long after sunset, and he would then pass his time till morning in poring over his writings. I shall be glad to get rid of the charge of them, for you may chance to discover

by their means, his relations, which I have been unable to do." Thus saying, he left me.

No blue-stocking Miss, burning to know what compliment had been paid her *beauty* by an author, on returning her album with his autograph; no lover waiting for a reply to his billet-doux; no spendthrift opening a letter with a black seal that *might* announce the death of an annuitant aunt of ninety-five, could have felt more anxious than myself, (as I heard my host's heavy step descending the stair,) for a sight of this virgin literary treasure. It consisted of two unopened letters, a poem, and a bundle of papers, very illegibly written, and much interlined, and interleaved, which at a glance, I saw, were descriptive of a Welsh tour. No little patience, and ingenuity, and a constant reference to Cary's admirable map, were required, before I could trace the route of the anonymous writer. He was evidently no great adept, though an enthusiast, in the gentle art; I frequently met with very crude ideas, and extremely loose writing, which however, in my peculiar veneration for authorship, and diffidence of my own powers, I thought best to leave untouched; I discovered also many an '*hiatus maxime deflendus*,' and there

were no few passages obscure as those of the Greek tragedians, which, like them, are doubtless very *fine*, if they could be made referable to any mode of construction, or known idiom, in our language; these also I have not attempted to emendate. Thus the matter, after all the pains I took to reduce it into form, somewhat resembled the cub of a bear, that wanted a better foster-parent to lick it into shape. One other observation must be made. I disclaim all responsibility as to the sentiments of the writer, and the genuineness of the facts, nor am I philosopher enough to know if his theories have any *πὸν στῶ*.

The sketch-book was well supplied. Few dilettanti arrive at the freedom of outline, the delicacy of touch, and truth to nature, which the drawings, many of them coloured, bespoke. There were no less than five or six of Tal 'y Llyn, from which, though I doubt their being by any means the best, I selected three. As to the poetry, especially that of the Bengalee, all that can be said amounts to this, it was *comme ça*, yet better than might have been expected from an officer, if Mr. Leigh Hunt's well-known definition is to be trusted. But lest I should chance

to be considered here one of the tribe of that fiddle-faddling, dull old prosing pedant, Fadla-deen, I intend to reserve my scholia, or running comment, for the text.

On my return to town, a few months after my Cambrian trip, I was dining one day with some epicures at our club, and descanting very eloquently, as I thought, on the merits of this unknown mysterious tourist, and hinting at some half-intention of imparting his lucubrations to the world in the shape of one or two octavos, whichever they would make, (the dual number being certainly most to the purpose,) when I overheard a dandy, an amphibious animal now rare, (a term revived by the late Lord Kinnaird, from the English dandyprat, and that comes from the French word, 'dandiner,') in a *sotto voce* say to his next neighbour, 'Who would read a book about angling, the poor angling, too, in that *terra incognita* of goats and barbarians,—Wales!" A significant, or insignificant sneer was the only reply, but I perceived certain telegraphic winks, nods, and becks pass electrically round the table, showing the contempt in which such pursuits were held. I threw down the gauntlet in defence of my brethren of the rod.

One of my opponents, as he luxuriated over a ‘*Salmi des Perdrix*,’ shrugged up his shoulders at the mention of ‘*Bara couse*,’ and ‘*Bukon a guoi* :’ another gouty young gentleman, as he scraped the Turkey carpet, shuddered at the idea of wet feet : a third, as he inhaled the bouquet of the Burgundy, and imbibed it after the manner of George the Fourth, turned up his nose at ‘*Cwrw* :’ a fourth,—but I found I might as well attempt to convert Mussulmans, and resolved to ‘print and shame’ the infidels.

Here is the book, ‘gentle readers,’ and a ‘*far-rago libelli*’ it is. The last word, I hope none of you will render *Libel*.

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# THE ANGLER IN WALES.

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## FIRST DAY.

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Cheltenham.

WHOM should I hit upon at Cheltenham one burning afternoon in May, but my old school and class-fellow, Julian? We had not met for nearly twenty years, and all his "quondam acquaintances," if they had ever thought of him, considered that he "was dead, or ought to be." In sooth, he was one of the "quantum mutati."

His fine features had become marked and hard in their outline, his cheek shrunk and liny, and his figure, once distinguished for a rare beauty, and six upright feet of honest measure without his shoes, was bowed about the shoulders with no classic bend, such as the finest bas-relief in the world, of the Antinous in the Villa Albani, is famous for. Before I stretched out my hand, I was half inclined to say, with Beppo's wife —

“How's your liver?”

I addressed him familiarly by his name, but, to my horror, he did not recognize me. How abominably our mirrors do lie! little are we sensible of the change that day by day takes place in our phizzes; how complacently can we criticise others' eyes, for his were sunken and crow-footed, and hug ourselves with the convenient unbelief that the penciling of time has begun to radiate about the corners of our own. I was so taken aback, as the sailors say, at his want of recognition, so self-reflective grown, that I *fixed* on him for some seconds a vacant stare, and at last said:—“Don't you know me? Don't you remember Stanley? Do I look so *very* old?” What a bore it is to put such questions!

What a still greater bore, when he to whom they are addressed is too candid to lay a flattering unction on the vanity of the questioner, by undeceiving him in the damning suspicion conveyed by such an interrogatory as the last. He grasped my hand, whose pressure I did not return so cordially, perhaps, as I had intended, but strolling, arm-in-arm, towards the Montpellier Gardens, we soon leaped over space and time ;—

“And as we walk’d we talk’d, and the swift thought,  
Winging itself with laughter, linger’d not,  
But flew from brain to brain ; such glee was ours,  
Charged with light memories of departed hours—  
None deep enough for sadness.”

Among other topics, our inquiries turned upon what each had been doing during this long span in our existence, this best part of the life of man ; for, of all my acquaintances, I have never known one quite *sound* at five-and-thirty, and we had both passed that “Mezzo del cammin di nostra vita.” Julian, I learnt, had left England at eighteen to seek his fortune, and gone to Russia for that purpose, where, not liking the service, he had made his way, with a letter of recommendation in his pocket from Doctor

C—— to Lord Moira, through the Don country, over the Caucasus into Georgia, thence traversed the Persian empire, and crossing the Desert to Bushire, finally reached head quarters in the Upper Provinces. There he succeeded in getting a commission, and had just arrived on furlough from Bengal, with the brevet rank of Captain, and half a liver, to pay his devotions to Hygeia, in that paradise of chemists, where a decoction of Epsom salts and soda passes current for the genuine elixir vitæ, an unadulterated spa.

And your memorialist (as Madame d'Arblay designates herself)—What of him? Are you curious to know?—after a long\* continental tour, (by no means his first), and a short stay in town, he had just *descendu* at the Imperial. I had been unfortunate in my last trip; got the *malaria* at Rome, a *coup-de-soleil* at Naples, a *coup-de-vent* at Geneva, and made a *mauvais-coup* at Paris, and, sick of London (as I always am in a

\* It is evident that the writer had been much on the Continent, and need not have told us so, from his bad taste in constantly interlarding his style with foreign words and Gallicisms, or, as the Roman satirist says of the travelled *roués* of his time—

“In Tiberim defluxit Orontes.”—ED.



week), was on my way to Wales, to make a new constitution amidst its mountains, its lakes, and rivers, and to seek a remedy for that *tædium vitæ* doing nothing and having nothing to do, in what had always been “my passion and my enjoyment,” angling.

I found my old friend a person neither English nor Indian, Christian nor Hindu. In diet he was a rigid disciple of Brama, confining it exclusively to such esculents as are enjoined by the Shastras. They consisted of fish, rice, potatoes, and other vegetables, and fruit of all kinds. His daily meal (for he took but one) was currie and mulligatawney, the last part of which word well expressed the hue of his countenance. Instead of “ghee,” his sauce was olive oil, an ounce of which, he says, is equal to a pound of meat. The only exception he makes to this rigorous Pythagoreanism is, that he indulges in ample potations of the juice of the grape, which, according to him, was first planted in the East by the Indian Bacchus, whose exploits are so celebrated in the “Dionisiad” of Nonnus. He hence, perhaps, considers himself privileged to luxuriate in wine without discretion; but it “cheers, not inebriates” him, for he confines

himself solely to claret. He is the same amiable, gentle, and gay creature he ever was; but this latter quality he attributes to an abstinence from animal food, and looks upon the slaughter of a cow as only next to the murder of a human being.

“Nec distare putat humana carne *bovinam*.”

His tongue ran on “antres vast and deserts idle,” on jackal-hunting, on hog-hunting, on “anthropophagi” in the shape of tigers and alligators; on cobra de capelli, wild elephants and rhinoceroses, and other nondescript animals, uncatalogued even by the wonder-relating Othello. It would have made unquiet the ghost of old Isaac Walton to hear Julian’s disparagement of “the gentle art,” which, I told him, had been lately designated by the “*Ultimus piscatorum*” the philosophic one. He repeated the words “*Ultimus piscatorum*” with a marked and not very respectful emphasis, and said—

“It would be well that he were, if you Piscators are all as dull fellows. Why, he goes angling in the Colone in a court-dress, bag-wig, and ruffles, and talks of catching trout with the same imperturbable *sang froid* as he does of crimping them. His book reminds me of the

'*Cours Gastronomique*,' where the tutor lectures very pedantically, or, as you would say, *en philosophe*, on the most approved way, ancient and modern, of dressing 'plats.' Dr. Kitchener strikes me as quite as great a philosopher as your Chemicus."

"If you had named," I replied, "the immortal Ude, the greatest of men and first of artists, I might have hesitated before I differed from you. Sublime sciences both, my dear Julian, though, I fear, it will be no easy task to convert you to one or the other. *Mais essayons nous*. I despise angling where it is practised on the tame and pent-up trout in these Gloucestershire streams, where each is watched by keepers, and every particular inhabitant an old acquaintance of the proprietor. Here I should agree with you in proclaiming angling unworthy, unmanly, and uninteresting.

As I was about to put forth all my eloquence, I was attracted by an apparition coming up the avenue, not unusual at that refuge for Indians, a "qui hi," (a corruption of *quis hic*.) His high cheek bones, his scimitar-reversed nose, and grisly red whiskers, where the white had long predominated, marked him for a

Scotchman, as nine tenths' of the Honourable John's servants were during the administration of all the patronage by the Melvilles. His air was anything but military, and had it not been for a part of his accoutrements, viz. scarlet pantaloons, broadly streaked with green, he might have been mistaken for a train-band captain. He was habited in a cerulean-blue frock coat, down to the heels, studded with ranks of large metal buttons, a Leghorn straw hat with a very wide rim lined with green, and round his neck was a leathern stock of two or three inches in height, over which flapped, in unstarched ease, tremendous gills; a white waistcoat, of true Bengal cut, gave an appropriate finish to his accoutrement.

I asked Julian if he knew him?

"Yes," said he; "he is an old Company's General, Sir——"

"This braw Scot, having never been for thirty years inside a church door, is now *Closeted* daily with a ranting player in the shape of a parson,\* and has 'a conspicuous box and a front row' in his theatre; though he has not seen, during all that time, an apostate Hindu who did not turn

\* Casti.—E.

out a *mauvais sujet*, he is a strenuous advocate for the propagation of the Gospel in foreign parts;\* and, having drunk more wine than any three men in India, is become a member of *all* the temperance societies. He is a great Church-and-King man, but (and it is out of the way of his calling) puts the last first, as you will find when he offers you a pinch of——”

“ A pinch of——”

“ Yes,” he whispered, for he was now *close* to us; and I could perceive that in the folds of his enormous frill, (out, as Colman says,) was lodged snuff enough to fill an ordinary mull. Julian presented me to this original, who said, extending his *tabatière* of ample dimensions, of china-carved tortoise-shell—

“ Sir, this snuff, I am sorry to say, though it is real Masulipatam, is nothing to some, of which I once had the honour of taking a pinch, out of his Majesty George the Fourth’s box. It was so

\* Sir William Jones says —“ We may assure ourselves that neither Mussulmans nor Hindoos will ever be converted by any mission from the Church of Rome, or any other church.” One of the old Christians on the Malabar coast is easily known by two circumstances—wearing a pair of black silk shorts, that match well with his bare legs, and driving a pig.—E.

peculiarly exquisite that it has put me out of conceit of tobacco all my life."

"But, General," observed Julian, "Stanley and I should be glad of your opinion about angling, which he denominates 'the philosophic art?'"

In a pulpit tone he mouthed forth the following diatribe, being a leaf out of the book of his ghostly preceptor, and a *close* imitation of his style of performances.\*

"Man has so short a time to live, that, according to a heathen's definition, he is but the dream of a shade; ought he not therefore seriously to occupy himself in the preservation of his immortal soul, in sowing the good seed, and in extending the diffusion of the Holy Scriptures, with proper note and comment, to the very ends of the earth, that savage tribes may leap for joy, like an infant in the womb, instead of wasting his time in giving importance to trifles and substance to shadows? When four fifths of the human race are unacquainted with,

\* The constant sneer, and much-to-be condemned ridicule of sacred things, cannot but have shocked the editor of this journal, and he will often have occasion to apply an antidote to the poison.—E.

and unredeemed by the great Atonement ; when Infidelity and Quietism, fixing their *point d'appui* in hell, shake the earth, and render man blind to his own destruction, whilst he is only sent into this world to make trial of the miseries incident to his state, and solely that he may hereafter become capable of enjoying ineffable bliss — how can those whom Nature has endowed with superior talents, consume the best part of their existence in systematising a set of vain speculations and empty theories, in writing *Salmonias*, and teaching their species how to entrap fish ! Fine occupations, in sooth, for a philosopher ! I hold a different faith.”

To this pompous tirade I only replied with a smile —

“ Faith, you will remember, General, is the foundation-stone of our religion, as saith an ancient cockney poet :—

‘ The first is faith, not wavering and unstable,  
But such as had the Patriarch old Abraham,  
That to the Highest was so acceptable,  
As his increase and offspring manifold  
Exceeded far the stars innumerable ;  
So must we still a firm persuasion hold.’

“ But in addition to faith, the qualities of an angler are, hope, love, patience, humility, cou-

rage, liberality, knowledge, placidity of temper, and long fasting. These are *our* cardinal virtues."

But, seeing something like a sneer playing about the new lamb's countenance, I turned to Julian, and said—

"Had you been present, as I was, at a *conversazione chez* Lydia White, the literary lady in 'Beppo,' and heard Sir Humphrey Davy, as I did, dilate so enthusiastically on this his favourite topic, you would have become a convert. There was present her usual *coterie*; Rose, the translator of 'Ariosto,' and Sotheby, of whom the bard of Beppo makes such honourable mention under the *soubriquet* of 'Botherby;' Mrs. Siddons, who never could ask for a cup of tea but in a tone theatrical, and a few others. So eloquent was the great chemist that he drew at last the attention of all the party, which was strange where so many were come to shine. He spoke of the buoyancy of spirits that living in the open air never fails to excite, the secret of a lazzaroni-fisherman's happiness; said, no exercise or pursuit tended so much to health of body and peace of mind. He expatiated with rapture on the delights of following the windings of some unfre-



quented stream, now rapidly rushing among rocks, now winding gently along through rich open pasturage, and now overhung with gnarled oaks, or fringed with alders; a fresh landscape at every turn of the stream, and a perfect foreground to every picture; the flowers reflecting themselves in a clear mirror: above our heads to mark the clouds weaving themselves into a delicate network; to observe the slow rise of the thunder-clouds, or to see the rack driven tempestuously across, and 'laying bare the heavens!' then to listen to the songs of the birds, or to behold the myriad insects that swarm in the sunbeam! But I give a very faint and inadequate idea of his words. These were his joys. To gratify this ruling passion, he would travel a thousand miles to throw a fly in some untried stream, undergo the fatigues of a tedious journey to visit the unexplored rivers of Norway and Sweden, or the Fall of Traun, to fish for the huchen. But I will send you my breviary, one of the most glorious and spirit-stirring pieces of writing in our language, 'Fytte the First' of Blackwood, and refer you to its pages for the further defence of the argument."

“Almost thou persuadest me to become a fisherman,” said Julian.

Not so seemed to think the man of the new light, for he turned upon his heel, having exhausted the lesson from his primer; and we saw him in *close* confab with an important-looking personage, whom I had no difficulty in distinguishing for his spiritual vade-mecum. Soon after he had left us, I observed to Julian, that “my object in visiting Wales was to invigorate my health and unbend my mind. Come with me,” I added, “and, as Pliny says, perhaps if we do not fill our panniers, we may our tablets.”

Julian was easily persuaded to try my prescription, and the next day we turned our backs on the black-legs, on the look-out whom they could run down, that swarmed before the Plough and the Rooms, the nankined “Pantaloons,” in whose gamboge visages Bengal was legibly engraven, the tall and mincing old maids, bluestockinging it at Wellers, and the pale-faced exquisites, parading their emaciated persons in the High Street.

I forgot (as in a letter the most important part of it is always tagged to the Postscript) to mention, that we made an agreeable addi-

tion to our party in a young barrister, whom I had met during the last long vacation at Paris, and there inoculated with the *rabies piscatoria*, for he had for several months been thinning the Windrush with some mysterious and murderous bait, and having showed that he possessed the organ of combativeness, by sending a cartel to the ex-high sheriff of the county, was a "licensed" man. It was, as I said, his long vacation; but term and vacation (for his were interminable) were confused with him, like the terms "plaintiff" and "defendant" at the end of an expensive lawsuit. If you should wish to know what he was like, all I can say is, that he was a great man for the ladies (now that is a puzzle), and I would not by any opinion of mine attempt to upset their verdict, which must be right. He was, however, a good musician, sang a good song, and during term-time told a good story, but never at any other, for he made a point of forgetting them, with his gown, at all other times of the year, just as the young parsons sport mustachios, and drop the "Reverend" on their cards, on the Continent. Though he had never missed a circuit for five years, and not had as many briefs, yet, nevertheless, he had

so strong a developement of Hope (which made him an angler) that he fully expected the Chancellorship.

And now, reader, after this introduction to my two friends, consider us at Hereford, where, by the by, there is an excellent rod-maker, and where I procured some hanks of gut lately bought from an itinerant Italian. My fishing companions did not know that each filum of gut is a drawn-out silkworm just before it is about to weave its cocoon. In the evening we proceeded to the last town in England, Kington; where commences our tour.

## SECOND DAY.

Jaunting Car to Pennibont.—Loquacity of the Driver.—Taming of animals.—Conflict between a tiger and a buffalo.—Beauty of the tiger's paw.—Anecdote of an elephant.—Breed of dogs in England.—King James's spaniels.—The Duchess of York's pets.—Byron and his bulldog.—Anecdote of Rogers.—The Lawyer's angling preparations.—Inutility of Julian's fishing-tackle.—The may-fly described.—Its history.—Extraordinary number of different flies and insects.—Angling books.—Manufacture of flies.—Lines and hooks.

Kington, Tuesday, 1st June, 1832.

WE hired a double-benched cart, a sort of "jaunting car," to take us to Pennibont. The driver was a young savage lately caught, and spoke a *patois* difficult to be understood, such as a literal translation into English from a language full of inversions naturally produced. As a specimen of the lucidity of his style and construction, his first remark was, at the sight of a drove of pigs coming along the road—"A pig is the most difficult thing in the world to drive

along a road, when there are many of them — very.”—By the side of the vehicle ran a bull-terrier, whose master was very loquacious in describing a fight which the animal (I mean the dog) had gained the day before. The first exploit of the brute now was to kill a goose that crossed the road, and his next to worry a lamb, notwithstanding all our endeavours to *choke* him off. The lad assured us, that Gellert (as he called him) had never been guilty of such acts before; but we advised the young lout to hang him on the first tree. Not one presented itself for several miles over the barren downs, and our conversation took the following turn.

“ Though I am not altogether a disciple of Helvetius, who considers the human mind originally a sheet of blank paper, no doubt education does much for us, and is all in all with the animal world. This brute, for instance, has in all likelihood acquired his sanguinary taste from the effect produced on the sensorium of the brain by a recollection of the scene so graphically described by the young Welshman; and a dog who once takes to worry sheep, never leaves off the habit; and, as he only sucks the blood, he will destroy several in the course of a night.

“ There is no animal that may not be tamed. Kean made a pet of a half-grown lion ; and (another proof) I saw last week, at Kemsey, a greyhound and a fawn course each other reciprocally over a green paddock, playing together as though they were of the same species. Nothing could be more graceful than the motions of these beautiful creatures, who, after they had made several circuits of the lawn, came and fawned upon their fair mistress.”

“ I remember some half-grown wolves at Cawnpore, who followed their masters about the barracks, and answered to their names ; and I had then a pet leopard, who used to lie about my bungalow, and would purr when stroked, like a cat. His teeth and claws were drawn, I should tell you.”

“ All animals have an instinctive dread of man. I was at Drury Lane at Martin's first exhibition. I know not what effect it produced on others, but when I saw him irritating with a spear that monstrous maned brute, who pursued him roaring round the cage, I felt as much for him as I had ever done for a Matadore in Spain. It revived in my mind the spectacles in the Roman amphitheatres.”

“ I was present at Cheribon in Java at a fight between a jet-black tiger, peculiar to that island, and a buffalo. The former was conscious of his inferiority, and required rousing with fire before he would make the attack ; the buffalo received him on his horns, and tossing him high in the air, the tiger fell dead in the arena. The Nawab of Lucknow had once the barbarity to turn out twelve English greyhounds against a royal tiger. The contest was quite as unequal as the other. What a subject for Schneiders ! or a greater animal-painter still, Rubens ! The dogs, though they fought well, were all dissevered limb from limb.

“ Did you ever see a tiger’s paw dissected ? ‘ It combines beauty and elegance of proportion with immense strength and intricacy of mechanism, beyond the power of human contrivance. Each claw has a tendinous communication with strong muscles, and is kept in a retractile state, that its sharpness may not be injured by walking. Whenever a tiger strikes at any animal, not only do the claws enter it, but the toes often follow. I have frequently seen wounds that were made by them probed to



the depth of at least five inches.’\* Perhaps twelve bulldogs would have had a better chance, for I had one who pinned an elephant by the trunk. You are aware that the elephant is very careful of his proboscis, and when in the vicinity of a tiger, rolls it up in a ball, being aware that, when once injured, it is difficult, if not impossible to heal the wound. Three years after this bulldog had been in the country he lost all his courage, and would not have attacked a pariah dog.”

“Man is the only animal whose *morale* (inseparably united with the *physique* in other animals) climate does not affect. The race of our bulldogs is getting fast extinct, and it is rare to see one now of a pure and genuine breed. This may be accounted for by the discontinuance of bull-baiting. When I was a boy, a West Indian of my acquaintance showed me a Cuba bloodhound, whose sire had been employed in that horrible war against the Maroons; he was a fierce and untamable creature, even more so than the Greek dogs, of which Prince Ulysses had several in the caves of Parnassus, when besieged there

\* This passage, by the inverted commas, seems to be a quotation.—E.

for many months, and to whom, probably, he owed his life. They slept around him, and he used to feed them himself. At a word of his they would have torn any one to pieces. It is no joke, I assure you, to enter a Greek village on foot after sunset. In the Pyrenées, too, I was once severely bitten, and could show you the wounds. These Spanish dogs are very savage, but I believe an English mastiff would be a match for any of the three foreign races. Our British dogs were famous in the times of the Romans. Gratus panegyryzes them; and Nemesianus, in his ‘Cynegeticon,’ mentions a remarkable fact of the instinct of one of them.

‘ Nam postquam conclusa vidit sua germina flammis,  
 Continuo saltu transcendens fervida zonæ  
 Vincla, rapit rictu primum, portatque cubili  
 Mox alium, mox deinde alium. Sic conscia mater  
 Segregat egregiam sobolem virtutis amore.’\*

“ We in England have carried the breed of dogs, no less than that of all other animals, to

\* For when she saw her offspring girt with flames,  
 Leap after leap, passing the fervid zone’s  
 Encircling ring, with opening jaws, first one,  
 And then another to her hutch she bears;  
 The mother, conscious of their danger, thus  
 With an instinctive fondness saves her young.—E.

the greatest perfection. Till the peace there was scarcely a good pointer or setter in France. Our Marlborough and King James's spaniels are unrivalled in beauty."

"The latter breed, that are black and tan, with hair almost approaching to silk in fineness (such as Vandyke loved to introduce into his portraits), were solely in the possession of the late Duke of Norfolk. He never travelled without two of his favourites in the carriage. When at Worksop, he used to feed his eagles with the pups; and a stranger to his exclusive pride in the race, seeing him one day employed in thus destroying a whole litter, told his Grace how much he should be delighted to possess one of them. The old brute's reply was a characteristic one:—'Pray, sir, which of my estates should you like to have?'"

"You put me in mind of a visit once paid to Oatlands, where we met the old Duchess of York with a perfect pack of spaniels. There is a little pool of water near the grotto, encircled with the graves of her pets, and an inscription on one of the tomb-stones in honour of some Chloc or Daphnis, that gave great offence. The lines were by Monk Lewis, who, I remember, attri-

butes to this canine lady virtues that were denied to belong to any of the biped ones in the neighbourhood.

“I have always thought Byron had this epitaph in his eye when he wrote that on the Newfoundland dog. Him I never saw, but Tiger was an old acquaintance of mine, and I will tell you a story of the bard, which is very characteristic of his ‘*malice*.’ It appeared, some months ago, in a defunct periodical with an unintelligible name, to the editor of which I sent it, and, as only eight copies were sold of the number, it cannot be much known, unless it has been pirated by some *thief*. At all events, you have not seen it.

“Byron had a Cerberus, in the shape of an English bulldog. As I said before, his name was Tiger. He was fastened at the top of the colossal flight of steps in the Casa Lanfranchi, with a rope long enough to enable him to guard the passage to what some, who attribute to Byron a cloven foot, might call his *inferno*. The animal was an intelligent one; and though little inclined to make new acquaintance, soon learned to distinguish his master’s *habitués*, and allowed them the *entrée*, contenting himself with growling at one and wagging his

tail at another—a compliment, however, seldom paid to any but Shelley. Byron was much attached to this fine creature, and frequently had him loosed when playing at billiards, his favourite game. An anecdote is told, very characteristic of the poet, in which my gruff friend Tiger played a distinguished part.

“It has become an historical fact, and one of almost as great importance as the meeting of the Triumvirate to decide the fate of the world, that ‘Childe Harold’ and the ‘Bard of Memory’ met at Pisa. Rogers, in one of his sentimental notes, had announced the probability of this interesting event, and Byron heard at length that he had *descendu* at the ‘Tre Donzelle.’ Knowing that Rogers was momentarily to appear, Byron gave orders to Tita to introduce the monkey and bulldog. I think I see Byron in his jacket stumping round the billiard-room with the heavy sound that, once heard, could not be mistaken, and, after making some successful hit, bursting out into one of his usual gibes or flashes of merriment, which success always inspired, or dividing his caresses between Jacko and Tiger. There existed no slight jealousy between the two favourites, which showed itself

on the part of the latter by a short, loud, angry bark at his rival, whilst the ape sat perched out of reach, grinning and chattering defiance, to the no small amusement of their master. The coming of the expected guest was now announced by a bark of deeper intonation, which Byron made no effort to repress, but returned to the game, to which he affected, with one of his cynic grins, to pay more than common attention. In the mean time Tiger rushed furiously at the stranger, who backed to a corner of the room shivering and breathless with terror. Byron, without casting a look towards the poor bard at bay, contented himself with drawling out, at intervals — ‘T—i—ger; Ti—i—ger,’ but in such an accent, as rather to encourage than check the baiter, who continued a furious concert of menaces at the ‘Death in life, or departed Mr. Rogers.’ Byron at length pretended to discover the cause of the affray: to kick Tiger aside, and press his ‘dear friend’ in his arms, was only the affair of an instant. It was a fine piece of acting: the mock fervour of his profession of regard, his upbraidings and threats to Tiger — nothing, in stage language, could surpass the ‘situation.’”

“ This anecdote reminds me of the Swift-like verses in ‘ Fraser,’ on ‘ The Bard of Mummery,’ in which he takes a similar view of the character of his friend to that in the ‘ Conversations of Lord Byron,’ winding up with—

‘ For his virtues, would you know ’em,  
Once he wrote a pretty poem.’ ”

“ Talking of virtues, poetry, and dogs, reminds me of Gellert, whose tomb we will visit, and who gave his name to a town in North Wales. You perhaps have never seen the stanzas, written, I believe, by the Honourable W. Spencer, on the faithful guardian of the child of Llewellyn. They are among the most beautiful in the ballad style our language possesses.”

This Gellert trotting by our side, was certainly no relation to Llewellyn’s; and just as we were wishing him condign punishment, and had crossed the Ithon, and reached the inn, two Welsh farmers, on ponies without saddles, came riding at full gallop up to the cart. They were the owners of the goose and lamb, and appeared to be very much disappointed when they found the dog was not our property. They, however, took charge of our Welsh jehu, of whom we heard no more.

Pennibont.

Julian has brought with him baggage enough to load a camel, among which is a six-dozen hamper of claret, galore of currie-powder, and soluble cayenne (*à καίω*, *to burn*,) many a flask of Florence oil, and some twenty dozen bundles of Trichinopoly cheroots, which he asserts to be the only genuine tobacco, this herb being indigenous in no other part of India, whence it has been transplanted into the Havannas, whose cigars he looks upon as little better than shag. The Bengalee's costume is characteristic, *i. e.* Anglo-military-Indian: a white jacket, white nankeen pantaloons (tights), *numero tre*, Indian leather hessians. A rig-out enough to frighten all the fish out of their skins. But he has promised to mend his attire at Machyntlleth, if such a personage as a "Schneider" can be found; and I have advised him to send on to that place his *impedimenta*.

The lawyer is better provided with body than foot gear, for he has boots coming up to his knees, which, he says, are water-proof; but he will soon prove the contrary. Water-proof they are as high as the ankles, into which I prognosticate the "slush," once entered, will remain, as in a cup,



and act like the sucker of a pump ; and that said boots will not be so easily got off as on, but stick to him like birdlime or cobbler's wax ; and that in order to drain off the bilge-water, he will have to be served as Gulliver was by his Brobdignagian nurse, lifted up by the heels—a scheme I once saw successfully practised on a half-drowned foxhunter, after he had been fished out of a ditch. His tackle occupies a very small space, consisting of one trolling-rod and apparatus.

Not so Julian's ; for he has brought with him half the stock-in-trade of a Cheltenham tackle-vender. He has been triumphantly displaying two splendid blue morocco books of flies, the refuse of the shop ; most of them unlike anything in nature — but wonderful specimens of art. Several ends (literally ends) of gut, all rotten and flat, were in the pockets ; and he was about to tie one on the line, but did not even know how to make a loop, much less a water-knot. The first dropper was a granam, or green-tail ; the second a willow-fly, and the stretcher, a may-fly. I had angled in Wales in 1824, and knew that neither of these would succeed. As to the second dropper, there are few, if any, willows on the Ithon, or any other of the

Welsh rivers, and the May-fly was not only over, but said I—

“ The may-fly is scarcely known in Wales, at least I have never been able to get a rise at one.”

“ The tackle-man told me it was the most taking of all flies.”

“ Yes, in England ; indeed, perhaps, the superior size of the trout there is in some measure attributable to the enormous meals the trout make of this little ephemera ; and it is worthy of observation, that before its appearance the fish are in general poor, lousy, and smutty ; but, a few days of the may-fly will make so great a difference in their condition as to occasion an incredible increase of bulk. The French fishermen, I think, call this periodical and providential supply of food, ‘ *La manne des Poissons.*’ ”

“ I am curious to know something of the history of this little creature ? ”

“ In the great fall, or, to speak more properly, rise of these animalculæ, related by Mr. White as having occurred in the Alresford stream, the air was perfectly crowded, and the surface of the water overspread with them.

Reaumur, also, compares their periodical appearance to clouds and rain, so thickly did they cover him. They begin to emerge from their sub-aqueous abodes, and assume the form of nymphæ, as soon as the sun has imparted sufficient warmth to the water, that, as an old poet says —

‘ Hatches them at last,  
As well as genial warmth, or hen, or sun ;  
A thing so strange, so bold,  
As scarce, perhaps, no author ever told.’

They then come forth in myriads, as I said, from their burrows. I have dibbed much with the natural may-fly (which on some of the rivers in Hampshire they will not permit to be used), and towards evening have found them scarce, and, on searching the trees near the stream, discovered what I thought to be the flies with their wings extended, but, on closer examination, perceived that these were their exuviæ, or envelopes. Reaumur confines their taking the form of aurelias to between eight and half past eight in the evening. It has been remarked, too, by Swammerdam, that the great periodical rise of ephemeræ is confined to three days. This latter entomologist, in a treatise that leaves nothing to

be desired, also established, that most of them take three years before they arrive at sufficient maturity to undergo the metamorphosis.

“As to the period of their existence, that of some does not exceed above an hour ; many not more than four or five, and none, perhaps, live longer than a day. They divest themselves of two coats ; one immediately on emerging from their natal element ; and of the other, as I remarked, they rid themselves before laying their eggs, for which purpose they hover over and sit on the water, and in so doing, if they wet their wings, are instantly drowned.

“We may from these ephemeræ learn a moral lesson. They are an image of ourselves, the most fortunate of whom, after fretting and toiling for years in vain pursuits, the quest of glory and the acquisition of riches, have no sooner obtained the darling objects of our ambition, than we arrive at a period of life when we cease to find in them any enjoyment, and when all that surrounds us is mere vanity and nothingness.

“After this homily, I will add that, according to De Geer, there are upwards of one thousand four hundred different flies and insects ; not that I pretend to know a hundred of them. Perhaps

also you do not know that the eyes of some are found to be made up of an aggregate of many minute ones, which in some insects amount to six or seven thousand, and spread up and down the body as on the spider and scorpion-fly. But this field is inexhaustible, and I shall not go into it."

"I find in the angling-books no exception made as to Wales, and have been reading them attentively during our journey, for I bought all I could find in Weller's catalogue. Here they are:—look at the indices yourself."

"All the books that have ever been written on angling, all that can be conveyed by words or drawings, will never teach a tyro to make a fly, to throw one, to spin a minnow, or play a fish. One might as well attempt to swim from reading of Leander's or Byron's exploits; to play at billiards by studying the angles mathematically; or at chess (remember Rousseau,\*) by fagging at gambits and problems from Walker. Experience and habit are all in all. A single day's instruction from a practised hand is worth

\* Rousseau mentions, in his "Confessions," having studied gambits for several months, and fancied himself become *bien fort*, but the first time he sate down to play he was beaten by a very inferior player.—E.

all the minute instructions, and woodcuts, however well executed, that are extant. He who learns Alphabets of fishing will never be out of his alphabet. Besides, every lake or river has its particular flies, as you will find during our tour."

"What flies do you recommend?"

"There is one at which they will rise here during almost every month in the year, for it abounds in Wales at all seasons. Every evening, when it is fine, you will see it swarming about the banks. They call it the cocobundy. It is a beetle, and not unlike what we call in England the red spinner. It would be best for us, whilst Charters tries the river, to employ ourselves in dressing a few flies. I have brought with me some Russian hog's bristles: they are round and small, and some of them eleven inches in length, are preferable to any gut or grass, and instead of rotting, as they do, become tougher in the water. I have also got fine swan's down, dyed, by a silk-dyer, of several nuances; viz. three degrees of yellow, two of green, two of brown; and feathers for wings, and hackles of the same colours. In the fly-art, every man who has the slightest pretensions to the

name of angler should be an adept. He should also know how to stain his line the hue of the particular water in which he may have to throw. Choose gut that is fresh and round; do not, in economy, cut it too near the ends, and let it soak half an hour before you begin to knot. The hooks I always use are the Kirby-bend. Sir Humphrey Davy talks much in praise of O'Shaughnessy's Limerics; but they are difficult to be obtained genuine, out of Ireland, and some sold to me for such, were too highly tempered, so that I snapped one or two, and gave them up. The sharpness of their curve is also liable to cut the line. These, I think, you will find perfect. The cocobundy is very simply made. I perceive a fine red or ginger game-cock in the yard; we will get some of his neck feathers for the hackle, and for dubbing use peacock's hurl.

“ Now for Lesson I.”

## THIRD DAY.

Our supper.—Trolling.—Objections to the fly.—The fly vindicated.—The Ithon.—A depopulated jungle.—Art of throwing a fly.—Rods.—Chub not worth catching.—Etymology.

Pennibont, on the Ithon, Thursday, 1st June.

WEARY, wet to the skin, hungry (which tries the temper enough of itself), and discontented with his afternoon's sport, Charters is just arrived. The landlady gives herself wholly up to the promotion of his comfort, and the servant is frying the fish for our supper — a musical sound — *animus est in patinis*.

The trout and eels were rather muddy. Chub I never *will* touch again, for I was told how they feed. But the chickens and ham (not smoke-dried in the chimneys, as in England) were ex-



cellent, the ale good, omelet not amiss. Now for a cigar and Charters.

“ I can’t say much for the Ithon. I have followed it at least five or six miles through its serpent-like course. The lower I went, the more sluggish it became, and ended in weeds and rushes. You know I always troll, and I am satisfied that, had there been any good trout in the river, I should have taken some. As it is, I only caught twelve, the largest less than a quarter of a pound, and four chub. I lost one of at least four pounds weight, owing to the steepness of the bank, and my indifference whether he got off or not. These chub are poor dastardly things, and, notwithstanding what Walton says, the worst of fish. The eels, and not very large ones either, tormented me sadly, and made great havoc among my hooks. As to my bait, I deem it infallible. Trolling for ever ! say I.”

“ Notwithstanding your predilection for trolling, and your boasted lure, whatever it may be, I still believe more fish, at the right season of the year, may be taken by the fly, though it is now late for it here, than by any other process ; at all events, you will not deny that the method

is more artificial, more ingenious, and more amusing?"

"Agreed; but the disappointment of seeing a troller take all the large fish, whilst you basket the small ones, is not put into your account."

"I had rather land even small fish with my fine tackle, than weigh large ones with your clumsy and coarse machinery; besides, it does happen (you forget Sir Humphrey's Denham and Downton angling) that we *do* take large fish."

"By accident. The larger fish are not impelled by hunger to rise, except for a very few weeks in the year, and even not then, where flies of considerable bodies, such as the stone-fly, the caddew-fly, the May-fly, and a few others, have not emerged from their rough coats, or their state of grubs, and which species, I believe, are rare, even if they exist here; and I am still inclined to believe, that the best trout, as I said before, only rise in playfulness."

"A pretty paradox, a fine specimen of special pleading; merely for the sake of exercise, perhaps, and to keep their fins in order, eh! Did you ever open one of their capacious stomachs, and find them gorged with flies?"

"Yes, but only in the early part of the season,

and when, starved by long abstinence, the periodical swarms come down, or rather, rise up. When the trout in large waters, and bold rapids, has acquired a certain strength and size, his real, substantial food consists of the smaller class of fish, especially of his own genus. Thus, you will always find him in the deepest hole, or lurking behind some root, or projection, under which he conceals himself in the eddy, till some unwary youngster, impelled by the torrent into his lurking-place, presents himself. You may pass the fly over his lair (if I may use the expression) fifty times without success; but offer him my bait, and he is your own."

"I should be sorry to become a convert to your doctrines. So you have discarded the fly altogether?"

"I used it at first; but my objections to it were taken from observing that, amongst the most expert fly-fishers, no one was perfectly satisfied. The day was too fine, or too foul; the water too clear, or too muddy; the wind too violent, or too low, or in the wrong quarter; and if none of these vexations could be referred to, there was a never-failing reason for success:—it was not the right fly."

“ That reason is an obvious one, doubtless. It is essential to hit the exact colour and form of the fly. But go on.”

“ Essential as that point may be, how often is it accomplished? A trolling bait, such as mine, will answer at all seasons, weathers, and places. The fly can only be thrown on particular spots of a rapid, rocky, wood-fringed river, and these generally are the very spots least frequented by the monarchs of the stream. But should you make a fortunate cast, and find one of them at home, first he is disturbed by the agitation of the surface; next, you are open to his observation, a circumstance of itself sufficient to scare and banish every trout that has arrived at years of discretion. As to the small trout, you may have them at all times, for age and experience make an extraordinary difference in the habits of fish as of other animals.”

“ Now for my reply, to which, in accordance with the rules of your practice in the courts, I will have no rejoinder. It is the imperfection of the art against which you would inveigh, not against the art itself. Any one may become a troller; the greatest bungler may, in eddies and falls, but not elsewhere, ensnare the wariest

of the finny tribe. I have no curiosity to worm out your secret, and I hope it is liable to none of the objections humanity suggests, against treating frogs *à la* Marsyas, or impaling live fish or grubs. As to myself, nothing will ever induce me to use aught else than the fly. When the stream is troubled, or the wind and weather unpropitious, I can amuse myself with preparing my flies, or knotting my hanks of gut. When others find the water too clear, with a line of the right colour, and as fine as the threads the spider weaves in her web of gossamer, I can make my fly drop like the parachute of the dandelion. In salmon-fishing this precaution is unnecessary, for a splash in the water attracts them. You will one day recant, and, after you have seen me land one out of the Wye or Tivy, discard for ever your boasted panacea. You now deem it irresistible, but you will find it otherwise when you have tried the lakes, whose inmates are too delicate in their tastes, too great epicures, to look at aught else than a fly. *Nous verrons*—another cigar, and then let us part with Juvenal's not inapt—

‘Te

*Nos facimus, Fortuna ! deam, cœloque locamus.’*”



The Ithon, Friday 2nd.

It was our plan to hunt down the Ithon, though with little prospect of much sport, to Rhayader.

We found the river what Charters had described it, a broad and sluggish stream, flowing through a deep, loamy soil, that gave a whitish tinge to the water, sufficiently clear, however, for the fly, though much rain had fallen during the night. Julian, when he saw the open, green pastures through which the river winds, on one side covered with black cattle, and the wooded and high banks on the other, interspersed with

farm-houses, inveighed loudly against civilization, as the bane of sport of all kinds, against game-laws, and game-keepers, arguing, that there could be no property in the *feræ naturæ*.

“ Even India,” said he, “ is beginning to be spoiled. On visiting some jungle, that had supplied excellent beat, I have often been disappointed, to see a new village encroaching on our manor. Tigers there were none, we knew, but expected to console ourselves with abundance of other game, which, in our eagerness for that noble sport, we before had disdained to fire at. What was become of the chicore ? The florikan, that avoids the haunts of men, had forsaken her disturbed retreat ; the solitary snipe had sought a more retired haunt, and the nylgau, supposed to be a mule between kine and deer, and partaking of the character of both animals, had disappeared. You have no idea of the delight of traversing one of our untrodden wildernesses, with long, withered grass up to the howdah, and herds of antelopes, hogs, peafowl, quail, and partridges, getting up on all sides. But, if men must fish, let it be ‘ in society where none intrudes.’ ”

“ Wild animals have not an instinctive terror of man ; but when disturbed and shot at, soon

learn caution, and, if Sir Humphrey Davy's observation is correct, teach their offspring to be equally wary, without their having had the same experience. Pheasants know well a preserve, and in time of danger, make for it. Fish are equally knowing, and keep to a guarded part of a stream. After a river has been well whipped, it is useless to throw a fly into it, and fish are much shyer near towns than elsewhere. But to business. I perceive that round that point the river must make a considerable fall, and if there is a trout in the place, we shall find him in the eddy. I see Charters at the end of the meadow, posting along at a famous rate, which proves that he has met with nothing to detain him in his bush-fighting."

"As I am putting together my rod, I wish you would give me some instructions, though, I fear, I shall make a sorry pupil."

"The art of throwing a fly is by many easily learnt, whilst others, with infinite practice, never become very dexterous; just as some men will never be good whips, or have a good hand in riding. To give you an instance; a tyro, like yourself, who was fishing with his uncle, took more trout than that practised angler, the



descendant of the celebrated Cotton. Perhaps you will say, his skill was hereditary, or intuitive. In Hampshire, last May, whilst Sir H. P—— was pretending to give instructions to M—— how to throw, the latter took, and landed, a trout of ten pounds weight. When a boy, I killed more partridges in the same number of shots than I have ever done since, and the first time I ever threw a fly, brought to shore a salmon in the Tivy, under the auspices, it is true, of an experienced veteran, but with a rod made by a village carpenter. It was of mountain ash, and spliced ; the most equally balanced machine I ever handled. According to some, the best have ash for the bottom or handle-piece, hickory for the mid-joints, and lance-wood for the top, which seems to me as preposterous as Horace's

‘ Cervicem pictor equinam

Jungere si velit, variasque inducere plumas.’

And I cannot help thinking, that it is owing to this very heterogeneous alliance of woods differing in calibre and grain that good implements are so seldom met with. A good cricket-bat, or billiard-cue, is not more rare than a good rod, and the best I ever had was, as I said, of ash.

Hazel is also excellent, and an old angling poet gives these instructions :—

‘ Then go, and in some great Arcadian wood,  
Where store of ancient hazels do abound,  
And keep away their springs and tender brood,  
Such shoots as are the straightest, long, and round,  
And of them all cut off what you think good,  
And choose the fairest, smoothest, and most sound,  
So that they do not two years’ growth exceed,  
In shape and beauty like the Belgian reed.’

“ Splicing, though somewhat troublesome in travelling, is the best mode to adopt. Such rods run no chance of snapping at the joints, or getting unbent, to which latter evil, in the most critical moment, saturation by wet, and warping in the sun, render others liable. Such are also more pliable—the play more even. You may remember that the masts of vessels are always spliced, and a yard that has been so, will *go* anywhere else. Brass binding, to groove into the joints, I utterly condemn, as affecting elasticity ; but if rods with joints be used, I should recommend the Killarney practice, of having each with a pin to slide into the ferule, and plugs of wood of similar contrivance, to fit afterwards into them, and save their being indented. But this is a long lecture : now for a throw.”

“ I have been used to handle a four-horse whip, but do not find this so easy.”

“ You have too much line out. Take care you do not hook me. There, you have got your flies into a scramble. See, the fish are rising—but small. I think I can reach the curl yonder. Yes, I have him ! He is not one of the Colne fish (I think I see myself throwing in a two-pounder). There, he is landed, and does not exceed half a pound—a good fish for this water, but in bad condition.”

“ I have had several rises, but they discovered the deception.”

“ You did not check at the right moment. A very practised eye knows the exact time to do so. But I have now got a good fish. He pulls like a log, and I suspect is not a trout. I was right ; it is one of my abhorrence, a chub. It is a poor, cowardly creature, and see, he is lying on the surface, quite impassive. Hand me the net. He is at least three pounds ; but is scarcely worth carriage.”

As I was saying this, we were warned by a boy off the river. But it was no privation. Chub are not worth catching ; and it may be laid down as an invariable rule, that where they

abound, trout do not ; the latter are too genteel to like such society.

The remainder of this day's sport is hardly worth detailing, and Julian was most occupied in watching the ephemeræ, and in the way to Rhayader, which we reached at an early hour, in a pelting rain, impromptu'd the following epigram, to me the far most amusing thing in this blank day.

Say not, their life is but a day : those hours  
Of love and light would count an age of ours ;  
From joy to joy in endless change they rove,  
And die in loving, as they lived on love.

A piece of advice to Welsh angling tourists, not to lose their time on the Ithon, though it is a pretty classical tempting word, which Charters, who is a great etymologist, will have is derived from Tunnus or Thon, which, he says, was originally a generic name for fish. *Credat Judæus Apella, non ego.*

We had no *noctes*, and broke up at an early hour, Julian having first finished his ordinary quantum of claret, two bottles, which he had the precaution of getting sent on. We consoled ourselves with a humbler beverage, poncia.



## FOURTH DAY.

The Wye.—Romantic spot.—A run.—A sewin.—Hearing of fishes.—Voracity of fish.—Hooking.—Wariness of foxes.—Samlets.—Dinner.

From Rhayader to Llanidloes,  
Saturday, 3rd June.

THE scenery improves, and becomes wilder in its character. The Wye (the river *κατ' ἐξοχην*) at this distance from the sea, is a noble stream, and deserves the distinction. How precipitously it rushes over its deep-worn bed in a con-

tinuation of falls, where the finny tribe, among its rugged and uncertain bottoms, secure in their retreats, defy the net.

The morning was warm and cloudy, and the water in admirable order, for scarcely any rain affects it. Yet in the first two miles we scarcely got a rise, which confirms my opinion about the shyness of fish near towns. Julian and myself soon came up to Charters, who this day did not carry the *bag* so fast. He was posted in a most romantic spot, at the bottom of a cascatera, of at least twenty feet, which he had reached by climbing over rocks that the force of torrents in some mighty inundation had thrown together in confused and chaotic masses. At his feet was an estuary, ending in a deep, quiet pool, a likely resting-place for a salmon. He beckoned to us to stop and watch his proceedings. He had attached a bullet to his usual quantity of shot, about two feet above the hook, and sunk it gradually in the foam. The plumb gave him a notion when it had reached the ground; he then drew it gradually upward, the force of the current keeping the bait in full play. We soon saw he had a run, and heard him exclaim —

“ He has darted under the projecting rock, and I shall inevitably lose him ! I might as well attempt to move the rock itself. Ah ! he has broken away, and is gone.”

As we were moving on we heard the whizzing of his winch, and a halloo :—

“ I have another run ! This is a glorious fish ! Come and help me !”.

The bending of the rod proved his words true.

“ Keep him well in hand ; but if he will go down the stream, pass the rod to me from below the rocks.”

“ I cannot stop him ; he has run out all my line ; so take the rod. Quick !”

“ He is safe if I can get his head round against the stream. Now I have reeled up, and have line to spare and give him, if he again peremptorily demand it.”

“ You may be sure he will leap ;—down rod, and slack line when he does.”

“ Well done ! He is a brave fish. That leap has tired him,—it is nearly over. Now guide him down the shallows, and I will jump behind him into the water. He is safely netted.”

“ What is it ?”

“ A sewin, in fine order. He weighs at least five pounds, and for his size, is possessed of infinitely more strength than a salmon. I am delighted with this sport.”

“ You are fortunate, for these fish are scarce, so far from the sea.”

“ And now we may go.”

“ Go ! Why ? ” asked Julian ; “ surely there must be many more fish in so likely a spot.”

“ Doubtless there are ; but, after all this disturbance, for some time not a fish will stir.”

“ I have ever understood that fish have no sense of hearing ; indeed, there is a vulgar proverb, the purport of which is, that if they possessed any such sense, no man would become an angler.”

“ I confess there is little known on this intricate subject, but I will inform you of the opinion of others, and afterwards give my own. The celebrated Hunter made a very elaborate examination of the organs of fish in general, and his observations are worthy of great respect. He supposes that they are possessed of the perfect power of hearing, and that the organ creating that power consists of a hard substance, resem-



bling gristle, and in some species crusted over with a thin plate of bone, that admits of no collapse, and which he denominates the ear. He gives also some experimental instance of their possession of this faculty. He describes a pond where the fish were numerous, which at the firing of a gun disappeared, burying themselves in the mud. Lacepede observes, that the irritability of the muscles in fish is much greater than in any other animals; and Sir Humphrey Davy says we cannot judge of the senses of animals that breathe water—that separate air from water by their gills—but that it seems probable, as the quality of the water is connected with their life and health, that they must be exquisitely sensible to changes in the water. The reasoning is, doubtless, well founded, and rather than admit the position that fish hear—that, inhabiting an element so substantial, they should have a sense which seems alone applicable to a more subtle element,—I would go farther, and assert, that the whole frame of the fish constitutes its ear, and deny that there is, on dissection, found any such distinct organ as an ear, although there is such a hollow bone as

described by Hunter. Bone, too, is less sensible of sensation than muscle. The human tympanum is a fine but tense membrane, on which the portio mollis of the eighth pair of nerves is largely distributed, and it is through the medium of this membrane that the nerve receives the vibration of the external media. Now, a bone is certainly very ill calculated to convey this vibratory sensation: why should we not, therefore, rather suppose, as I have done, that it acts on the whole frame? But Anderon, in the 'Philosophical Researches,' has written a very elaborate treatise on sound with reference to water. Persons immersed in that element have certainly heard, but very indistinctly, so much so that the firing of a gun over their heads, at the depth of twelve feet, was scarcely audible, though the shaking of the banks was *felt*. Now, our sensorium is very acute; whilst fish are proved to have no organs of hearing by this simple fact, that gold-fish in a vase took no notice of a loud shout, whilst, at the slightest scraping of the glass, they exhibited great disturbance. This is to me decisive. The substantiality of the element they inhabit must necessarily render the

smallest motion perceptible to their delicate frames, and the smallest undulation of the air be equivalent to the perception of sound by the whole body of the fish, which takes instant alarm: thus, thunder drives fish into their deep and secret holes, not because they hear, but because they feel."

"I remember being on the Savoy side of the Lake of Geneva when Lac Lemman was like a mirror, and the Latine sails of the barks hung idly on the yards, and were reflected from a great distance in the water (the sign of a dead calm,) when I overheard, certainly three or four miles off, on the opposite shore, the conversation of a *paysan* and *paysanne*, every word of which (to our infinite amusement) was so distinct that we lost not a syllable."

"This proves my position. Their voices could not penetrate the water owing to the solidity of the element, and the sound, in traversing the smooth surface, found no more resistance than it would have done from a plate of glass or a slab of marble."

"I can, perhaps, throw some light on this subject of acoustics, by relating two facts that

came under my own observation in India. When I was at Moorshedabad, the collector had a large tank full of fish, that were petted by his daughters. They had erected a bell, which when rung brought all the fish from different parts of the pool to be fed. So tame were they, that they took bread out of the hands of their young mistresses — an interesting sight !”

“ As no animals have stronger instincts than fish, I see no reason why they should not be capable of recognizing, and perhaps attaching themselves to, those who feed them; and if so, the story told, in some Roman writer, of a lady (whose name I think was Antonia) bewailing the death of her lamprey, was not so ridiculous as Petrarch \* would wish to make it out.”

“ You perceive that bells bringing the fish may be reconciled with, and does not militate against my theory. But now, Julian, for your other fact.”

“ In going up the Ganges, I had an opportunity of seeing the most singular mode of catching fish ever adopted, and as it bears some

\* “ Petrarcha de consolatione utriusque fortunæ.” Caput de Piscinis.—E.

relation to the subject, I will also describe it to you. During the periodical rains, the great river I mentioned overflows its banks, and causes vast inundations, so that I have been sailing for nearly a day together in a continued fresh-water sea. After the floods have subsided, the smaller fish crowd up the nullas, or rivulets, formed by the draining of the land, perhaps fearful of their larger foes, or themselves in search of food. A fisherman, of an idle sort, you may think, plies his dingy, or punt, up one of these, and when it grates the sand, moors it across the stream. With a long, indented bone, somewhat resembling a call made for quail, he in great unconcern, with his 'hubble bubble,' or goorgooru, a pipe so called from the bubbling it makes in having the smoke drawn through a half-filled cocoa-nutshell, in one hand, and his musical instrument in the other, creaks along the gunnel of the boat, and awaits the arrival of the invited. Strange to say, his guests, attracted by the noise, do arrive, and finding the shallow stream obstructed by an unusual object, the boat, throw themselves over. This leap is well calculated, and would be effectual,

but that (as I should have explained) our Hindoo has extended a net on the lee side of the boat, and against this they commonly strike, and are entangled in the meshes. By such means I saw some dozens of these little animals made captives."

"This would imply a very fine sense of hearing?"

"I think not. Even this slight noise caused an undulation of the air, and thence, though in a lesser rate, an undulation in the water, and would most likely have produced no effect except from contact with the water."

"Lord Byron says (by the by, the idea is Madame de Stael's,) the face breathes music: why may we not, and by a less exaggerated image, suppose, that fish feel it? Lacepede observes on the hearing of fishes: 'On ne voit ni ouverture extérieure pour l'organe de l'ouïe, ni oreille externe, ni membrane du tympan, ni cavité même du même nom, ni passage aboutissant à l'intérieur de la bouche, ni osselets auditifs correspondans à ceux que l'on a nommés *enclume*, *marteau*, ou *étrier*, ni *lamacon*, ni communication intérieure, désignée par la denomina-

tion de fenêtre ronde.' Without any of these organs, how imperfect must their sense of hearing be; and it seems clear that the hollow bone mentioned by Hunter, cannot be an ear."

"But a Frenchman has not only given them an exquisite ear, but the faculty of speech. His reasoning is somewhat amusing from its seriousness. How do we know that a fish has not as many, or perhaps more, vocal intonations than a bird; both seem to have been formed on the same model; the one flies, the other swims. The sole difference is in the elements, for swimming and flying are the same thing. Why should they not talk? It is no argument to say, that we do not hear them either speak or sing, for this, perhaps, may be the fault of our dull organs. The water is everywhere interpenetrated by air, which the fishes breathe; why may they not, by equivalent media, form vibrations of sound, and notes, too delicate, it is true, to reach our ears, but which may make them understood one by the other? I love at least to indulge such a notion, nor can I, without some sort of philosophical chagrin, figure to myself, that Nature has deprived any of her works of that perfection she

has stamped on the rest, or that she has doomed to an eternal silence the innumerable tribes that inhabit the immense regions of the ocean and the course of rivers. ‘*Le silence est le partage des morts, la parole donne la vie aux vivans même.*’ ”

“ Tranquillity being now restored,” said Charters, “ I shall make another essay at the pool ; and I do not despair of hooking the same individual I lost.”

“ Sir Humphrey Davy, I think, says, that a pricked fish will not rise again, or, at least, take the artificial fly.”

“ But he gives an instance of a pike’s voracity, by one being produced on the table, at Denham, that had carried off a short time before, the hooks and tackle of Chemicus.”

“ He mentions no such fact regarding trout, but I can tell you one that happened to me the other day at Postlip, near Winchcomb, in Gloucestershire, where I was indebted for a good day’s sport to their liberal and hospitable proprietor, Mr. Tregent. I had been told there were some good fish in the milldam, and thither this gentleman and myself proceeded. Scarcely a minute elapsed ere my companion (we both used



the same bait) hooked a fish, whose strength proved, after some struggling, too much for his tackle. The gut' broke some inches above the hook, and the fish was lost. In the same spot, and within a few minutes, not more than five, I found myself engaged violently, and succeeded in landing the trout. The identical hook, and tackle lost by my companion, and which he had had just time to supply, was sticking in the mouth of the animal. His weight exceeded three pounds."

"It would seem, then, that the hook creates no very exquisite pain? Your story pleases me."

"I conceive not. The substance of the mouth is bony, or gristly, which, from the scanty supply of nerves, for in them is the seat of all pain, cannot be susceptible of it, or, in other words, a wound in the mouth cannot exert a sympathy in the nerves of the animal, with which the part in question has a very small connexion. The tortuous motion of the fish on being hooked is the effect of fear, perhaps of the sense of difficulty of respiration, in the determined effort nature makes against thralldom."

"It would seem, then, that the common re-

mark, that when a fish escapes it is useless to continue to angle in the same spot, is not borne out in fact, and that the tribe are not so wary as some four-footed animals ; in Sweden, for instance, if a fox escapes from a pit, none are ever taken again in the same, wily reynard having given a hint to his fraternity."

" That this is not the case here, I have proved already, and shall try to exemplify the other position."

Julian and myself here left him, and pursued our sport, principally confined to the taking of samlets, of which we basketed upwards of a hundred.

" Do you suppose them to be really the young of the salmon ?"

" There are many opinions on this subject. They are called indifferently, samlets, par, last-spring, or fingerlings, from the bluish marks on the back, as if made by the impress of the fingers. Observe their barred sides, and that the spots on the belly are very numerous and bright. The shape of the fish, too, seems to show, to my satisfaction, that it is full-grown, and inclines me to think it a mule or hybrid, though it is said to disappear with the floods ;

from which some argue that it is carried down into the sea. That it so disappears, I have my doubts. Certain it is, that it exceeds not, in these rivers, more than a few inches in length, and like the sprat, is never found with roe. It is very delicate eating, almost as much so as the smelt, which, whether it be a genus of itself, *restat in tenebris*. It partakes of the flavour of the sardines in the lake of Geneva, of which I have seen hundreds taken off the wall of a ‘campagne,’ with the common house-flies. The natives never dress them, in consequence of their manner of feeding. These fresh-water anchovies are, I believe, peculiar to that lake.”

“ But the river is become almost too shallow even to contain samlets, and behold a village, where, when Charters arrives, we will dine.”

“ Oh ! here he comes. What bait can it be he uses ? He has taken at least twenty pounds of trout, and many eels. Does he always mean to keep his secret ? ”

“ I am still of opinion, it will not answer for the lakes.”

Never was the sound of “Messrs. vous êtes servis” at the Salon des Etrangers, at Paris, half so grateful as the announcement of dinner.

The best definition of man, which has puzzled all philosophers, is, that he is the cooking animal. I devoutly believed it to be one of the most interesting of his characteristics, when the trout, fried and boiled, the finest I ever ate, came upon table. We made a delicious meal, and in the evening, *faute de chevaux*, walked to Llanydloes.



SCENE ON THE WYE.

## FIFTH DAY.

Our inn.—A Fisherman.—His advice.—Start for Plinlimmon.—Approach to the mountain.—Oriental Hot Spring.—Religious Rites.—Hindu Baptism.—The old Fisherman.—A chalet.—Its inhabitants.—Our noctes.—Julian.

Llanydloes, Saturday evening, 3rd June.

THIS little town I shall not describe. The inn, the second in the place (mem. always go to the second,) was clean and comfortable in the extreme, and the landlady civil and obliging. I have the bill :—“ Supper, beds, breakfast for three, 13s. ;” though, after the manner of Falstaff’s, our *sack* bore a very disproportionate ratio to the *carte*.

Our first thought on arriving (follow the habit, it is a good one) was to send for a fisherman. Were I possessed of that essential and most useful (for it fills up) talent to a novelist, description, I would draw his portrait ; as it is,

you must be satisfied with a silhouette. Suffice it to say, that he had lost his left arm, and was apparently seventy years of age, rather short than tall, and answering Tacitus's description of Agricola, "*calvus et gracilis senex.*" (A Roman emperor and a Welsh fisherman—what a strange idea to come into the head!) His costume was a brown serge jacket, with large pockets, and leggings of the same material. The lines of his face expressed hard labour, and care was engraven on his brow. He spoke English, not only without any *Gallicisms*, but with elegance. His easy and unembarrassed manners showed an acquaintance with the world, and the tones of his voice (there is no better criterion by which to detect vulgarity) were modulated and pleasing. How easy it is, by the commonest sentence that proceeds out of the mouth, to know a man of education. I entertained no doubt, and will allow you to be as sceptical as you choose, that the blood of the Cadwalladers ran in his veins, or perhaps, like Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, that he could trace his pedigree from Gomer, one of the sons of Noah, I believe—

“ ’Twas quickly seen,

Whatever he was—’twas not what he had been.

He told us that he had been fishing all day in the Severn, and that it was (as I verily believe it to be) a very indifferent river (strange that he should be so candid!):—he advised us not to waste our time in tracing its course, and ended by complaining of a new weir of Lord ——’s, that effectually prevented the salmon, once abundant as high as Llanydloes, from making their way to the spawning grounds.

We asked to see his flies. They were well made, and I bought of him two dozen, at a reasonable rate: no common occurrence, for at Rayader we were asked sixpence apiece for salmon-flies, which were uni-coloured, plain-looking things, mostly of the grouse hackle. Our piscator recommended our proceeding straight to the Begalen pool; declined dining at our expense; and wishing us sport, left us. I should, had he been an Italian, have left him with an “*a rivederlo*.”

Llanydloes, Sunday, 4th.

“*Dies non*,” as the lawyer says, and as Julian, one of the “*nefasti*,”\* (unbelieving Hindu.) Not being one of the “*metuentes Sabbata*,” I went to church, and said to Charters, “Lay up for your-

self riches in heaven." The profane fellow repeated the word "riches," and said—"Ay, as Byron wanted Greenfield to do, when, in Harrow church-yard, he altered the inscription on his tombstone, adding a *b* before, and altering the *i* to a double *ee*." But Byron's was a crib from not only divine, but Dean, Swift, who derived the word from 'bear riches,' an *étymology* quite as good as any of Charters's.

Machynlleth, Monday 5th.

We had intended hiring ponies, or a gig, to ascend the Plinlimmon, but, the post-master being the only person who had licensed horses, we were eventually, and *à contre cœur*, obliged to go post. It was ten o'clock when we started. The road lies over a series of barren downs, unrelieved by almost a single tree. The only objects that broke the dreary uniformity, or deformity of this scene, were occasional patches of

\* "Pudenda et miserabilis oratio," as Suetonius says. I beg the reader to remember that "non meus hic sermo est," and, as a moralist, I cannot but strongly disapprove of this flippancy, and would, certainly, out of the profits of these volumes apply some part in masses for his *povera anima*, had I, with "The Irishman in Search of a Religion," any faith in the comfortable doctrine of their efficacy.—E.



corn, stunted and small-eared, sparingly scattered here and there over the adjacent bottoms. The ascent begins at the fifth mile, and a precipitous one for a carriage, it was, for three more. When at the top of the hill we had an uninterrupted view of the country round, a dismal waste of bleak hills and dales. The boy at last stopped before a wretched hovel, where, making acquaintance with the tenant, a sturdy farmer, he was easily persuaded to serve as a guide to the pool, which he made out to be three miles or so; his "so" being twice or three times the distance of the miles. A *Cicero*, as they say at Rome, is indispensable; seeing there is no track, and a succession of moors, covered with whinberry bushes, to be traversed, which, he told us, contained grouse. A more uninteresting desert cannot be conceived.

"After a laborious walk of two hours and a half, we came in sight of Plinlimmon, which is only deserving to be celebrated as the birth-place of four rivers, namely, the Llyffant, that joins the Dovey near Machynlleth; the Rhydal, that falls into the sea at Aberystwith; our old friend, the Wye; and last, yet chief, the Severn. This noble river rises from a small spring on the

south-east side of the mountain ; so small, indeed, is its source, that a child might stride over it. The water is of a red colour, and brackish, denoting the presence of some mineral. We asked Julian if he had seen any of the springs of Indian rivers, or other springs there, and, to while away the tedium of this march, he gave us the following account of a very singular one, that is tributary to the Ganges.

“ A little below Monghir, at the foot of the Rajhmal Hills, is a place called Seetacomb, where there is a hot spring, that, in the quality of the water it momentarily throws up, and its crystalline purity, is, I believe, unrivalled. The water, however, has the singular property of being hot eight months in the year, and, during the four hottest months, of being cold. It has no other sensible quality than its heat, which may be 150° Fahrenheit.”

“ This at least can contain no fish ? But go on.”

“ It is, as I said, beautifully transparent, and, in taste, is not to be surpassed by the purest spring-water ; indeed, it is considered as superior even to that of the Ganges, which is held in such estimation that some of our officers, even in

camp, used to drink no other, at no small expense, you may suppose. But this is in such request that even at Calcutta some rich natives send from time to time for a supply, and all travellers lay in a provision of it. Upon inquiry at Monghir, we learned that sulphur, though not in the immediate neighbourhood, is found at the distance of a day's journey, yet it has not the slightest appearance of foreign impregnation. During the four months when it is cool, it becomes troubled, stagnant, green, and full of unclean animals; but no sooner does the rainy season commence, than it begins to bubble up, purify, and become hot, as we saw it. Being an object of veneration to the natives, who make pilgrimages to it from all parts of India, it is a source of considerable emolument to the Brahmans, who give instructions as to the ceremonies to be performed, and repeat certain Sanscrit prayers, for which they receive a sum proportioned to the means of the neophyte. While we were there we saw a few of the rites gone through by the Hindus belonging to our fleet. These mysteries were paid at a colder fountain by the side of the hot one. The devotees approached the officiating priest with the most

reverential awe, and stood before the holy 'padre' with a little of the water in their hands, whilst he ran over a benedicite. He then taught them in what manner, and how often they should pour the libations, and having placed a ring of some shrub on one of their fingers, the ceremony was concluded by the votary plunging over head and ears in the fountain, and each putting a piece of money in the Brahman's hand, took his departure."

"And how can you, who are more than half a Hindu, reconcile such mummeries with religion?"

"All religions have their mummeries, and the ignorant and unenlightened, who can form no metaphysical notion of the attributes of a God, must have some type of his goodness or power, by which to be taught to acknowledge Him. The true Brahman is like the philosophers of old: but, not to enter into this subject, the mythological worship of Greece and Rome, that of the saints and relics of the Romish Church, and the adoration of the Virgin, are not more ridiculous than this baptism and regeneration of the poor Hindus, which they perform in honour of one of their Nine Incarnations."



This subject was inexhaustible, and we had reached the Begalen pool. It is of an irregular form, shut in on all sides by drear hills and crags, and may be a mile and a half, or two miles in circumference. The bottom is covered in many parts with weeds, and it is very shallow; the water of a pitchy blackness, from the peaty bed in which it lies, and islanded here and there by masses of rock.

Leaving Charters to his accustomed solitary, monotonous bait, Julian and myself pursued the winding shore; and making a sharp turn round an almost isolated crag, discovered the old fisherman from Llanydloes. He was standing on a loose fragment of rock, and so much engaged in thought, or in his pursuit, that he did not perceive us till we were within a few yards of him. He was whipping away; his line falling to the full extent unreeled, straight as an arrow, and making no more effect on the water than some raindrops. I accosted him with the ordinary salutation of—"What sport, old soldier?" and when he opened his basket I perceived in it twenty or thirty trout, none exceeding half a pound.

"You call me old soldier, but I never served in the army. I lost my arm," and here he held out the stump, "on board a ship. I had struck a dolphin with the grains, and previously wound the rope that is always attached to the harpoon, round my arm; the consequence was, that I could not disengage my wrist, and it was so much mutilated that I was forced to have it amputated immediately. I took a turn round the jib-boom the next time I threw off the bows."

"The loss of one arm," observed Julian,

“ seems to have imparted additional vigour to the other, as we see happen to a branch of a tree when the neighbouring one has been lopped. I should like to throw like you. What may you get a pound for these fish ?”

“ They are much esteemed in the valley, more so than the Severn trout, because they cut red, which is owing to the quality of their food, the leeches, that are abundant here ; but they are so delicate that they will not keep, and must be eaten the day they are killed. It is time, therefore, for me to make the best of my way to Machynlleth ; and you, gentlemen,— the rain has begun,” looking up ; “ we shall have more of it, for I see a dark cloud gathering in that part of the heavens.”

“ Perhaps you are a native of that place ?”

“ No,” he replied, with a sigh ; “ I have not seen my native village for many years. I shall never see it more. Never return to it in consequence of—— no matter. I am a wanderer, and my pilgrimage will be soon over. I am now on my way to the Bala lake.”

Knowing the attachment the Welsh, like all mountaineers, have to the spots of their nativity, I was curious to hear something of his history,

and said—" We are also going to the northern lakes, and perhaps you will bear us company ? We shall be glad also to profit by your experience and knowledge of angling in this country."

After a pause (which betrayed indecision or absence of mind), he agreed to the proposition ; and we had hardly thrown twice, during which I took a fish of a pound weight, when the rain came down like a water-spout, and, to add to our mortification, not a breath of air stirred the pool. We bided the pelting of the pitiless storm for some time, and without a dry thread, were at last driven for shelter into a hut, which (except a deserted fishing-box, belonging to Colonel Evans,) was the only one on the mountain, where we found Charters, who had not had a single run.

The interior of the *chalet* did not belie the wretchedness of the outward appearance. It consisted of only one room, without windows. The doors were of such rough carpentry that the wind passed through them, above and below, at will. They possessed, however, the advantage of giving admission, through the crannies, to the light, that also came in a flood down the huge chimney. Within, huddled together round



a miserable turf fire, was assembled a family party, consisting of three generations; the last a numerous one; the floor, filthy as that of an Irish cabin, was half paved with loose flags, and here and there full of puddles, and the mud walls ran down with damp, against which stood in rows, several truckle-beds without curtains.

How human beings could subsist in such a den was my astonishment; but it was greater still when I observed the cheerful and contented countenances that encircled the fireside:—the children, who slunk into a corner, scared by the appearance of strangers, to finish their mess of *llaethewyn* (buttermilk), or *mwdran* (flummery), showed in their ruddy cheeks rude and vigorous health, and one of the boys might have sate to a sculptor as the model for an infant Hercules. A very pretty, rosy-cheeked, black-eyed daughter, of seventeen or eighteen, through the dense smoke that pervaded the apartment (as if to exemplify the fact that no seclusion from the world, or state of poverty, however abject, is capable of repressing the ruling passion which governs all female minds, viz. that of dress), was on her knees hard at work, on a bench in the corner, at what is called getting up frills, of

which, no doubt, she was not a little vain; for the Welsh peasant girls pay more attention to their heads than their heels, and although you see many without shoes, you will rarely find one who has not a neatly plaited cap under her round beaver hat.

It was perceived at a glance that we were not likely to be relieved from any of the inconveniences of wet, cold, and weariness there, and learning that they could give us nothing to eat but potatoes and oaten-bread, or to drink, than milk, a consultation was held, and it was voted that we should proceed to Machynlleth, nine miles distant. One comfort was, that we had to descend the whole way, which was accomplished with much greater ease than had been expected; and having changed our dripping clothes over a good fire, and with an excellent supper, we soon forgot, like mariners after a storm, the fatigues of the day.

\* \* \* \*

Going to bed.

Charters begins to be disgusted (I think) with his patent bait, and talked of nothing at our *noctes* but the stupid and bad taste of the trout in the Begalen pool. I have no curiosity to

know what it is, but Julian, who whipped off two dozen flies, and whom it was dangerous to come near, for fear of being hooked, is dying to know the secret. He had quite enough to do yesterday and to-day with disentangling his end, that, like the Gordian-knot, he served half a dozen times as did Alexander—cut it. Why, one might have heard it crack half a mile off; truly, his line was a regular four-horse whip; he has made, too, a dozen bawks in it, that have taken, to its no small detriment, half an hour to unknot. In the lakes he may do better, for he can throw a shorter line, which I cannot persuade him to do. He begins to tire of angling, and daily threatens to be off. His Trichinopolies will not last long if he goes on at the rate of half a bundle a night. All his camel trunks, that he calls “bowlies,” are arrived.



## SIXTH DAY.

Birdlime.—Romantic town.—Dragging for Salmon.—Resorts of Trout.—Hooking a Trout.—Water-proof boots.—Precautions.—Wading.—Size of Fish.—A glorious Pool.—Enormous Eel.—Eels.—Their migration.—Food of Eels.—Propagation.—Variety of Eels.—Adders.—A strange Supper.—Stewed Cat.—Anecdote.

Machynlleth, Tuesday, 6th June, daybreak.

WE found Charters up, and drying before the fire some red birdlime (consistent stuff) in a tin bait-box. He has at last shown it to us. What do you think it is? Salmon paste, or roe, prepared at Liverpool, and costs him, carriage and all, twelve shillings a pound. Walton, I am

told, speaks of it, and Daniell, the sporting parson, taking his account from "Barker's Art of Angling," a scarce old book. In a generous fit, Salmonius, as we mean to call him, (query, what sort of a word *salmonia* is: should it not have an *ana* tacked to it?) has given some to Julian, who means to leave behind him his flying machinery. We shall now see if my words do not come true, that any bungler may succeed in trolling, or rather, in sinking and drawing. Julian is in high spirits, for he has hardly taken a fish above three ounces yet.

Charters has had a consultation with old Humphrey, and is off to try a tributary stream to the Dovey, called the Divlas. He finds large waters won't do. We are under weigh too.

\* \* \* \*

We passed through the single street of this somewhat regularly built town. It is romantically backed by broken and abrupt rocks, picturesque in their outline, and as beautifully varied in their tints as the old buildings in a Canaletti. We soon came in sight of the Dovey, and observed before us two men carrying a net, and coracles strapped on their shoulders. The word coracle, or coriacle, is derived from *coria*, a

skin, and seems to prove the invention to belong to the time of the Romans. These skiffs are four feet wide, and two over the head; the shells, formed of wicker basket-work, and covered with flannel, the principal manufacture in this part of the country, or with coarse cloth, pitched or tarred. We stood on the bridge for some time to see the operations. They were about to drag for salmon; and it must have been difficult to preserve the balance in such frail and fragile machines. The net was attached to the two boats, and connected them. When all was clear, the fishermen made with their paddles a considerable circle, and then reunited, drawing in cautiously the sweep. They seemed very dexterous in the management of their canoes, and perfectly unconscious of danger. Danger there must be, for the upsetting of one would inevitably involve the safety of the other, if not the lives of both, by entanglement in the meshes. A salmon of ten or twelve pounds weight leaped over the corks, but the first essay was a failure.

“This is a most destructive practice,” I observed, “and if permitted, care should be taken that the laws regarding salmon-fisheries are well enforced. The size of the meshes, as in France,

should be looked to, and netting at the spawning season strictly prohibited. I was some years ago at Caermarthen, the latter end of October, when the fish are crimson, flabby, and full of ova, and saw the coraclers from the public walk, sweeping the Towey, and their prey afterwards openly sold in the market. I am told, that Sir Watkin, to whom the greater part of this fine valley belongs, will not permit them to ply above the bridge, and has keepers to protect the river, so that it may be said to be preserved. *Commençons ! Courage ! Julian.*"

"I see a large trout lying under this arch ; he seems asleep."

"The arches of bridges are favourite resorts of trout. You will observe them motionless (as yon hawk suspended in his atmosphere) for hours ; but they are so shy, and glutted with food, that it is difficult to waken their attention. I have at Geneva and Zurich seen large ones, similarly posted, tempted with a great variety of baits, but in vain ; among which, however, was not the salmon-paste. Its grape-like crimson globules may attract him. Let us go below, for here you cannot get the lure near him, though the eyes of fish are, in my opinion,

not so indistinct of vision, as some suppose ; but even were we to hook him here, he must inevitably break away, even from this gut, which, though single, is as strong and stout as a fiddle-string. *Allons ! Essayons nous.*"

" The water is deep, and the current rapid, so that the bullet will be required—*à la* Charters."

" Your first cast was too near the buttress of the bridge. Try again."

" Yes. I have him ! He is off on the other side the bridge, and is running out all my line. He is as strong as an otter."

" You have turned him. Keep his head straight, the curb tightly drawn, and guide him in true dragoon style, through the arch. See, he is quite exhausted. Now I'll net him. He is a finely fed fish of at least three pounds weight, though we have no Mrs. B—— in our train with her scales to weigh him. Fancy weighing every fish as it is caught ! What will Salmonius say, now ?"

" We have begun the day well ; and now what think you of the paste ?"

" What I ever did ; that it is an unworthy contrivance, and that I will never condescend to use it. Besides, it is a pity and a shame to



adopt it, as it cannot be procured without destroying thousands of salmon. I do not deny that it is a clean bait, and a murderous one, especially in small rivers, and confined rapids, such as this; and now that the river fly-fishing is nearly over; but no salmon will be ever taken with it, though Walton does talk of old Henley's doing so with some scented stuff. For my part, I shall be sufficiently amused, though I should have little sport, in tracing this noble river in its course up the valley. It will be necessary, friend, to wade to-day "

" These boots I bought at Kington, will at least keep out the water. They are of double leather, the soles half an inch thick, and I have had them besmeared with a newly-discovered preparation, or water-proof receipt, taken from a book; it is wax and caoutchouk, even quantities, melted together, and a single dressing answers, it says, the purpose."

" You will find your specific fail. All I have ever tried have done so. I once ordered a pair of shooting-boots similar to some I saw in a window, floating in a vase of water. It is true, they expelled the wet, but they also excluded the air; were air-tight; and the consequence

was, that my feet were always in a cold bath ; and I soon discarded them, when I heard that a friend of mine had lost his life by adopting such a contrivance. The best plan is, for those afraid of their heads, to do as I saw practised at Geneva, in the Rhone ; have a pair of boots similar to those still worn occasionally by the French postilions, that come half way up the thighs, carried by your servant or guide, and when fording or wading, draw them over your leggings."

" As Mrs. Rundell says, you must first catch your fish, *i. e.* first have your servant to take with you. Fine lumber, to carry about, would be these wooden overalls !"

" True. I despise such effeminacies, and wear strong high-lows, that lace ; shorts, long gaiters, and Welsh stockings, which may be easily taken off, and pocketed before, and replaced after wading. I never, also, as you know, go out without a short Mackintosh cape in my jacket pocket, to protect my shoulders in case of rain."

" For my part I have a hydrophobia : you will scarcely get me to wet my feet."

" You a soldier, and afraid of wet ! You

remind me of the Longchamps at Paris, where a Frenchman rode about on a fine sunshiny day holding an umbrella over his head in ridicule of this lady-like custom of our compatriots, and to the great amusement, at our expense, of his own. Wet your feet ! why, what is to be done in this Dovey without wading ? the river winds so much, and the wind is so strong, that, without frequent crossing, it is impossible to get a fly properly into the water, and one must throw it as light as the thistle-down, or nothing is to be done here ; even now it requires a good hand not to whip off the stretcher. But take my advice, and always wet your feet early in the day, before you become heated by exercise. When the water is warm there is no danger, though Sir Humphrey Davy talks of palsy and rheumatism. I have waded all my life, nor ever experienced myself, nor ever knew any one who had experienced, any ill effects from it. Fishermen by trade live to a great age. When I was on the lake of Como, two pescatori passed us in a boat, father and son, one a hundred and seven, and the other seventy-six. I was some years ago at Stroud, and saw two workmen in a dyeing factory, whose feet were contin-

ually wet, and they were both hale men, and above sixty."

"There is an article, I think, in Blackwood, on the subject. The opinion of that writer is decidedly against you. But I shall try this rapid at least four feet deep."

"If you do, I hold it impossible to troll successfully without immersion. You cannot otherwise command the mid current; at least to spin a minnow naturally, would be impossible. I some years ago had an equal horror of the water, but was cured by seeing my tutor in the art, whilst I stood shivering (as we see boys do, afraid to take a plunge in a cold bath) on the bank, take, in one rapid, with his minnows, or samlets, I forget which, three trout, one weighing three pounds and a half, the maximum of size, perhaps, in any of the Welsh rivers,—at least, I have never seen one exceed that weight. We hear, indeed, of fish of five or more pounds, but I look upon such relations as mere hearsays."

"You may well treat such with suspicion; for my part I am sadly disappointed. How do you account for their being so much smaller than in England?"

“ You know what Sir Humphrey Davy says of the Teme and Colne, at Denham and Downton. The Hampshire rivers produce fish of ten and more pounds. This is owing to the superior quantity and quality of the food, no less than the soil. The flies in Wales are smaller, and of less variety, and the beds of the rivers are almost all gravelly, or rocky, besides being overstocked. The mountains, lakes, rivers, and forests of Asia and America are commensurate with the size of their continents. A similar remark (with certain reservations) may be made with regard to fish. The pike in the Swiss lakes grow to an enormous size, particularly in that of Geneva, which is thirty-six miles in length; and the trout fed by the waters of, what Voltaire calls, ‘*Le Lac,*’ *par excellence*, far exceed in weight any known in any other country. Thus, the salmon in Wales are proportioned to the size of the waters into which they migrate, few surpassing twelve pounds, whilst those of the Shannon, the Boyne, the Ballyshannon, and the Barrow, (about whose respective merits, flavour, and the quantity of their curd, the Irish contend, as the Greeks did about the birth-place of Homer,) and some of the Scotch rivers and lakes, arrive



at fifty pounds, and more.—But I am taking nothing. I fear the stream has been whipped already this morning, the fish are so shy. I am right, for I perceive two persons lashing the water a mile a-head.”

“ Look, there is a glorious pool ! and the water, from the intensity of its blue, must be very deep. I wish I could get at the opposite shore, where the beech-trees overhang the stream, throwing it into deep shade ; there, where the current sets and eddies.”

“ You will find a ford a little higher up, if I mistake not ; there, where the cows are. Good ! I see I have made you a convert.”

“A run ! a run ! I have a monster now. He has reeled out two-thirds of my line, and seems as fresh as ever. I cannot get a view of him. It must be a salmon. Come over, and help me to land him.”

“No ; he is not quick enough in his motions for a salmon. Do not let him get among the stumps of the trees. You have turned him—reel up.”

“This multiplier winch is now useful. Ha ! I have raised him ! It is no salmon ; you are right ; but an enormous eel ! Pshaw ! I never was more annoyed !”

“Keep a tight hand on him, and he must come on shore, *nolens volens* ! There, he is working his way as naturally over the stones as if the land was his element. He must weigh at least four pounds.”

“He is as dark almost as a Conger eel, and cannot have been, by his colour, long from the sea.”

“Perhaps only a few days. The tide comes up within three or four miles of Machynlleth, and he has got his marine appetite. Charters told you this morning that the salmon-paste is the most irresistible of lures for eels, and has

an ingenious theory, that their main object in pushing up rivers is to devour the spawn. Certain it is, that whilst the sun is shining out so hot, he would not have left his retreat under yon bank, but for the attractive smell and crimson colour of the lure. You may remember the surprise of the fishermen at the village where we dined, when Charters opened his basket and produced several eels of two or three pounds, and they declared they had never seen an eel taken before in the day-time, out of the Wye."

"Can you tell me anything about the natural history of these ugly brutes, that Count Lacepede is in such raptures with, calling them all elegance, grace, and beauty? He commences a chapter on that slimy monster with the following list of its properties; one would think he was describing his mistress: — '*Elle est offerte, cette image gracieuse, et à l'enfance folâtre, que la variété des évolutions amuse, et à la vive jeunesse, que la rapidité des mouvements enflamme, et à la beauté, que la grace, la souplesse, et la gaiété intéressent et séduisent, et à la sensibilité, que les affections douces et constantes touchent si profondément, et à la philo-*



sophie même, qui se plait à contempler et le principe et l'effet d'un instinct supérieur.'”

“ It is singular that so little should be known about it. All I have read throws little light on the subject. Sir Humphrey Davy confesses, after a long commentary on the observations of others, all he knows is, that he knows nothing, leaving the question precisely where he found it. The reason of the migration of eels is certainly a great problem. If they are hermaphrodites, they do not push up the rivers for the purpose of perpetuating their species, like the salmo tribes, whose eggs, according to the doctrine laid down in ‘Salmonia,’ cannot develop young fishes independent of the influence of the air—without aërated water. That they do push up the rivers we know; and analogy would lead us to suppose that they are also oviparous, were it not that they are met with only a few days old in numerous shoals, in the Atlantic. I have seen them in myriads making their way over perpendicular rocks, that compose the sides of waterfalls, in effecting which in the river Teme, buckets’ full, not much larger than lob-worms, were secured by a boy. Thus, the probability

is, that they are viviparous, and that the delicacy of their skins rendering them very sensible of changes in the temperature, they, like birds of passage, make for the springs in the summer, that they may enjoy a cooler atmosphere, and on the approach of winter return to the sea, or descend to the deeper and more still and muddy parts of rivers, and hide themselves there, or under banks, and stones, where they lie in a dormant state; for that they do not all, like woodcocks, make an annual migration, is proved by their being seen occasionally at all seasons. Their food is the carrion, as they are the vultures of fish; but Charters's idea is somewhat confirmed by the experience of to-day, that they are ravenously fond of, and well acquainted with the taste of salmon spawn, and must be very destructive to that daily decreasing species, and will tend ultimately to exterminate it, if means are not taken to thin them. Here they are quite unmolested, for the poorest peasant in the country (the same prejudice exists in Ireland), if almost starving, would loath llyswonad (eels), highly as we esteem them, particularly when they attach themselves to such clear streams as these; nor will any Welsh cook willingly touch

them, looking upon them with an equal horror to snakes and adders."

"Is there no perceptible diversity of sex observable in these reptiles, as in snakes and adders? My 'bearers' killed in my compound (a corruption of the French word *campagne*) two cobras. Examination clearly distinguished the female from the male, by the narrowness and flatness of the tail. You know it has been found that all the venomous are viviparous, all the innocuous genera the contrary,—would not this, by analogy, militate against the argument you held just now, or at least, be a strong presumption in favour of the opinion of their oviparousness?"

"No perceptible generative organs have been as yet discovered, though they must exist, unless we conceive, like the water-snakes in the 'Ancient Mariner,' they are generated by the state of the water itself, or as the vermicular monsters exhibited in the hydro-oxygen microscope."

"The ancients certainly thought them not hermaphrodites, and were of opinion too, that the water-snake, and lamprey, coupled together; and Orestes, in the 'Choëforæ,' calls his mother a murenophis, *i. e.* having been so

unnatural as to pair, or cohabit with *Ægysthus*. There is a passage in Marcellus that thus describes, and throws light on that remarkable simile, and chimes in with my notion.

‘Qualem murenæ coluber stimulatus amore,  
Gaudia conjugii metuens temerare veneno,  
Effundit summo in scopulo, effusumque reponit  
Cautibus in rigidis, mox saltu precipitem se  
Dejicit in medias sinuosi fluminis undas,  
Sibilaque ingeminans, charam vestigat amicam :  
Illa, sono audito, confestim occurrit amanti,  
Multiplicique ambo conjungunt corpora nexu.’

“*Fabulæ ! fabulæ !* Certainly, there are many different kinds of eels ; and this of yours differs essentially from the Thames eels, but still more from those of Loch Ern, that are of so vast a size that the fishermen hang their skins up to dry, and make leggings of them impervious to the water. Still more unlike are they to the pond eels, that have no communication with any stream or rivulet, much less the sea.”

“ Their migration, then, is not necessary for their propagation ? ”

“ Certainly not ; they get *acclimaté*, like other animals or plants, though they do originate in the sea, the proof of which is found in the Wenen lake, in Sweden, where eels have, within

a few years, made their appearance since the opening of a canal that communicates immediately with the sea, some unscaleable cataracts in the river Gota having previously impeded their progress, and yet they find their way into the lake of Constance, and must have ascended the falls of Schaffhausen."

"I was speaking of adders some time back : do you consider them of one genus ?"

"A Hampshire acquaintance of mine made a collection of adders from the New Forest, with which it abounds, and put them into a cage, with wires so narrow that they could not work their flexible bodies through it. He there prisoned four different kinds ; a black, a pink, a tortoiseshell, and a grey, and made many experiments on their venom, which, by trying its effect on animals of one species at different times, he found to possess different degrees of virulence. The animals he chose were cocks. Fowls are known to be cold-blooded, and therefore best fitted for such an experiment. One died soon after it was bitten by the black ; another lay in a state of torpor, after being exposed to the teeth of the other three ; but I forget which he said was the least noxious. He once forgot to feed

these extraordinary pets for some weeks, but, on examining the cage minutely, discovered a part of the tail of the grey adder, evidently proving it had been devoured by the rest."

"Your story reminds me of Ceylon, where a medical gentleman confined in like manner a number of scorpions, which fought most desperately, till the weaker were all victims to the stronger; and at last only one remained behind, with the trophies of his victory, the claws and shelly parts strewed around him. How do you know that eels, like them, and adders, do not feed on their own species?"\*

"I have never known or heard of their taking such a bait. But, speaking of adders reminds me of Mola di Gaeta, and the strange supper we had there, which the beauty of the place hardly compensated for, to my companion. I have before me still the orange groves, that slope down to the bay, and remember the delicious odour of the bloom when I opened the windows in the morning. But our fare.—At

\* I saw a pike taken in Gloucestershire by trolling, of eighteen pounds, that had one of four pounds undigested in its stomach, and that fish another in his, of one pound, so that three fish were taken by the same bait.—E.

the *Cena* my friend fed heartily on the dish, which passed for ‘*anguille fritte*.’ What do you think it was? Fried adders. I knew the mountains of the Abruzzi abounded with them, and did not like the black look of the reptile brood; their headlessness roused my suspicion, but I said nothing till the half-empty *piatta* was removed; when out came the murder, for the ‘Giovinetto,’ as they call in Italy a waiter of sixty (like the *boy* in Ireland), could not deny the loathsome fact. I have been shy abroad of nondescript dishes ever since I discovered I had devoured for a hare the best part of a stewed *chat* at Geneva. When last at that thistly-looking place, I was sensibly struck with the diminution of the numbers of the feline tribe, that used to keep me awake, some years before, with their amatory serenades.”

“Your friend’s qualms recall an anecdote told me at Cheltenham the other day, of little Moore, who is known to be the greatest epicure, as he has always been the greatest tuft-hunter *going*, as Byron used to say. A friend and himself made an excursion to Greenwich to eat white bait, which, I am told, is as fine as the Mango fish at Calcutta, or Pomfret at Madras.

This friend was no other than Lord Strangford, who, determined to hoax his brother bard (*quelle malice!* as you say), had bought, before he left town, a small-tooth horn comb, which, when the soup was served, he dropped secretly into the tureen. Moore found the contents delicious, and was overpersuaded by his titled *bon vivant* (though, according to the immortal Brummel, it is highly incorrect) to be helped a second time to soup; when what should be ladled out into his plate, but the damning evidence of the cook's *cleanliness*? Tommy's fertile imagination peopled it with a hundred — hairs. The story goes to say, he ate no white bait that day."

"But what has all this to do with angling? A tremendous storm is brewing from the southwest; and we have got fish enough for our dinner. Let us see if we can get it dressed in the manner of white bait, at that village, which, by the map, should be Llanwin.

'You have no need to say, *bon appetit*.'



## SEVENTH DAY.

Dejeuner.—A Bull.—Narrow escape.—Boar-hunt in India.  
—Henry's death.

The banks of the Dovey, afternoon.

“WELL, we have made an excellent *dejeuner à la fourchette*, or, as you would say, tiffin. The trout had none of the muddiness of our English trout, and were firm enough without our having resort to crimping, that most execrable and barbarous custom, which Sir Humphrey Davy dwells on in every chapter with as much complacency as a boy spins a cockchafer, or as a lady of my acquaintance impales a worm.”

“Let us hunt the waterfalls higher up. What delightful meadows! What a lovely valley! It grows wider and more open; and there is not a part of the river where the fly cannot be thrown. This scene would be a fine study for Berghem,

that group of black cattle making one of those foregrounds he delighted in. Do you see the lord and master of the seraglio?"

"And hear him too. He does not approve of our approach, and deems it an intrusion on his 'zenanah,' and, like the Shah of Persia, would willingly make it death to come near or look upon his harem. I do not much like his suppressed and sullen roar.

"It increases in its *diapason*! See how he lashes his sides with his tail, as if it were a thong to goad him into ferocity! He has left the herd, and is moving slowly along the water's edge towards us! And now he stops, and bellows, as though he thought to intimidate us, and lowers his dewlapped neck to the ground, and shakes his horned head, as if in preparation for butting. When he comes up close, as he will do, get ready some of those large stones to pelt him with."

"The water is here too deep to be fordable, if we wished to cross. But I shall not stir, for the appearance of this rapid pleases me, and I have just had a rise. Look out! Here he comes!"

"When he finds us resolute, and feels a stone

or two rattling against his old horns, he will turn back, but, if he perceives in us any symptoms of alarm, he will assuredly gore us."

"There, that stone has struck him on the head, and he has sulkily turned up the bank, where he stands and watches us, with a red and gloomy eye, and an inward disappointed moan."

"I will tell you a narrow escape I had some years ago in Tuscany. R—— and myself having heard of a flight of cocks, had gone down into the Maremma to shoot. You have heard of the Maremma. It possesses an almost interminable extent of morasses, 'overgrown with long, rank grasses,' and hillocks, as Shelley beautifully describes, 'heaped with moss-enwoven turf,' a wilderness of putridity and desolation. It was the month of November, before which time it is dangerous to set foot there, for, till the first frosts, even many of the fever-stricken serfs forsake it. In the eagerness of sport we had been led farther than we calculated from our albergo, a solitary, wretched hovel, bordering on the marsh, the abode of the most ghostly, yellow, emaciated objects in human form I ever beheld, except some of the

cayenne'd, curry-dried, liver-worn Anglo-East-Indians we left at Cheltenham. The sun was fast setting, and we had still two miles to make, and were coasting along the edge of a knoll, thickly set with huge and speckled aloes, intermingled here and there with stunted ilexes, and chesnuts, and with the strawberry-tree, then bright with its globes of deep red gold, when methought I heard a rustling among the branches, and a sound like that of the grinding of teeth. I noticed it to my companion. He suddenly turned ashy pale, and whispered hysterically, 'We are near a herd of swine!'

"Vast numbers, I should have told you, are turned out in the fall of the leaf, to fatten here, and become so savage and wild, that none but their keepers dare approach them, and, cased as they are in an almost impenetrable mail of leather, even they sometimes fall victims to the ferocity of these brutes.

"'It is well for us,' continued my friend, 'that there is a hut within a few hundred yards. Let us lose no time in making for it.' As he spake, the sounds became louder, and I saw some hundred hogs emerging on all sides from the brushwood, grunting fiercely, and gnashing their teeth

in unison. They were huge, gaunt, long-legged, long-headed, and long-backed creatures, giants of their species — spectral monsters, more like starved blood-hounds than swine.”

“ Ha ! ha ! ha ! Why, you have been drawing a picture of Russian wolves ; a whole pack of them could not have frightened you more ! ”

“ Nor would they have been so formidable, laugh as you may. They now mustered their forces in battle array, outside the thicket, and commenced the attack in a systematic and regularly concerted manner, the veterans of the herd directing the movements of the hostile band, and one, by a deeper grunt, not ill resembling the word of command of a certain General, a *de grege porcus* of our acquaintance, giving dreadful notes of preparation, as if to spirit on the line to a charge.”

“ Ridiculous ! Run away, indeed, from tame hogs ! why, I have charged a wild boar in India whilst he was whetting his tusks, which were heard a mile, and jabbed him too, with a consciousness that on this unerring hand depended my life or death — but these — pshaw ! ”

“ You shall hear. The danger was to us more imminent ; for you had only a single

enemy to deal with. We made our way with difficulty through the rotten and yielding morass, leaping from tuft to tuft, and risking, by a false slip, to plunge into a bottomless abyss, whilst our blood-thirsty pursuers, with their long legs and lanky sides, and tucked-up bellies, advanced, a fearful phalanx, in semilunar curve, momentarily gaining ground! My friend, who was more accustomed to the bogs than myself, soon outstripped me, not daring to look behind. Once, and once only, did I, and beheld them coming on like a pack of hounds in full cry, and with the scent breast-high, and, to my horror, perceived the two horns, or wings, of the troop, making an *echellon mouvement* in an ever-narrowing circle, like a regiment of cavalry bringing their right and left shoulders forward, to out-flank, and then enclose us. I dared not risk a second glance at my foes, but the hoarse voices of the ringleaders ran through the ranks, and I heard and saw the splash of their many feet, as they turned up the mud but a few yards in my rear.

“How I reached the hut I know not, but reach it I did, when I found my friend leaning against the wall, breathless with terror. The shed was rudely constructed of peat, and appeared to have

been long deserted, consisting only of bare walls and a few rafters ; but, providentially, there was a door hanging by one hinge : this I contrived to shut just as the centre of the herd reached the threshold. They made a halt, retired a few paces, and collected together, as if to hold a council of war. Whilst they were undecided how to act, we discharged our four barrels loaded with small shot, from the window, at the nearest, who slowly limping, with a sullen grunt of disappointment (reminding me of yon bull), the whole of their comrades at their heels, retreated into the covert.

“ ‘ Thank God ! ’ said R——, when he saw the last disappear among the aloes. ‘ It is but a year since, a traveller, crossing the Maramma, paid for the journey with his life. There was not a tree to shelter him ; and though he was a determined man, and well armed, and no doubt made a gallant resistance, they hemmed him in, and devoured him. I could show you the spot where the swincherds drove them from his mangled remains ; it was pointed out to me the last time I came here.’ ”

“ Mackenzie had as narrow an escape at Columbo, with a wounded elephant, who charged

over him, and his two tusks entered the ground on each side his head, without injuring him ! Whether it was that the enraged animal thought he had killed him, or was ashamed of his maladroitness, he struck at once into the jungle. But I will tell you a story to match yours, or, as the French say, a *pendant*. The boasted hog-hunting in the forests of France and Germany is not to be compared with that in India."

"India again ! I know a Welshman who lays the scene of all his stories at Shrewsbury."

"As I was saying, their boars are sheer domesticated Maremma-hogs, in comparison, and their tusks mere grinders, to a Bengalee bahader's. I should like to see a pack of hounds engaged with one ; it would be no *suicide*. At Moorshe-dabad I made one of a party of three to beat a vast grass jungle, bordering on the pawn-gardens and sugar-canes (immediately on the banks of the Ganges,) to which the 'suers' owe their monstrous bulk and fat. We were mounted on small and very courageous Arabs, for no other horses will face a wild boar, and armed with spears (several spare ones being carried by our 'hircarras') of between four and five feet long,



the shafts of which were of the male bamboo. They had been made at Monghir, spears and all, for the English steel (even Palmer's) is too highly tempered, and is apt to snap at the point, like a needle, from being too brittle. I had never seen the sport; but not so my two companions, one of whom was the judge of the district, and the other my brother. He was on a mere cat, little larger than a 'tattoo,' from whose back he had killed, at different times, upwards of seventy hogs. The line of beaters was hardly formed, when we heard the cry of "Burro suer! Burro suer! Sahib!" Off went the boar! Off 'doured' we after him, at a spanking pace, thinking little of ditches, heaps of earth, and holes, where the hogs had been 'grooting,' or dry wells, of which the place was full. The jungle was above our girths, and the progress of our prey was only traceable as the long withered grass rustled and waved with his motion, as the passing gust rushes along, turning up the surface of the river. I marvelled at his speed; it was like that of the wind.

"For five or six hundred yards he beat us hollow, and I thought we had lost him; but the

whetting of his tusks, resembling that of a scythe, soon showed us the contrary. He had run till he could run no longer, and becoming blown, stood, in rather a more open spot, at bay, grinding his tusks, as I described to you just now, and waiting our charge, to return it. I happened to be in advance, and, riding with too slack a rein, or too weak a curb, met him full in the face, and my horse, who was conscious of the danger, neither swerved to right or left, but leaped clean over him. Whilst in the air, I threw at random, but my spear did not fall within many yards of him. Henry came next—and was counted, on all hands, if not the best hog-hunter, the most intrepid jabber in India. Jabbing is a habit condemned only by those who have not the nerve to practise it. It was his invariable custom. It is true, that the risk is threefold; first of dislocating the shoulder, next of losing the balance, and third, of getting one's horse ripped.

“Perhaps you do not know what the term means. ‘To jab,’ is to plant the spear—never letting it out of your hand, but making it a pivot to wheel upon. The object is to fix it between the shoulders, through which a well-

directed point will pass with scarcely any sensible resistance, or, to use a common phrase among us, as through a lump of butter; in which case death follows without a groan. But this time the pony (he was not more than thirteen hands high) by an over-boldness, or perhaps a false step, came within contact of the two awful tusks. One of them struck his sinew, cutting it like a knife; and the spear glancing off from the tough hide of the boar, and slightly grazing it, horse and rider came with a tremendous fall to the ground. What was my horror on turning round, to see Henry lying flat on his face, and the wounded savage standing astride over him, and digging his tusks into his back!

“The judge now came up. The question was, how to act; it was a choice of evils. If unrescued, my brother's fate was inevitable, and the peril not less imminent from the delivery of the spear, which, without most unerring handling, must transfix at the same time the fallen and his infuriate foe. R—— screwed his courage to the sticking-place, and in an instant the point was in the heart of the savage, who

lay weltering in his gore, and under him my brother, who had fainted from his wounds. But he recovered, thus verifying the old couplet—

‘ If thou be hurt with hart, it brings thee to thy bier,  
But barber’s hand will boar’s hurt heal, therefore thou  
needst not feare.’

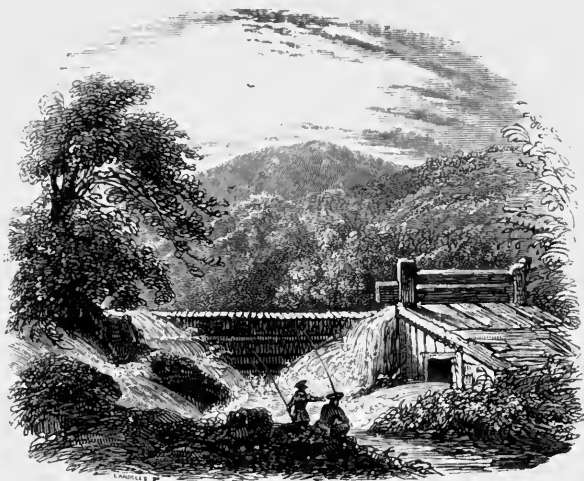
“ Henry used to show the scars, and the tusks, the largest I ever saw, which exceeded nine inches in length. His recovery and escape were equally miraculous ; even now, I cannot help thinking of the scene without shuddering. But he never lived to hunt hog again, for he was killed, poor fellow, at an outpost, during the Goorkha war ; and though they be irrelevant to our pursuit, I will repeat to you some lines, the last of which is imitated from Catullus, that I wrote on the occasion.

“ At that lone outpost fallen—I see thee now,  
With none to wipe death’s icedrops from thy brow !  
A brain wild-throbbing with delirious fires !  
An eye more glaring as the spark expires !  
Why was it not reserved for me to pay  
The last sad duties to thy suffering clay ?  
To heap the dust o’er thine abandoned bier,  
And soothe thy spirit with a brother’s tear !”

“ And this we call angling ! But I perceive our host, with his *char à banc*, in the road, whom I directed to fetch us. How many trout have you got ?”

“ I have not counted them ; but at least a dozen ; and *the* trout and *the* cel.”

“ We will have a *rise* out of Charters at our *noctes*.”



## EIGHTH DAY.

Arrival of Salmonius.—His account of himself.—A bet.—  
A Kilkenny story.—Lord Byron's faith in abstinence.—  
Ortolans.—A poacher's fly.—The Duke of Norfolk's  
milk-punch.—Start for Plinlimmon.—Our flies.—My  
companion's travels.—The Fisherman's Tale.

Machyntlleth.

SALMONIUS is already arrived, and has produced twenty pounds of trout, and is as much in love with his "Pasta"\* (so we call it,) as ever. He gave us this account of himself:—

\* Lord Byron, and his friends at Pisa, invented a sort of Macaronic language. For instance; they used to call

“ You remember crossing a stream a mile from the turnpike-gate: it was the Divlas. It is, in character, an infant Wye. Nothing can be more romantic than the gorge through which it rushes, in a continuation of falls, I might say, torrents, leaving here and there deep, tempting little pools for salmon to repose in, as they always do before they push up to their spawning-grounds. I, however, took none, though I had hold of one of five or six pounds. He must, however, have been hooked foul, for he was as strong as at first, after I had played him a quarter of an hour. I found the stream everywhere swarming, for not an inch of it can be netted, hardly a fly thrown the whole way, as, on one side, sloping down to the water’s edge, and overhanging it with its branches, rises an amphitheatre of oak, and, on the other, lie huge masses of rock, up which I clambered with difficulty. I made a sumptuous breakfast at the flannel manufactory, which was the extent of my travels, for a tremendous weir—I will not describe, but show you on paper—stands close to it. It is well there are few such contrivances,

*firing, tiring—hitting, colping—riding, cavalling—walking, a spassing, &c.—E.*

for in no floods can a salmon, with all his strength and cunning, ever pass that barrier. This you may judge of by my rough sketch.

“ There is such fishing in this half-mile of the Divlas, that I would venture to wager basketing more trout there in six hours, than Julian with the paste (though he has taken a good fish by accident), and you and Humphrey with your paltry flies, will in as many days.”

I caught Humphrey's eye as he was speaking, and took him aside ; and after a few moments' conversation with him, said, smilingly, to Charters :—“ Suppose I reverse the bet, and lay, that I and Humphrey, putting Julian out of the question, will catch more in six hours than you in six days. Are you agreed ?”

“ You are not in earnest ?”

“ What shall it be ?”

“ A new suit of clothes for Humphrey, and complete fishing-apparatus, with six hanks of gut from Chevalier, and, to punish you, a ten-pound note.”

“ Done !”

“ And now I will tell you a story, and apply it. You know a story is nothing without ‘ a local habitation and a name ;’ it is like a landscape



without trees—a picture without a frame—a woman without her bust—a flower without perfume—a—”

“ Hold ! hold !—similes enough.”

“ Well, then ; my friend, Sir Ulysses O'Shaughnessy, was walking with his lady in the environs of the lake of Killarney, where he was going out salmon-fishing, and met an old beldam, named Mrs. Malwadding.—‘ The top of the morning to you.’—‘ The same to you, Mrs. Malwadding.’—‘ I dramed a drame, your honour.’—‘ What was your dream about, Mrs. Malwadding ?’—‘ Och ! I dramed that your honour's honour would give me a pound of *tay*, and your ladyship's ladyship a shiner.’—‘ Well, but dreams always are verified by their contraries.’—‘ Och, then, it's your honour's honour that's to give me the shiner, and your ladyship's ladyship that's to give me the pound of *tay*.’—Need I tell you that Mrs. Malwadding's wit ensured her both the tea and the money ? Thus, Humphrey's wit deserves that both the tackle and the note should be his, and so in either case, whether winning or losing, it shall be ; and we will let you dream over the bet this night, with a certainty that the truth of your vision will be realized by its contrary.”

“ Not till you have won it. But what do you mean by ‘ this night ? ’ ”

“ You shall know after dinner.”

\* \* \* \*

Confession is reckoned, by all true Catholics, as salutary for the soul as fasting. Byron, who was a ‘ virtuous man,’ in Falstaff’s sense of the word, had great faith in abstinence, for on Friday he would not touch ‘ beccaficas.’ I hope he finds the benefit of it. For me, poor weak sinner, (whatever day or week in the year it might be) I could never find it in my heart to resist those seductive little darlings, or ortolans either, particularly when they came up, with their charms to be guessed at, under an envelope of vine-leaves. By way of parenthesis, the proof of their being fit for the spit is, when they cannot rise from the ground, the only valid test of a man’s inebriety in Ireland.

But there is no question here about such *bonnes bouches* ; all I say is, that travellers, much more fishermen, have, or ought to have, a special *dispensa* from his Holiness for animal food ; and, though this is a Friday, and I had dined once already, I made a second meal as hearty as the first. But this is not the point that presses on

me like an incubus in a nightmare ; for, gentle brothers of the rod, I have another, and 'severer account to settle with you for once, and will promise not to sin again, if you will give me absolution, when I have imitated Byron (I had forgot that his "Confessions" are in the hands of Messrs. Moore and Murray), and candidly imparted (which I mean to do when I have summoned courage, though not immediately, so do not be in a hurry) a sin that weighs heavily on my *mens conscia* of the reverse of *recti*.

You remember the story of the poacher who could catch as many trout out of the squire's stream as he pleased, whilst its owner was always unsuccessful ? What do you think the poacher used ? Not lime, though it is a deadly killing thing, and may be detected, when fish are so taken, by examining their eyes ; but a coarse fly, made of a white feather, plucked from the neck of a fowl. The evening moth was the fly he imitated ; and what do you think old Humphrey whispered in my ear ? — ' White moths and the Begalen Pool ! ' But remember, that the moths' part of the confession rests entirely *entre nous* at present. Would that the whole secret had rested ever unrevealed—

‘ Nor pass’d these lips, in sacred silence seal’d !’

What a stale quotation, and how dull ! But, not so Julian ; he was elated ; so gay, and witty, and the cause of wit to others — though I have no time to ask you to laugh too (nor would you, for you have been made too serious by my revelation) — that I had smoked three cigars and drunk as many beakers of milk-punch, for which I have the old Duke of Norfolk’s recipe (if you like you shall have it gratis), and had almost forgot my bet. It was time to remember it, and I abruptly said to Charters—

“ We have ordered our host’s gig, and are going to Plinlimmon.”

“ To Plinlimmon ! What ! to that dull pool on the black mountain ?”

“ The same.”

“ What, at this time ?”

“ Precisely.”

“ Then, good, or rather, bad luck to you !”

In half an hour we were *en route*, with two dozen flies of old Humphrey’s—(the old fox !) There were some mottled-winged, with a brown body, and black hackle with red points ; some with light mottled large wings, double, the body the whitish stuffing of an old saddle, or such

dubbing as had been got in a tanner's yard, and a large whitish yellow cock's hackle over all. We had besides, a few that I found in poking over Julian's shop lumber, and plenty of feathers (from an old hen, caught at roost,) *en cas de besoin !*

It was, as Plato says, deep twilight, *οξθος βαθυς*; the air from the mountain refreshing, and the stars burnt out the promise of a fine night, whilst the broad disk of the moon rose, silvering the top of Plinlimmon. My venerable companion (whilst I held the reins) was communicative, and entertained me with an account of his travels in the New World, that will, perhaps, he said, one day eclipse the Old,\* and my curiosity was strongly excited to know his story, but I felt a delicacy in making the request. He seemed to divine my thoughts, and at length said :—" Your kindness has won my confidence, and I will reveal to you what has never yet escaped my lips to any human being."—He sighed deeply, and having paused for a while, as if to collect his thoughts, began thus :—

\* An *ingenious* friend of mine has an idea, that when our colonies are become mistresses of the world, England will only be visited as it was by the Phœnicians, for the purpose of getting tin !—E.

## THE FISHERMAN'S TALE.

“ I am the only son of the proprietor of a small rhos, or poor mountain farm, that runs down to Llandyssil. It seems to me, in my partiality, one of the loveliest spots in the creation. The Tivy is there swoln into a stream worthy of being called a river, and, winding leisurely (as we saunter along, loth to leave some delicious landscape) through its own green valley, makes a turn opposite our cottage windows, and is lost among the plantations, whose white house peeps like a bird's-nest from among the leaves. In this village I first saw the light. My father, who was educated at St. Peter's, Caermarthen, had acquired some smattering of Latin, and spoke English without an accent, which is rare in that, or any part of Wales; and instead of increasing his fold, as his fathers had done for some generations before him, set up a day-school, and, in addition to this occupation, opened a Ranter's chapel, and collected a small flock of lambs of another kind.

“ You must know how much we Welsh are

given to dissent. Besides my father, there were no less than three other preachers in our parish, all following mechanic trades, and as many places of worship; and I often wondered (though I might have recollected that, in the times of the Apostles, one was of Paul and another of Apollos) how ours should be the only faith, whose tenets were so vaguely defined as to admit of such a variety of interpretations, each supported by texts, yet so fine and subtle in their distinctions, that one would suppose a rude and ignorant peasantry could scarcely be taught to distinguish one from the other.

“I was, in fact, a thoughtful and inquisitive boy, and used to put strange questions to my father, and to suggest doubts that tasked his divinity sadly. Instead of solving these by words, he took to the more forcible, but less convincing argument of blows; and repeated this discipline so often, that I very early took a rooted dislike to reading the Bible, but a still greater to his canting prayers, and never-ending discourses, and to the scandal of all his congregation, and in defiance of his anathemas, though I had got almost all Watts's hymns by heart, and possessed a passable voice, refused to conti-

nue leading the canticle for the day, in which his nasal twang was sonorously pre-eminent.

“ I might have been fifteen when this wayward disposition broke out. I had an uncle, who kept the small inn at Pennibont, (which means bridge end.) He was a conformist of the Church of England, but rather lax in his devotions, owing perhaps to his trade, that, like poverty, ‘ makes people acquainted with strange bedfellows,’ I mean with persons of all persuasions, and no persuasion. But he was an excellent, warm-hearted man, and what would have seemed perfectly unique in your country, honest withal ; he was unextortionate in his dealings with his customers, and never took advantage of their sacrifices on a holiday to chalk up at the door one pot of ale more than they had really drunk. Here I always met with an asylum from the brutal violence of my father, during the paroxysms of his fanatical zeal, and found a never-failing advocate in the person of my little cousin Mary.”

Here the old man's voice faltered, and the effort to conceal his emotion seemed painful, but soon, in his accustomed tone, he proceeded.

“ I mentioned to you my cousin Mary ; she was of the same age as myself—born on the



same day. It was said that we, as children, might have passed for brother and sister, for our eyes and hair were of one colour. We had played together from earliest infancy, and whatever the weather, or my engagements, (for I assisted in my father's school,) I had never gone to bed without running over to Pennibont, only a stone's throw from home, to kiss my little wife, as I always called her. Yes, once, and once only, when I was taken to the Eisteddfodd, at the county town, the extent of my travels. Then she wept all night, and I never closed my eyes—perhaps I wept too.

“ But I am making myself ridiculous by these childish details — What is love? How, and when does it begin? Is there any period of our life at which we can pretend to assign a date to its existence? In the retrospect of my earliest days, I can call to mind none, however early, in which the image of Mary was unassociated with all that was dear to me. You expect I shall draw her portrait. Every eye makes its own beauty, and nothing is so difficult to define. I shall not make the attempt.

“ You have heard of the custom of Caru, which the Americans denominate bundling. It

is almost universal in this country, and is doubtless extremely ancient, for we Britons, in preserving our language, have preserved with it the primitive manners of our ancestors. This mode of courtship, you, I know, look upon as barbarous, but the annals of our parishes will prove it in general to be an innocent one, much as you may think the contrary.

“The Germans have, I am told, a dance which excites no voluptuous ideas in them, who are used to it from infancy, but this is not the case with those foreigners who adopt the habit late in life; and the very circumstance of its being deemed improper, tends to make it so in reality. I don't know if I rightly exemplify what I mean. I shall have to speak of this custom of ours presently.

“Kin, I am sorry to say, in this Christian land, are generally anything but kind. My father had often tried in vain to convince my uncle of the errors of his ways, and believed, or professed to believe, that all out of his own little pen, were lost sheep, and predestined to eternal perdition; you may imagine then that these two brothers were not very brotherly; but my attachment to my cousin was encouraged by both

families, and it was mutually agreed, that our bidding\* should take place as soon as we were of age.

“ I was sixteen when I first began to ‘caru an gwilly,’ with my little Mary. No language possesses so many terms of endearment as ours ; our ‘ungariad y’, (sweetheart,) ‘lodis bach pert,’ (pretty little dear,) ‘anwyl bach,’ (my pretty dear,) seem to me the most musical of all sounds ; and in the confidence of our hearts, that throbbed with one impulse, many a night have we lain awake lavishing them on each other, and raising

\* Perhaps my readers may like to see a draft, as the lawyers say, of a bidding.

“ As we intend to enter the matrimonial state, we are advised by our friends to make a ‘Bidding’ on the occasion, at the sign of the Three Horse-shoes, when and where the attendance of your agreeable company is earnestly solicited, by your obedient servants, Griffiths Griffith, ploughman, at Machyntlleth, and Mary Lloyd of Cabach. The young man’s father and mother, John and Gwynian Thomas, and his brothers and sisters, David and Rhys, and Gwillian, desire that all gifts of the above nature due to them, may be returned to the young man on the above day. The young woman’s father and mother, brothers and sisters, (naming each) also desire that all gifts due to them be likewise returned, and will be thankful for all gifts, &c.

(Signed)

“ GRIFFITHS GRIFFITH,  
MARY LLOYD.”

E.

air-built plans for our future years that imagination made more real than realities.

“ For two years, every Saturday night did I share her couch—Years! they were moments! there was a flood of rapture in them that has made all the course of my long life seem made up of shoals and shallows. Harbour a thought against her innocence! no; passion formed a small part of what I felt for her. Some might suppose that I was not happy, that a communion not of souls alone, but of the senses—of our whole nature, is thirsted after, and becomes an imperious claim and a necessity in lovers. I know not how others feel, but I thought there was no greater heaven than in her arms, and morning found her sleeping in mine with no blushes that night had need to have concealed. Would you coldly censure—would you condemn this intercourse? Was she not the soul of virtue? was not her honour dearer to me than my life? Was she not my betrothed—mine, by all the ties that twine about our hearts in infancy, that had been indissolubly strengthened by years into a bond of the tenderest affections? mine—by the protestations of unalterable love, a thousand times repeated and

sealed by her lips? O Mary, Mary! and to lose thee!"

The old man here sobbed convulsively, and a big burning tear fell on my hand: his emotion was sacred—I did not venture to interrupt it. He continued.

"Who could live on the Tivy, a stream like the Tivy, and not become an angler? I was scarcely breeched when I used to play the truant and get under the arch of the bridge that separates Llandyssil from Pennibont and hide myself there, and with a hazel-stick, and a line of knotted thread, and a crooked pin, pass hour after hour unconscious of their lapse; and if I had two nibbles and a bite, would go home and dream of some mighty samlet, and walk in my sleep, fancying I felt him pull; and when, rousing myself in my eagerness, I stretched out my hands to land him, I hardly knew for some seconds whether I was awake or asleep, so like reality was my dream.

"There was an old soldier, (most of our fishermen are such,) living on his pension in the village, who initiated me in his art, and under his instructions (for I was a willing pupil) I fabricated with my own hands rods in different years,

according to my strength, the last of our mountain-ash, and a splendid rod it was, till at last I grew almost as expert as my master in the mystery of fly-making and throwing, to which I ever exclusively addicted myself; and in process of time there was not a rapid, or ford as we call them, nook, or estuary in the river, for some miles up and down, that I had not visited, or that were not identified in my memory by the recollection of some piscatory exploit. But little would have been the satisfaction they afforded had there not been one to whom I could recount them—one to whom I could present the spoil; and many a salmon, not large indeed, but more delicately flavoured on that account, have I laid at the feet of my eye-sparkling Mary.

“ I fear you will think me tedious; but prolixity is the defect of age, and we have yet far to go—I much to say.

“ There was a gentleman by fortune (I shall not mention his name) who had purchased a considerable estate in our immediate neighbourhood, where he was residing just as I had attained my eighteenth year. This Saxon, for such we call all Englishmen, had a son, not much older than myself, who was keeping his terms at

one of your universities and spent his vacations at 'The Plas.' You must have found that no objection to fair angling is ever made on the part of our Welsh gentry or farmers, even when their grass is trodden down or corn damaged, as I have often seen shamefully done; and till the arrival of this 'Says,' the Tivy had been free as the mountain-air we breathed.

"This young collegiate, not satisfied with netting on his own side the river, was in the daily habit of beating and dragging on that of all the petty proprietors in the village; and his father had erected a weir above it similar to that in the Divlas, that no salmon but in the great floods could by possibility ascend. He was a magistrate and justice of the peace: law is expensive, and the causes at our Caermarthen assizes are generally said to be gained by the party who has the longest purse or the best advocate; so that, though all murmured, no one had the spirit or the courage to contest the squire's right to set up the new fishery.

"Thus matters stood. There is a pool, a mile down the river, where there are in the month of September seldom less than two salmon; they seem to go in pairs, for whenever you take one,

another is sure to supply his place. I have the spot before me still. How could I forget it! On one side the bank is precipitous and fringed with alders, and the water exceedingly deep, whilst on the other, which is open, there is a low bed of pebbles, that shelves gradually to the shore, an excellent landing-place: I had been lashing some hours without getting a rise in different pools, and was determined to give this a trial, as a last resort, not liking to come home empty-handed to Mary.

“It was near sunset when I took my post on the gravel bank. I used, I remember, a very gaudy double-winged fly, made of the feathers of the kingfisher, (which are very numerous on our river,) and the peacock, with a thick gold body, unlike anything in nature; but our salmon lately come from the sea, have either forgot, or are ignorant of the forms and hues of insects, whilst, when they have had more experience higher up, they will not look at any but dull ones. Well, at the very first cast, I hooked the consort of the fish I had taken the day before. She gave me some trouble, and I was nearly half-an-hour before tiring her, but I landed her at last, and was putting up my tackle, and had



unspliced my rod, when who should happen to come up but the young squire. He had had a blank day, and whether it was that jealousy of me for having been more successful than himself made ill-blood, or that he was naturally arrogant and overbearing in his temper, he accosted me, taking up my salmon, with,

“You d—d poacher, what are you doing on my ground? I’ll have you whipped at the cart’s tail, you Welsh rascal, and sent out of the country.” Saying this, he threw my fish into the water.

“I stood motionless for a moment, like one in a trance, eyeing with vacant stare the place where the salmon had sunk with its own dead weight, but it immediately rose again. It lay, awhile, motionless on the surface, but by degrees opened its gills, moved its fins, turned on its side, and at last waddled quietly and slowly into the middle of the pool, and disappeared altogether.

“It is a mistaken idea that we Welsh are choleric. Our language being full of harsh consonants and gutturals has given rise to this erroneous impression. Till then, at least, I had never known what rage really was : but my blood

now boiled within my veins. I was in a fever of indignation. My first impulse was to throw the insolent wretch into the pool after the salmon, and, flying at his throat, I seized him with that intent; but he was older, and taller, and stronger than I, and succeeded in disengaging himself from my gripe, but not before we had mutually given and received several heavy blows from each other's fists, in which he had a decided advantage.

“Retiring a step or two, he then lifted up his heavy salmon rod, and struck with all his might at my head, which was bare, my hat having fallen off in the scuffle; fortunately for me, I eluded the aim, and slightly grazing one ear, the four brass-bound joints descended with a tremendous crash on my shoulder. I staggered with the blow, was thrown back on my knee, and instinctively making a lever of my right arm, laid it (as some demon willed) on the butt-end of my own rod, armed with the spike. It was much sharper than they usually are, and was nothing more or less than a large nail, to which I had attached a screw. Blinded by passion and smarting under my bruises, and scarcely knowing what I was doing, I seized it in the

middle, as one would a spear, rushed at him like a tiger thirsting for vengeance, and plunged it into his side.

“The victory was mine—but what victory! Crying out, ‘Help! Help! I am murdered!’ he fell.

“The whole scene had only occupied a few minutes, but when I saw him prostrate on the ground, I awoke as from a frightful dream. Was I a murderer? Had I taken the life of a fellow-being? I ran to him, he made no motion. I got some water in my hat, and threw some in his face; he showed no signs of life. I flew to the Plas, alarmed the servants, and, accompanied by two of them, returned to the fatal spot of our encounter, and taking him in our arms, still bleeding and senseless, we carried him into the house.

“The village doctor happened to be calling a few moments after. He immediately had the patient stripped, and on washing and examining the wound, discovered that it was superficial, the point having glanced off from the ribs. My antagonist had only fainted from loss of blood. It was easily stanchd, and by adopting the usual remedies, he to my infinite joy opened his

eyes, stared wildly about him, and was in a short time sufficiently recovered to sit up on the couch.

“ The old squire now entered. He refused to listen to a word I had to say in my vindication, and on the deposition of the servants made out my mittimus; and the same night I was carried off to Caermarthen and lodged in the county-gaol.

“ Four long months did I lie in prison. At length the day of my trial came: the testimony against me was conclusive. The evidence of my aggressor was diametrically opposed to the truth—he denied all that occurred previous to the infliction of the wound; in short, my defence was deemed worthy of no credit. I had the character among the fanatics of my father's congregation of being irreligious; my youth was looked upon as no extenuation of the crime, and I was sentenced to be transported to the colonies for fourteen years.”

Here the old man groaned deeply, and I thought he would have broken off his narrative; but he took up again the thread of it thus:—

“ Of all my friends and relations, Mary was the only one who did not abandon me · she had

braved the opinion of the world before the assizes by often visiting me in my cell, and up to the day of my leaving it for embarkation, continued to minister to me like an angel. How inexpressibly bitter was our last meeting! She vowed to me an eternal fidelity; that vow was registered in Heaven. We parted—without a hope——

“ I shall not speak of what I endured on board the ship: you may imagine ‘howling,’ but you can hardly picture to yourself what it was to be condemned to listen to the details of blood, in which they gloried, and the impious scoffs of my abandoned associates—to be their ‘equal,’ the companion of those hardened, desperate, profligate wretches—‘one of them’—in that horrible floating dungeon for nine months. Suffice it to say, we reached New South Wales.

“ I made a link in a chain of convicts sent to clear the country. It was an interminable forest full of all horrible reptiles; they used to crawl over me as I slept on the hard ground, but would not sting me: my back would show you characters graven with scars from other stings, the lashes of our drivers. I have shed tears bitter as blood; I have prayed

for death like him in the Scriptures, but it came not.

“ The term of my exile was expired, and I succeeded, through the recommendation of the captain of the vessel in which we sailed, and with whom I had ingratiated myself by my good conduct, in getting a passage home. Home, said I? what home had I, a felon—a criminal—branded with eternal infamy and shame! I had left my home young, hale, flushed with health; but hard labour, bad climate, spare and unwholesome diet, and misery that furrows deeper than age or disease, had so completely changed me, that even Mary, were she living, could not have recognised me. With a few dollars in my pocket, saved by extra work during the last years of my transportation, I landed at Gravesend, and finding there a coasting-brig bound for Aberystwith, put myself on board, and after a short voyage, behold me once more setting my foot on my native shore.

“ The next morning I came in sight of Llandyssil. I have heard of the pleasures of memory: how inexpressibly painful to me was the contrast between past and present feelings! how agonizing the sight of every well-known object

around me! The Tivy, whose murmurs were once the sweetest music to my ear, seemed in every fall of the river, as I followed its course, to roll along in a melancholy cadence, as if ominous of other times; but, as one of our poets says, I knew not that it was an oracle. I passed the mansion of my enemy; I saw it was inhabited, unlike most of the Welsh gentlemen's seats I had passed, and was curious to know if any retributive justice had befallen him. I saw the little church-tower; the cottage where I was born——

“ I was dressed in a sailor's blue jacket and trowsers; but my weather-beaten features, bronzed face, bowed shoulders, and the loss of my arm, had needed no disguise.

“ I left the road to avoid going through the village, and, following the course of the stream through the meadows, then enamelled with flowers, for it was June, soon came to what you may conceive would be the sole object of my journey, Pennibont. I perceived that the sign had been changed, but the name on it was the same. Before the door were stopping several gwladwrs (peasants) in their clean but coarse grey garbs, merrily drinking from their taxed

carts, and three or four llangees (girls) mounted on ponies and dressed in their Sunday attire, their white and nicely-plaited caps peeping from under their round, smart, fine beaver hats. They were on their way to a wedding, and the bride, about eighteen or nineteen, was easily known from the rest by a large bouquet of wild flowers that had no doubt been culled by the hands of her lover, who stood whispering in her delighted ear. I thought of Mary—thought how often I had lifted her on her side-saddle to go to market; I thought too—but no matter.

“I threaded the crowd unobserved, and, passing under the well-known ivied porch, took my post on one of the benches of the large open fireplace in the kitchen; there I narrowly watched the faces of the inmates as they entered, but not one was familiar to me, and the host, whom I heard called Jones, was a stranger. Seated next me was a man of about five-and-thirty, in the garb of a gamekeeper, and, calling for ‘barra cous’ and ‘cwrw,’ I invited him to partake it: he was already far gone in liquor, and I hoped to elicit from him in his cups some information that I was afraid, yet breathless with desire to learn.



“ With the usual inquisitiveness of our countrymen, he said bluntly, ‘ Where you come from? where you going?’

“ ‘ I left Aberystwith this morning, and am bound for Tenby to join the Mary lying there. It is now some years since I travelled this road; but the people of the inn seem to me not the same, though, if I remember right, the landlord’s name was then also Jones.’

“ ‘ Right—right: this house is now Squire ——’s, and he turned out the old cadneau (fox) because——’

“ ‘ Because what? I thought him an honest sort of innkeeper, and his cwrw was better than this.’

“ ‘ Eze, sure; but since the llanks o’ Bristie’ (the boys of Bristol) have sent us their cheap porter, there has been no good ale brewed in these parts. But as to old Jones——’

“ ‘ Landlord, dere rhen llank!’ (another pot of ale.)

“ ‘ As to old Jones—you don’t call to mind, do ye, a prettyish sort of a body, his daughter? mayhap it was before your time, if you have not been here for some years.’

“ ‘ Now you mention it, I do remember something about her ; she was fair, with blue eyes, wasn't she ?’

“ ‘ Eze, sure ; the minx wasn't amiss, and might have married well, and got as good a ‘ bidding’ as Rhys and Gwinnie outside, but, on some silly crotchet or other, refused to bundle with half the young boys about. I’ve heard say ‘twas all along of her taking up with a fellow as was sent to Bot’ny for an attempt to murder my master the squire. The chap was a sort of a cousin of hern ; but I bean’t of this part of the world, so I can’t say nothing concerning that.’

“ ‘ Well, but the girl. Some more of your good cwrw, Master Jones !’

“ ‘ Eze, indeed, the girl. Well, as I was saying, she wouldn’t hear of no courting, and would have died a maid, ha, ha, ha ! but for——’

“ ‘ For——’

“ ‘ Squire, when he was a young one, had an eye for a lodis glarn (a clean girl), and likes to see the country well peopled, ha, ha, ha !’

“ ‘ He couldn’t——’

“ ‘ Why what’s the matter, man? This ale of Jones’s is rather a take-in; it an’t so poor as you think for—why it seems to choke ye!’

“ ‘ I have had a long dusty walk, and——  
Well?’

“ ‘ Eze, indeed, if you ha’ come all the way from Aberystwith. Here’s t’ ye!’

“ ‘ But go on.’

“ ‘ ’Tis now just twelve years back—ay, twelve years, come midsummer day—sin I comed to look arter the squire’s preserves; and a year and a half arter that——’

“ ‘ Well, friend, after what?’

“ ‘ You must know that squire took all of a sudden to coming down from the Plas to have a mug of ale of an evening out of the hands of the little Mary, as folks called her. It was a great thing for the house, and a vast honour too to the girl; but she didn’t think so, for it was but seldom that she would serve him hersel’, and her father and she used to have words about it. To make the matter short, (I hope there’s no listeners,) master took a huge fancy to the wench, and was resolved to have her by hook or by crook, ha, ha, ha!’

“ ‘ The wretch !’

“ ‘ What is that you’re mumbling, master sailor ?’

“ ‘ The wretch—ed creature ! But drink your ale.—Another pot, landlord !’

“ ‘ The business is now hushed up ; but folks will talk, and this made a great to-do in the village at the time.’

“ ‘ This what ?’

“ ‘ You shall hear. After squire bought the Public, he used to chat with Jones concerning a new lease, and they were off and on about it for some while, and there was a deal of going backwards and forwards to the Plas. It’s my believe that squire had no mind to let the old man have it ; for he used to lodge and board Sassenach gentlemen that tramped about the country like gipsies, with their packs on their shoulders, to fish and shoot, as if there were no trout and game at home.’

“ ‘ But this lease ?’

“ ‘ Eze, indeed, the lease. One day squire sends down Davids to bid some one come directly from the public on pressing business. Now Jones, we all knew, was gone to Newcastle Emlin to the fair, and so, after o’ Davids’ telling

o' Mary that the affair was pressing—and so it was, ha, ha, ha!—he gets the little girl to go with him to the Plas.'

“ ‘ We—ll ?’

“ ‘ Ay, sure it was well, I’ve heard say, for the squire that she came without being sent for—of her own head, as a man may say.’

“ ‘ He did not dare ?’

“ ‘ Dare ! ha, ha, ha ! poor tender thing ! She wasn’t such a chick neither ; she must ha’ been full-fledged—twenty-two or twenty-three at the least, ha, ha, ha ! (This ale gets into my nod-dle.) She was shown into master’s justice-room ; I was talking to him about nabbing an old poacher as she came in, and as I knew master’s tricks, look you, took myself soon out of hearing.’

“ ‘ What could you have heard ?’

“ ‘ Heard, bless your soul ! Why, according to Gwinnie the maid’s account, she screeched for all the world like a springed rabbit. Ha, ha, ha !’

“ ‘ The villain, the damned villain !’

“ ‘ What’s that you’re saying ? If you don’t stop that foul mouth of yours, I’ll drive some of your teeth down your throat to join the cwrw.’

“I eyed him fiercely, and laid my clenched fist on the table; he did not like my determined look, or perhaps drowned the recollection of my words in a deep draught of ale, and, when he had taken breath, with a grin of horrible meaning said,

“ ‘ After a time, squire’s bell rang. I was up to the whole affair, and would not let nobody answer it but myself. As soon as I entered the room, by master’s smirking face, and the rig of the girl, I could see with half an eye what had happened. She was squatted on the floor, her cheeks scarlet as her cloak, her teeth strongly closed, and her eye fixed and stony. She looked for all the world like a body in a trance. But all of a sudden, as if she was waking out of a night-mare, she sprang up from her seat, before I could stop her, brushed out of the door, and we could see her from the window scudding like a hare scared out of her form, and scurrying along the banks of the river, till some alders hid her from sight.’

“ O God ! does thy vengeful bolt sleep ?

“ ‘ There is a big pool between the Plas and the inn, which we often drags for salmon ; the

water there is sleepy, and the sides go down (for I once measured it) into near eighteen foot—eze, indeed, eighteen foot. Well! will you believe it! the foolish creature threw herself into it, and once in, 'twas not so easy to get out; a lamb might as well try to climb out of a sawpit, or a fox out of a well.'

"I recognised at once by the description of the worthy servant of this wretch, that it was the identical pool that had been the cause and scene of all my misfortunes. I had now nothing to learn, but was rooted to the bench.

"In the evening there was a great outcry at Pennybont, and when old Jones came back from fair, he runs trotting as fast as his stumpy legs would carry him to the Plas; all he learned was, (for master wouldn't see him) that Mary had left it in the a'ternoon. He was like one daft, and wandered about the woods all night, and scoured the country round, calling on her by name, but no Mary could answer. The next day the Tivy was dragged, and sure enough there she was hooked out. They tell me she was the prettiest corpse that was ever clapped into a winding-sheet. But you don't listen?

“I had listened too long. A fire was in my brain, an eating fire ran tingling through my veins, a sword was rusting in my heart. I rushed out of the house, not knowing whither my steps were hurrying me. One would have supposed that they would have borne me towards the spot, now doubly fatal, but destiny, or some demon, directed them otherwise.

“The road led into a deep plantation of oaks and beech-trees, that had grown up since my departure, whose overhanging branches formed a green arch that almost made it twilight. I moved on involuntarily, and scarce conscious of my way, but as the imagination in dreams brings clearly before the eyes objects, if seen, scarcely remarked by day, thus the scene has since recurred to me in horrible distinctness. I was walking at a frantic pace, when, on making a sharp angle in the avenue, I all of a sudden came upon a man. Those features, the gloomy expression of that shark-like eye, could they ever be obliterated by change or time from my memory?

“It was—yes, my inhuman persecutor, the cause and origin of all my miseries—the vio-



lator of innocence — the murderer of my poor Mary, stood before me! Whether he recognised me I know not, but he started as if a spectre had crossed his path, screamed, and turning on his heel, attempted to escape by flight; but I pursued him with the speed of a maniac, and with my knife, which in my precipitate retreat from the inn I carried unclasped in my hand, overtook him, and plunged it to the handle again and again into his heart. Deep groans, succeeded by horrible convulsions of his form, accompanied the stabs.

“ His limbs were loosened, and he was stretched a senseless corpse at my feet. But my vengeance was not yet satiated. I knelt on him—I stamped on his breast—I spurned him from me with contempt and abhorrence, as does a father some loathsome and venomous reptile that has stung his child. I howled in triumph over his mangled remains.

\* \* \* \*

“ What happened next I know not, for I long lay in the shadow of death. But when I awoke, I found myself fastened with heavy chains to the wall of the very cell which I had

occupied sixteen years before, in the gaol of Caermarthen. It was long before I could believe that all that interval had not been a frightful troublous dream, and I thought when I heard the step of the turnkey, that it was that of Mary.

“By degrees however, reason, as light returns slowly to those long immured in darkness, came back, and I was roused to a consciousness of the past, and sense of my real situation. The prison doctor was a kind and compassionate man: he soon struck off my fetters, and having, during my ravings, learned a part of my story, interested himself in my behalf, and took a journey to Llandyssil to collect evidence for my defence.

“The trial was a long one. Among other witnesses, was examined the gamekeeper, from whom was unwillingly elicited a confession of his master's guilt. Mary's father gave important testimony in my favour; mine was no more, and was thus happily spared the second shame of seeing a son set at the bar for murder. My love—my wrongs—my madness—the unpremeditation of the crime—pleaded that mercy should temper justice; and, when the sentence of death was

passed on me, it was whispered in my ear, that it would be commuted for—the hulks.

\* \* \* \*

“Nineteen years ago I escaped from them, and no Hue-and-Cry was published, no means taken for my re-apprehension.

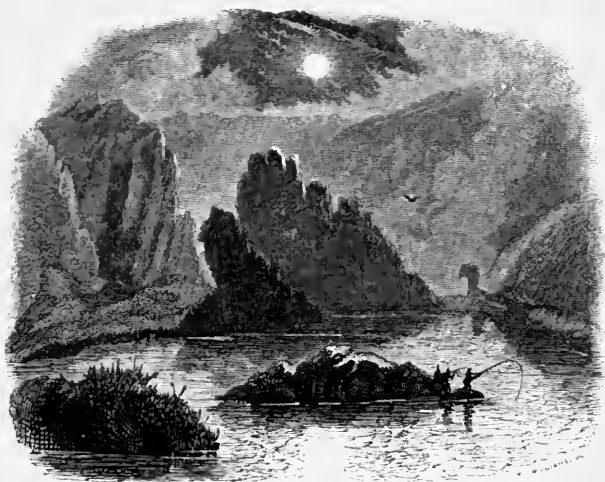
“My tale is at an end. You see me now leading the same precarious life I have ever done since that period. I have nothing to live for in this breathing world, and daily repeat, with old Llywarc—

‘Woe to him who has been fated to an evil destiny!  
Death! why wilt thou not befriend me?’”

\* \* \* \*

\* “Truan o dynged a dynged.  
Wi o angau na 'm dygrel.”

CANU LLYWARC, *Hen i'w Henaint.*



We reached the pool, and, taking off our leggings, waded to a small craggy island, off the shore, and then resumed them.

The night was calm, and only now and then a breeze following the curve of the lake, gently ruffled its surface; but overhead, the moon, like the wheel of a vast flaming chariot, rolled over the precipitous dark clouds, and between them some spare stars peeped dimly out. We approached the longest day; and it could scarcely be called night. Wrapped in my long Mackintosh cloak, and lighting my cigar with a steel

and ‘amadow,’ I sat on a fragment of the rock, and having adjusted my tackle, began to cast with my long salmon rod. I followed, in my manner of throwing, old Humphrey, who drew back the line with gentle pulls, for about a yard, which made the fly seem as if alive. At the second cast I took a trout of three pounds; at the third, one on my stretcher and second dropper, and landed both. All the fish in the pool seemed collected round the place; the fools! The moths were irresistible in their attractions.

But why dwell on the details of this murderous sport? The day broke, and found us with eighty-one fish; none small. We loaded the cart, and at seven returned to our inn, when I went to bed, and dreamed, not of Plinlimmon and the Begalen Pool, but of Mary and Llandyssil.

## NINTH DAY.

A fine morning.—The bet given up.—Mountain Scenery.—Annoyance from flies.—Flying Bugs, and other winged nuisances in India.—Travelling in Hindoostan.—Myriads of white Ants.—Their mode of architecture.—Their devastations.—Their King.—Grandeur of the Welsh mountains.—Cader Idris.—The Towyn famous for Salmon and Sea-trout.—The Pennibont Inn.—Colonel Vaughan's liberality.—Destructive sport of three Anglers.—A delightful evening.

Machynlleth, Thursday, 8th.

It is a fine morning ; and our kind and attentive hostess' table (it is a fair-day) will be well supplied, that is one comfort ; for the night's poaching burthens my conscience. Charters was "dumbfounded," as they say in Sussex, and has given up the bet, and written for the tackle. I had some difficulty in making the old man take the *paper*, and he shed tears — but they were not of pleasure.

\* \* \* \*

The valley of the Dovey, and its tributary streams, would have supplied us with amusement for many days (or weeks, earlier in the season,) but I was anxious to proceed on our excursion, and we set out in the old *char à banc* at noon.

The scenery is the finest we have yet met with. It reminded me of the more cultivated parts of Switzerland. The side hills are well wooded, and, nested among them, are some delightful country-houses. The road follows the Divlas, confined to a narrow, rocky channel, still rapid, and gradually diminishing in width. *En route* Charters would stop the vehicle, and try the brook, and had set up his tackle for that purpose. We did not, however, think it worth while to imitate his example.

Whilst loitering on the bank we were attacked by hosts of insolent enemies, in the shape of flies. If Homer thinks them fit for heroic poetry, why may not I for plain prose? Their bites were as venomous as those of gnats, as our lips and cheeks, wherever they settled, bore witness. This annoyance, though not in an equal degree, we had experienced the day be-

fore; and to while away the time of our journey for Charters was soon tired of catching small black trout, of a few inches long, (the weir at the Divlas as effectually confining them as if they were in a piscina,) the conversation turned on flies, by my observing:—

“ We can now judge of what Io’s punishment was, or, if we want to know what its effect is on cattle, we may read Bruce’s account of the Abyssinian ‘ tafana,’ that drives the cows as mad as in the Prometheus that ‘ horned damsel’ was made by its stings. The flies in Switzerland that torment the horses are larger than humble-bees, and an English mare I had with me during a tour was with her fine skin in a state of such excitement, though naturally a quiet animal—and I am not an indifferent horseman—that I was ——”

“ Made you a field-officer, as we say in the cavalry.”

“ You have hit it. I once made one of a picnic party from Vevay to St. Gingolph, the most romantic spot, perhaps, in Europe. We went into the woods to dine, and were scarcely seated, when our gipsy concern was broken up by the attack of large, pale, half-animated gnats,



that spoiled the beauty of more than one of our fair ladies' skins. But Julian will tell us some stories of his Indian tormentors, for he never fails to find a climax for every marvel of the creation, however marvellous."

"I was attacked in Bundelcund by other monsters quite as bad as the harpies of old—by swarms of bees that had made their hives on the trunks and branches of the trees under which our tents were pitching; they descended on us in myriads, leaving their lives in every sting, and punished our camp-followers so severely that they were obliged to decamp, and we had to abandon the tempting shade of the peepul (or banyan) tope for the canopy of the sky, and a burning one too, for it was in the midst of the hot winds. But what do you think of sand-flies, no bigger than the points of pins, that have a particular partiality for eyes; blister-flies, that cause no tears of rapture; flies, one of which in a glass is an emetic; or flying bugs, that in crossing a table pervade it with odours not Assyrian?"

"Charming country!—no wonder you have left it."

"You should go to Madras, and sleep a night

in the Black Town; the mosquitoes there are fine, game, speckled fellows, and so minute that no gauze-curtain can exclude them. A brother-passenger of mine, a *mauvais sujet*, (I speak of his 'physique,' and not of his 'morale,' as you say,) was nearly dying of their bites; and the flies which lay their eggs in the feet, and become long snaky worms that, once domiciled, are only to be wound out like a skein of thread, and once broken in the process produce mortification, are not much less noxious than Io's œstrum."

"Her stings, if I read the tale aright, were stings of another sort."

"Talking of gnats, I should think the white ant-flies, when in their amatory state, would make as excellent lures for trout as your white moths, Stanley, at night. But you do not like the allusion; you know the history of those Indian pets?"

"The history! that means a long story. Now for a yarn, as the sailors say—spin it, Julian! These mountains are very dull and barren—Bengal for ever!"

"There is a species of hymenoptera not mentioned, I believe, by Cuvier, though found in all parts of India, and in its habits, perhaps, more

remarkable than any — I mean the termites, or white ant. This insect, in size and shape, not ill resembles a nut-maggot; it is also of a pale yellow colour, and sluggish in its motions, but not inactive in doing mischief, and for what purpose created, God only knows, but for our sins. Shortly after my arrival in Calcutta, I had occasion to visit Cuttack, and had a *dâk* hired for that purpose. Travelling *dâk* is travelling post, only that, instead of relays of horses, you have relays of men; these *chaise à porteurs* consist of from twelve to eighteen in number each relay, four only at a time carrying the palanquin or litter. The stages seldom exceed eight miles, and the pace is never less than five.”

“ About the general rate of posting in France.”

“ *Me voilà donc en route.* I could not speak a word of that barbarous *patois* the Hindoostanee. The monsoon had set in; the rain came down in cataracts and without intermission, and yet the air was hot and heavy to suffocation. Fancy me boxed up in the narrow vehicle, and panting for breath in a shirt and pair of ‘*pi-jammahs*’ (drawers), and you may form some notion of the boasted and expensive luxury of

a dâk in the rains. But the road: it now lay through avenues of bamboos so overgrown and narrow as hardly to admit the palanquin. At one time my bearers were wading up to their knees in paddy-fields, when a false step would have embedded me in black, putrid, tenacious mud; at another, they went splish-splashing through an almost interminable inundation, or, by way of variety, made a dead stop at some nulla, (five such they came to in one day,) when it was necessary to disfurnish the litter and for me to cross *à la nage*.

“At night every thing assumed a worse aspect, for the torch’s glare gave horrible indistinctness to objects, and as we threaded vast jungles, I expected a tiger to spring on us at every step; or when we emerged from some black forest, fancied myself about to plunge into one of the Bolgi in the Inferno, escorted by demons, who kept up (like my black attendants) a continual concert of groans. I could not help thinking in my lucid intervals, with many a sigh, of the neat post-chaises, macadamized roads, and able horses of Old England. One day (our journey lasted several,) I observed in a vast horizon-bounded, watery plain, several mounds of earth,

grouped together, and forming a sort of oasis, which I at first took for huts of the natives, or sheds for their cattle, but on coming up to them I discovered that they belonged to a colony of white ants.

“ These barrows were all of pyramidal shapes, varying from twenty to thirty feet in height. They were fabricated of a congeries of mud and sticks, or straws, and were, I found, inhabited by congregated myriads of ants from the circumjacent plains, who had constructed these colossal retreats for the purpose of escaping being drowned in the periodical flood,—with its rise, they also rising above the level.

“ This was the only interesting object I remarked during this tedious and monotonous journey, and I was desirous of learning something about the habits and pursuits of these clever masons. I soon had an opportunity of gratifying my curiosity, for I found that our bungalow, like every other in the cantonment, was a ‘ formicaria.’

“ Bungalows are mud-walled buildings chopped, or thatched with grass, and there the swarms take up their domicile; but not content with making stealthy ravages on all below, the

diminutive marauders, in their voracity, devour even the thatch, and in two or three years so consume it, as to let in the sun and rain. The beams too of the houses, if not of bamboo, sissoo, or teak, are not safe from their devastating fangs, or mandibles, attempered like the finest steel, and they soon convert mango and the softer woods into dust.

“It is curious to observe them at their labours. Whether it be for the purpose of shielding from the air, or protecting themselves against the inroads of other hostile ants or insects, they commence their operations by constructing galleries, kneaded together with a kind of mortar or paste. This cement is at first wet, whether, like the spiders’, from some exudation of their bodies, or a kind of saliva, I know not, but no engineer could make better covered ways.

“The rapidity with which these arches are set up, surprises no less than the expedition with which, after they are raised, the work of devastation goes on. They are by no means epicures. Nothing comes amiss to them. I have opened books, of which only the covers remained; even the corks of my bottles in my godown, or cellar, were devoured, and the wine spoiled by the ad-

mission of the air. I have seen glass, of which the polish had been lost, their teeth having acted as a file upon it; and the collector of a district charged the white ants with the deficiency in his treasure chest.

“One day in Bundlecund, as my tent was pitching (no long operation), I remember taking up a backgammon board from the ground, and finding not only the leather eaten, but even the deal-board under it perforated into holes.

“During a standing encampment, I have known tents, though the ‘canauts’ (walls) and ‘fly’ (roof) consisted of four or five cloths, completely honeycombed in a very few weeks.

“They have, as I said, no invidious preference in the way of diet; paper—linen—leather—cotton, all dry vegetable matter (for they are not carnivorous) are subject equally to their ravages. They do not seem to possess the sagacity of hoarding, common to many species of the formica, but in a climate, where nature and art supply them with a never-failing abundance of food, such providence would be unnecessary.

“Like other hymenoptera, during the period of generation, which takes place in the ‘rains,’ they have wings, and, attracted by the lights,

descend from the choppers in thousands, and destroy themselves in the flame of the lamps, which they sometimes extinguish with their carcasses. This change of condition lasts, however, a very short time, perhaps only a single night; and probably, like the ants mentioned by Huber, after their wings have answered the purpose of the perpetuation of their species, the lovers tear them off, or they become torn and useless, being made of such flimsy and gossamer materials, that one wonders how they can support the disproportionately bulky bodies of the insects at all, who, however, take no long flights.

“ I might mention, by the by, that when they are in the amatory state the natives make curries of them, as they do of the locusts, confirming the account in the New Testament of John the Baptist’s fare. The king, as the Greeks used to say, (*βασιλευς*,) is a grub nearly three-fourths of an inch in length, and very inactive from his corpulency—indeed, scarcely able to crawl; no bad emblem of a rich Hindu or Mussulman, who gets obese in proportion to his wealth: he is generally carried or dragged by his subjects. I have attributed to this ant a masculine sex, though perhaps erroneously, for it may be an



hermaphrodite, or perhaps the mother of the swarm.

“ This sacred and pampered personage has more than once fallen into my hands ; it was immediately surrounded by vast crowds of the ants, who betrayed extraordinary solicitude about its safety, fearlessly exposing themselves to danger, and lavishing on it the most tender caresses and attentions. Knowing that its destruction would not prevent my bungalow from being infested by the tribe, I generally set it free, when it was borne in triumph by rejoicing multitudes of its guards.

“ Huber has said that bees, when they lose their queen, can *make* another. Whether the white ants are gifted with a similar creative power, I am unable to affirm ; no fact in natural history is more startling, if true. I have read that these pernicious insects have lately found their way into some sea-port in the south of France, having been brought there by a merchantman from India. Were the ships from that country liable to such a pest, what cargo could escape ? But I have never seen them on board, and should imagine they cannot exist in the holds of vessels ; not but, once transported

into Europe, they might easily be *acclimaté'd*, as neither damp nor cold affects them. God forbid that the white ants should ever domicile here! for, compared with them, the new and pernicious insects that produce the dry rot are a *genus innocuum*."

Charters, who thought every moment lost that was unemployed in fishing, had been long impatient to arrive at the end of our destination, and was in the clouds during the greater part of this long entomological lecture. For my part, I had been for the last mile so struck with the charm of the scene that had burst upon me where the road turns off to Dolgelly, that my whole soul was absorbed in it. I said —

"How grand those mountains that shut in this gem of a lake on all sides! look, how it glows in the sunbeams like a sapphire! How steep those rocks, that seem to form ramparts — an inaccessible barrier to this little world!"

"Yet those specks are the wild flocks without a fold; see how they hang on the precipice, or cross in files the broken crags, to pick up a scanty vegetation that here and there relieves their barrenness!"

“ Perhaps, a few years since, they were completely denuded. The rock decomposes: first comes moss, whose decay becomes the parent of grasses; thus have I seen a ‘scoria’ of Vesuvius islanded with patches of green and yellow flowers. Even the marble and the granite melt away, and my fancy pictures to itself Switzerland, and dwells on some *château*, with its little green meadow and garden-plat, hanging almost in the clouds, which it requires the sturdy legs and steady head of the mountaineer to reach; my brain has grown dizzy in watching his ascent to his eagle-home.”

“ You call this mountain unscaleable; but I see a shepherd threading the zigzag path, and the peasant girls wind up it with considerable weights on their heads, to the market of Machynlleth, which, as the crow flies, is not more than four or five miles distant. But, cast your eyes to the right; that is Cader Idris, the second highest mountain in Wales. Snowdon, as its name implies, is covered with perpetual snow, whilst on those three summits it never rests.”

“ How bold its outline! It looks like a seat fit for a giant, the Monarch of mountains, or a Cybele, with her rocky diadem!”

“What do you call this little stream that debouches from the lake?”

“It is the Maes-y-Pandy, which joins the Dysyawy, a few miles below, and afterwards is called the Towyn, that gives its name to a town some eight miles distant, where it falls into the sea. It is famed for its salmon and sea-trout; and, occasionally, the former make their way into the lake, where one was taken last year, with a common fly, of twelve pounds!

“I have brought you, gentlemen, to the Pen-nibont inn. It is the nearest to the lake, and, as you see, you might throw a line from the windows. There is another public-house, that has, perhaps, better accommodation, but it is further from the boats, which are moored every night at the farmer’s opposite.”

“To whom do the boats belong?”

“To Colonel Vaughan, the proprietor of the lake. He keeps them solely for the accommodation of all lovers of the art, and never throws a line or net into the water himself. No leave is even required.”

“It were well if our English esquires would imitate this noble Welshman in his liberality to brothers of the angle.”

“ You must remember that trout are of little value here. The distance to Dolgelly and Machynlleth, joined to the exceeding delicacy of the fish, which is common to those of the Beganen Pool (as I told you), makes them scarcely ever pay for their transport.”

“ Let us go in and see our lodgings. *Hospitium modicum*, I doubt not.”

In the parlour we met a gentleman, who asked us to look at the album. At the first page I opened, I perceived a record of the last week's sport of a party, which appeared to me marvellous :—“ Three brother anglers, five hundred trout in five days.”—I expressed my surprise.

“ It is too true,” said the stranger. “ Should this murder continue, the lake must be soon thinned of its fish. Even now they are considerably diminished since my remembrance. From twenty to thirty is now looked upon as excellent sport, even when you whip all day, but double that number might have been obtained some years since without much labour.”

“ I shall be well satisfied.”

“ It is but a few years since this lake was first known, and was, I believe, first discovered by a

descendant of the celebrated C——, as keen and good a sportsman as his illustrious ancestor. He makes a journey here twice a year, expressly to throw a fly in the water.—But here he is! Let us see his basket. Thirty fish, I declare! All of nearly the same size, from half to three quarters of a pound.”

“ I shall employ myself till dinner in making flies, and to-morrow try my luck.”

We passed a delightful evening; and were I not too tired, would make you think so; but my sides ache with laughing, and my handwriting is become already illegible.

## TENTH DAY.

A Stranger's Invitation.—Perpetual Rain.—Angling in a Boat.—Irish Rods.—Metamorphosis of a German Flute. Advantage of a strong Breeze.—Sir Humphrey Davy's Flies.—Hooking a Trout.—He is landed.—Description of him.—Beautiful Scenery.—A new comer.—Disadvantage of wading in the Water while fishing.—Deep Water not favourable.—Cormorants.—Signal for Dinner.—A Morning's diversion.—Digression.

Tal y Llyn, Friday, 9th.

THE stranger I addressed on arriving at the inn, or who addressed me, I forget which, has engaged one of the boats and has had the politeness to offer me a seat. Salmonius (Julian would not go, pleading letter-writing) is off to the Towyn.

“ Well, it pours as usual! As Jaques says, ‘ the rain it raineth every day.’ Since we left Cheltenham, we have scarce once escaped a drenching; but I have not taken the least cold.”

“ Any weather, however, is better for an angler than fine weather; clouds, rain, a gale of wind—these are the elements of success here. I have looked down the valley from the bridge, and it is black as night towards Towyn, which indicates a succession of showers, and there is a mist on Craig Cock\* (the red cock.) I perceive, too, some curlews on the lake, proving that the gale has been strong at sea, or that they apprehend it; but we have Mackintosh cloaks. Roger and the boat are ready.”

“ Then let us on board.”

“ Which end of the boat do you prefer for your station?”

“ To me it is indifferent whether I throw over the right or left shoulder.”

“ I will take the head of the boat. Do you use a single or double-handed rod?”

“ The fatigue of whipping with a double one is less; it is not necessary to throw the fly, which I here do seated, to the extent of its power.”

“ You are right, for I have taken fish almost under the gunnel of the boat. What rod is yours?”

\* A rock on the south-east corner of the lake.—E.



“ An Irish one ; it grooves into the ferules. I once ordered a pendant to it at a celebrated tackle-maker’s, but when it came home it was as unlike my pet as possible : in fact, the fabrication of a rod that will stand is a mere accident. Care also should be taken, after a hard day’s straining, to lay it down horizontally ; you perceive mine, that has been in use many years, is as straight as it was the first day.”

“ You are fortunate. I might say with Horace, ‘ O si *angulus* ille proximus accedat !’ for mine has twisted like a French horn ever since I lent it to a tyro in the art some days back, who caught more trees than trout. Since which I have set it down in my tablets, ‘ Never lend your rod, your gun, your cue, or cricket-bat, to your best friend.’ ”

“ Your mention of a French horn reminds me of a story of my Indian friend’s that he amused us with the other night. He was in some place up the country at the season of the hot winds, when the heat is so intense, night and day, though it blows a gale of wind and dust, that to put their noses out of doors is literally what the Italians call a ‘ *seccatura*,’ a drying-up. A brother-officer at this delightful season borrowed

his German flute, and when he sent for it in the rains, lo and behold! he hardly recognised his old acquaintance again with his new face, and returned it to the borrower, telling him that he had lent him a German flute, but that it had come back a French horn:—so it seems with your rod.”

“ Yes; mine has the true Hogarthian line, but not of beauty. But we are far enough out; opposite the boat-house. Hold, Roger; down with the large stone, and let us drift. The wind, I am glad to see, is freshening from the west: without a strong breeze nothing is to be done in this lake.

“ The finny darter with his glittering scales suspects the fraud when the surface is unruffled; he also probably sees the line, even though it should be, as yours is, the colour of the water. I like to see the pool strongly agitated, and full of what the Genevese call ‘ moutons’ and the Irish ‘ white horses.’ Before the sun is high, it will make a sea for our little bark. ‘ Lo! where the gust comes blackening the water, as it walks along like a thing of life.’ ”

“ How do you account for one pool being *freer* than another?”

“ ‘ *Davus sum, non Œdipus;* ’ it altogether baffles inquiry. Perhaps Tal y Llyn is a remarkable evidence of this truth. The trout, which have almost ceased to rise in the rivers at the natural fly, having been glutted with the superabundance of that sort of food, supplied them by the prolific influence of the spring-season, or, in the angler’s language, having become lazy, are here as eager for the fly as when nature and they burst into life from their winter sleep; and here, as Sir H. Davy remarks of the Swedish and Norwegian rivers, they are almost indifferent to the genus of the fly.”

“ What flies have you ? ”

“ A cocobundy, a grouse hackle, and a blue gnat ; but all larger than the natural fly.”

“ I can hardly forgive Sir Humphrey Davy for allowing his great mind to trifle so much about the peculiar manufacture of flies. Be assured that, when you have the right colour, your success will depend upon your throwing the line, and not on the exquisite delicacy of your manufacture. The best fishermen in Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, will be found among some rude peasants, who are always careless about the workmanship. These are very roughly

made, a circumstance of little import in my eyes."

"There! I have a rise at my dropper, a cocobundy. He rose short. Now I have him! And you too have hooked one?"

"Yes; with my stretcher, a black. They fight bravely. Now mine is out of the water."

"Keep him in hand, for the fish here, when they feel the hook, make for the bottom, where they know there is a quantity of long thread-like weeds, and where, if they entangle the line, they will most likely break away, for their mouths, like themselves, are very delicate."

"My tackle is very slight."

"As it should be, always proportioned to the prey. Take care he does not get under the boat! Roger, bear a hand!"

"What a beautifully-formed fish!"

"He is in high season, as proved by the crimson of his fins. His weight does not exceed half a pound, the general average of the trout in this lake."

"They seem of a peculiar species, and certainly differ from any we have met with. They are narrower and whiter; their spots fewer."

"There! I have hooked two with my grouse

hackle and cocobundy. From being like herrings, which they resemble, they are called 'herring-sized.' They evidently go in shoals. I shall probably lose one or the other, perhaps both. They die game. There! they have both sprung out of their element! After that effort their vigour is spent. Now, Roger! Yes, they are both boated safe!"

"How bright their eyes are! Their backs are like tortoiseshell, and their bellies resemble burnished silver!"

"Yes! it is evident that they prey gregariously, for when you take one I invariably do the same, and, what is strange, that which I have now hooked, took the fly a yard, at least, under water, whilst I was watching your sport."

"Their drifting down the pool is a fatally destructive mode; for thus we sweep the whole of the water, and in the course of the day lash every part of it."

"We are now at the head of the lake, where a river, you see, runs into it; and the weeds rise above the surface. It seems a likely spot. I have him! Sure, he is larger than common. Roger, land him."

"Bred among the weeds and rushes, he varies

from the rest of his finny brethren. He is, you perceive, broader in the back ; his head smaller ; his belly as golden as that of a carp ; the spots in the neck of a deeper mottled colour. A noble fish for this water, and weighs two pounds. Perhaps he is the patriarch of the place ?”

“ We are now aground !”

“ And our host is arrived with the old mare, to tow us against the wind to the bottom of the pool, where we will take the sweep of the left side.”

“ I shall be glad of this half-hour to observe the scenery. See, how the rack drives over the summit of Cader Idris, whose range is now bare. Look where the lower ridge of the mountain shadows with its craggy sides the village of Tal y Llyn, seated on each side a gorge, through which falls a cascade. And here to the left is a green hill, smooth as a bowling-green, of delicious verdure, sloping like a wall to the water’s edge. And that grove of pines beyond, which overhangs the farm-house, and the church, and the inn, and the sloping woods in the valley beyond it. The place is beautiful !”

“ I shall throw as we move through the water. I have often taken fish while Roger has been

rowing. The lake is so small that they are accustomed to the object."

"What is the length?"

"Scarcely more than a mile, and barely a quarter of one in width."

"But there is a new comer, wading up to the middle in the water. I have not as yet seen him take a fish."

"Perhaps he will not get three by throwing all day. They are shy of any one on the bank, wading, but take no notice of us. Now for a second drift; we are too far out. I have found by experience that in deep water, they do not take the fly, or are too indifferent to rise at it. This pool is, however, in few parts more than ten or twelve feet deep; and so sensible is the gentleman in the other boat of this truth, so well does he know every inch of the pool, that he never wearies himself in vain, nor goes very far from shore. Let us at once follow his example."

"Do you see those cormorants? It is strange that there should be only two in the whole lake."

"There never were known more than two. There is a peculiar economy among birds, per-

haps a greater than is to be found in any other animal tribes. These come from "Craig-a-Deryn," or the Bird Rock, some miles distant, which is thronged with them; but the neighbouring lakes and rivers are apportioned to a certain number for their support, and that number is never exceeded, so that it would be useless to kill these, for others would immediately be sure to supply their place. See, one has dived; he is carrying off a large fish."

"These wretches are insatiable. I once shot one. His craw was full of worms, that are continually gnawing for food. Behold him, on the edge of the lake, on an old broken fence, stand with his wings extended to dry, in preparation for a fresh chase."

"See, too, his consort has joined him, and they hover over the pool."

"We have filled our baskets, and the white flag is hung out at the inn, as a signal for dinner."

"Take an oar, and we will row ourselves. And now what think you of a morning's diversion at Tal y Llyn?"

"So much that I would willingly pass the rest of our three weeks' tour here."



This is the Angler in Wales, indeed ! exclaims some fair reader. I hear her, and shall take the hint, and the liberty of digressing a little, no, not a little, in future, and in this I am only following the example of Byron, which will remind you of a common remark of Glover's, " I and Claude."

## ELEVENTH DAY.

Sketches of Salmonius. — Musical Phenomenon. — Noctes Indianæ. — Delights of a migratory Life in the East. — Oriental Field Sports. — Descriptive Verses. — A Shik-karie. — Astonishing feat in the den of an Hyena. — Crocodiles and Alligators.

Saturday evening.

SALMONIUS talks in rapture of the Towyn, and tells us, nay, has proved, that it is full of trout. He has brought back with him three drawings, two coloured on the spot; and by them it would seem that he is not exaggerating when he says he has met indeed with wild scenery. Two of his sketches are different views of the Craig-a-Deryn, or Bird Rock, of which the stranger spoke. Charters gives the following account of it:—

“ On making a turn in the river this morning — it might be about five o'clock — I heard, or

seemed to hear, a sound like a distant organ, swelling in the wind, and now dying away in gentle undulations, though an organ would ill describe the exquisite harmony of this burst. Each note seemed to be distinct, while all were with such precision amalgamated, that it was impossible not to deem it the perfection of musical art. This extraordinary phenomenon powerfully arrested my attention. The strain, as I moved forward, increased in volume; it was of a strange and unearthly character, such as Memnon's harp is said to have produced at sunrise, or, as Prometheus describes, when he received the welcome visit of the amiable nymphs of Ocean. Had it occurred in the night, I should have exclaimed with them—*Παν φοβερὸν τὸ με προσεσπεῖς*, and thought some spirits of the air had been joining in a concert, or that I had heard in trance some planetary music. I listened attentively, and looking towards the direction whence the notes proceeded, descried a rock, rising out of the vale to the height of some hundred feet, apparently torn from the mountain range by some convulsion of nature. The shape was singularly picturesque, and leaned forward, as though 'meditating its fall,' in the manner of

the hanging tower at Pisa, and like it, a plummet line dropped from its apex, would have fallen far beyond the base. As I approached it the sounds became less melodious, and I could then distinguish the voices of the birds, that were hovering over their nests, and the answers of the unfledged and callow young. I was at a loss to account for what had been harmony in the distance thus magically becoming dissonance when near; and it seems a problem in acoustics well worth solving.\* On arriving

\* For the resolution of this difficulty I avail myself of an original, and I think, satisfactory theory, propounded some time since at the Literary Institution, Cheltenham. The gentleman who read the lecture is justly esteemed for his musical genius and his philosophical research into that hidden science of acoustics, for such is still the doctrine of sounds, and had met with a similar phenomenon in Italy, when accompanied by some musical friends to Vesuvius. It appears that, in order to try the effect of a full chord reverberating from the deep recesses of the crater, a strain was sung. The echo was discord. The experiment repeated, produced a similar effect. It was then proposed to sing a discord, which was done. The result was perfect harmony.

Sound is undoubtedly produced by the undulations of the air, forming themselves at first into a sharp wave, or continued zigzag, which, however, as it yields to the resist-

opposite the rock, I shouted, to try its effect on the inhabitants of the place, when a scream arose, such as I had never before heard, from incredible multitudes of cormorants, gulls, herons, hawks, crows, choughs, and curlews, which quite darkened the air. They wheeled round and round the summit of this wild promontory,

ance of the body of the atmosphere, gradually declines to a straight line, thus:—



Now, a perfect chord would be produced by any other sound exactly corresponding in undulations with the first, so, in fact, as to produce no collision with the angles, if I may so term them.



Now, in traversing over a plain atmosphere, discord or concord would be continuously discord or concord; but when repelled by an immoveable body, the undulations take, as it were, a new starting-post, and are returned in perfect concord. To this, then, we may attribute the phenomenon witnessed in Italy, and from the Craig-a-Deryn. The Echo is the musician alone. Nor should we wonder that the ancients personified her, and attributed to her influence such magical effects.—E.

settling, to rise again with shriller shrieks, and many darting down till they came within gunshot. Their retreat is perfectly inaccessible, and it is said by the simple peasants, that a Genius of the birds presides over the rock, and takes them under its special protection, hurling down (as happened last year to a daring birds-nester) all who endeavour to scale it. The loose and friable nature of the material is an additional obstacle to such an attempt, small stones momentarily rolling in what the Swiss call an *Eboulement*, and the Welsh, *Daeear Dw*, into the space between the river and it, so that at its foot, a considerable mound, or heap, has been raised by the continual frittering away of the surface of the rock."

\* \* \* \*

This evening produced a *Noctes Indianæ*. Julian, who had been very dull during dinner, under the inspiration of his claret, and a dozen of Trichinopolies (he sometimes smokes half a bundle of cheroots a-day), got among his 'Anthropophagi,' and told us of sundry perilous

hair-breadth 'scares, not indeed in the imminent deadly breach (though he has been at the storming of several posts), but from the jaws and claws of divers tigers. One of them sprang on him from a thicket, and dragged him off his horse, but was diverted from finishing his meal by a friend, who rode after the brute, and drew off his attention to himself. He keeps very voluminous journals of the records of wild sports of the East, perhaps of things it is no sport to read, for I find he rises from the perusal of them in no merry mood. I will endeavour to commit some of his anecdotes to paper. More than one of the party, I could perceive by their countenances, thought of the 'Arabian Nights' Entertainments,' or the 'Parrot's Tales,' or the exploits of Roustan or Antar.

"You, gentlemen," said Julian, "are occupied with what is only fit to amuse children. Your hare-hunting and fox-hunting, and *battues*, and trout-fishing, are tame, when compared to our manly and spirit-stirring sports. Nothing can be more delightful than the migratory life we lead in India. The little camp, which daily changes its ground, and is pitched in some ma-

jestic evergreen tope, or mango grove—the care of our elephants, dogs, and favourite Arabs that know their masters, and follow us to be fed, like dogs—fresh ground to beat every day, perhaps untrodden by man—a line of elephants, the interspace filled up by beaters—our howdahs, furnished with three or four Joe Mantons—game of all sorts, from the florikan to the quail, and the tiger to the antelope, continually sprung—and then, after gun-fire, good cheer!—that brotherhood, which our exile creates, and for which my soul yearns!—and then the hookah, the divine hookah! One of these parties, from muster to muster, is worth an age of a life like yours.

“It is true, that I should not be the poor hypochondriac, half-animated, half-livered man I am, but for my devotion to these pursuits. Snipe-shooting first was my bane. Imagine a limitless bog, tufted with rank grass; time, mid-day; a line formed of eight or ten natives, and myself, in a pair of ‘pigammahs’ and a shirt, wading up to my knees in the black, offensive, putrid compost, that the extreme heat of a vertical sun (which strikes you when you are first under it like an electric shock) draws up



above mud-mark, and thence into the frame : the snipes getting up at every step, and flying (for, like owls, they hate the glare) a few hundred yards, and then settling, to be kicked up again. I have killed in two hours, though an indifferent shot, thirty-five or forty brace.

“ We have four sorts of snipes : what we call the solitary snipe ; the painted snipe, with grouse-like plumage, and heavier on his wings, and in little esteem at the table ; the common snipe, and the jack. I imagine they never migrate with us ; not so the quail, who in the ‘jow’ jungle on the banks of the Ganges assemble in the cold weather in incredible numbers. But what sportsman ever coldly calculates any danger, much less to his health ? You, for instance, with a load of trout you can hardly carry, and though you (not I) loathe the sight of them in any way dressed, cannot, though running down with perspiration, resist wading in a likely rapid. Stanley was speaking just now of a chamois-hunter—that he seldom dies in his bed, will sleep in the snow, climb wall-like precipices, and leap fissures in the avalanche ; hour after hour, hid behind some projecting crag, watch a gorge when the herd are likely to pass

—For what?—a single shot, in which, if he succeeds, the deer will most likely fall into some inaccessible place where he is irrecoverable. And yet this Alpine huntsman's peril does not exceed ours. Hawking was once my favourite pursuit, and a no less hazardous one. Our quarry is the curlew, and when on the wing, keeping the eye on the birds, we follow them in a direct line, not knowing over what ground or into what ravine our steeds may carry us.

“ I once wrote a description of a scene I witnessed, and shall preface it by telling you that the hawks are so numerous, that they hang about and follow our line while shooting, and so impudent are they, that they will pick up almost every wounded bird before it is possible to recover it : I have made many a one pay the forfeit of his poaching. The couplets were these :—

‘ With flapping wings and screamings heard afar,  
The curlew, startled, quits his lone minnaar;  
A falcon heard, who hovering through the day  
Had mark'd our line, expectant of his prey.  
He miss'd his swoop, and instant through the skies,  
Amid the quarry's loud and piercing cries,  
They both ascend. More upward seen to rise,  
The dissonant curlew more majestic scales  
The blue vault, wider wheeling as he sails

The hawk, as foil'd or scorning the pursuit :  
But not the less the victim's voice is mute,  
Nor less relax'd her efforts at that feint ;  
For well do her instinctive terrors paint  
The beak relentless and the pinion's force,  
That flags not in its unremitting course.  
Too sure the toils the wily foe has wound—  
Too just her fears ; for see ! around—around,  
Lessening and ever-lessening to the sight,  
Scarce can the eye in that ærial height  
Trace the swift ongress of their arrowy flight !  
Now seen but as their shifting plumage gleams  
And sparkles in the sun's meridian beams ;  
Now but two specks appear of doubtful hue—  
Now, dizzy grown the brain, are lost from view ;  
Whilst yet is heard at intervals on high  
The exhausted curlew's faint and desolate cry.  
Her destined hour is come, and sooner far  
Than dies a meteor, falls a falling star,  
Both in one orb lie intertwined beneath,  
Indissolubly lock'd in one embrace of death !

“ There are some things of which poetry, however indifferent, will present a better picture than prose ; thus these somewhat tumid lines will remind you more of Claudian than of Virgil.

“ We English boast of our personal and mental courage, and hold India by opinion ; yet no men possess a greater contempt of death than the

natives of India. I was early convinced of this fact on my joining my regiment at Cawnpore. I had not been in that cantonment (which Lord Hastings used to say was only famous for the fineness of its dust) many days, and breakfasting with a brother officer in his bungalow, when one of his servants came to say that two shikkaries wished to speak with the sahib. A shikkarie is a sportsman by trade, has lost caste, and is called by us, though improperly, a pariah, for that name is only given by the natives to an undomesticated dog; it is, however, not inapplicable in that sense of the word to those men, who eat indifferently the most disgusting animals, such as cobras, wolves, hyenas, or any carrion they can procure by the chase; and in this they resemble the bushmen at the Cape and the snake-catchers in Java, who literally do feed on poisons, like the Pontic monarch of old, and with the same view. Do you know how they draw a reptile's teeth to get at this strange food? They enrage him with a piece of cloth, which when he has seized, they give it a jerk, and the teeth and fangs are extracted with it: this by the by. To give you an idea of what sort of folks shikkaries are. One of them, when we were encamped at

Sherghur, the most emaciated wretch I ever beheld, came vociferating to me as I was standing before my tent, 'I am starving; give me one of your sheep.' I had taken with me into the field several that might have cost me originally only a rupee each, and taking pity on the beggar, I complied with his importunity. I scarce dare continue. The moment he could call the animal his own, he rushed upon it, mouth open, (like a wolf,) and planted it in its heart and sucked the blood. But his ravenous appetite being yet unsatiated, with tooth and nail he next tore off the skin, and began to devour the quivering limbs, instead of salt, using sand by way of digestion, I suppose, as fowls do at sea, which being unprovided with on our voyage home, they literally plucked each other, and saved 'Jemmy Ducks' the trouble. But our shikkarie: I could endure the disgusting spectacle no longer, and shuddered to think I was 'a link in the chain of humanity' with such a monster; Bruce's Abyssinian feast was a *diner à la Russe*\* to it. To return to where I set out. These two shikkaries told us they had

\* A *diner à la Russe* is when the table is only garnished with fruits and flowers and the viands handed round.—E.

discovered the den of a hyena, and proposed to take him alive in our presence.

“ Though incredulous of such a feat, we made immediately a *partie de chasse*, and following our savage-looking guides, accompanied them to Jagemow, once one of the largest cities in that part of India, but then a wilderness of ruins, or rather of ruined tombs, that extend for several miles round the site of the new town. After traversing ravine after ravine, at the imminent risk of our necks, our conductors stopped at last at a colossal mound of earth, resembling a barrow, that had formerly been a family vault. The bones of many different animals, and some skulls, that had perhaps belonged to the former tenants of the place, lay scattered about, and at its foot was the entrance to a cave. I had brought with me an English terrier, whom I put to earth immediately. We listened for some time, and soon heard, though at a great distance, a quick bark, and then a savage growl, that proved some brute was at home.

“ The dog had not, however, a badger, or fox to deal with, and soon came yelping out, with his tail between his legs, and covered with blood that issued from his jaws. We now supposed

that there was no other way of getting at the hyena (if such it was) but by digging down to him, which the compact and iron nature of the ground rendered hopeless. But to our amazement, the least robust of our black allies laid himself flat on the ground, and with a pickaxe began to hammer at the roof of the covered way, till it was large enough to admit his body into the recess, first having wound round his waist a long and strong rope.

“We soon lost sight of our hero, and his progress through the windings of the cave was only known by the occasional echo of his strokes, when he found the passage too narrow. Twice he reissued for air, and to rid himself of the dust that filled his nose, mouth, and eyes; and the last time selected a round mass of ‘concher,’ (a brittle lime-stone,) which he rolled before him, and then disappeared, as I thought for ever. I could scarcely draw my breath for anxiety, which was increased by a surly low growl, announcing that the intruder was observed, as (he afterwards told us) the savage had become visible to him, by the glare of his glassy eyes. We could next make out, by the voice of the shikkarie, and the fierce protracted howls of the

hyena, that they were engaged in combat. Our fears now painfully increased, which, however, the companion of the daring assailer did not seem to partake. To be short,—in about half-an-hour, we were not a little pleased to see him, who had thus ‘bearded the lion in his den,’ make his exit, covered with dust, matted to him by perspiration. He held in one hand the end of the rope, which he gave into ours, desiring us to assist in dragging the struggling savage into day.

“We were six or seven in number, and by dint of main force, for it called all our sinews into play, we at last succeeded. His jaws were closely muzzled, his fore and hind feet fastened together with the dexterity of one practised in similar exploits; and having committed the hyena to a sack, brought for that purpose, our two pariahs suspended it from a bamboo, and we returned to cantonments.”

“Sir Humphrey Davy’s story of the alligator’s egg, and the young one that attacked the ‘accoucheur,’ is a bagatelle to yours. It was, indeed, like picking the teeth of the crocodile.”

“The Egyptian crocodile, and the Indian alligator, I believe to be the same. The latter are of two kinds, the long, and the snub-nosed.



The tanks in Bengal, where the women wash, are full of them, for they are as sacred there, as Juvenal describes them to have been in Egypt in his day. When the Ganges is low, I have seen sand-banks covered with them, and at a very short distance they look like logs of wood, or trunks of trees. I was possessed of a three-ounce rifle, and have frequently suspended my oars to float past one of the islets, and struck the nearest of its monsters, who, though he dyed the ground, and afterwards the water, with his blood, always succeeded in sinking quietly into the river, which, strange to say, they do almost without making a ripple. They rarely attack men.

“The dandies, sailors, (very unlike ours) tow the budgerows, and ‘boglios,’ sometimes all day, and are rarely, if ever, carried off by them. Fish I should imagine to be their principal food, for during one of those long and tedious voyages of twelve hundred miles, as I stood one evening on the deck, I was attracted by a loud smashing noise, and to my astonishment, saw the head of an alligator, out of the water, and holding an enormous ‘Roey mutchee,’ of thirty or forty pounds, in its tremendous jaws.”

“*A la bonne heure!* something about fish at last.”

“ If they knew their power, they would be as tremendous as, in antediluvian times, must have been the mammoth, and the phagomammoth, which, perhaps, after all were as comparatively harmless.”

The night was far spent when Julian had ceased, and he promised to give us another chapter out of his book, on another occasion.

## TWELFTH DAY.

Start for Cader Idris.—Ascent of the Mountain.—Lyn Cay.—Mountain-trout.—A fall of Frogs.—Summit of the Mountain.—Vast Prospect.—Julian's excitement of spirits.—Return to the Inn.—Charters meets with an Adventure.—A Female Angler.—Her history.

Tal y Llyn, Saturday, 10th.

By dint of strong persuasion, and upon my quoting to Julian Lord Bacon's advice for a man that is melancholy even to move from one room to another, I have dragged him out of his den, and Salmonius being already gone to pay his court to the Towyn, we have hired our taffanwr's cart-mare and his merch's (daughter's) black pony, and are off to picturesque on Cader Idris.

The base of the mountain, geologists say, is slate, what the mid strata are, 'chi sa?' the higher summits granite, and the estimated height

above the sea two thousand eight hundred and odd feet; but our lake, as its name implies—for Tal y Llyn means the high lake—is already nearly half that altitude.

From recollecting a similar expedition to Snowdon some years since, I had expected to find the ascent more difficult; but we had no need to dismount once, and, all the windings and turnings of the mountain-paths taken into account, we did not estimate the distance to Llyn Cay (mind, I had no pedometer in my pocket) at more than four or five miles. Julian would not take with him his tackle, and I brought mine, but quite indifferent about the sport. This little lake lies at the foot of a perpendicular rock of the same name as itself. The water is of a dark blue, and shelves down at once into sixty fathoms, and its whole extent cannot exceed as many acres. It is so *abrité* on all sides from the wind, that, though it blew hard, there was scarcely a ripple on the surface, a circumstance, independent of the depth, very unpropitious.

As I expected, I never got a rise nor saw a fish move, though they tell me it abounds with

trout, which the impossibility of extracting them from their crystal retreats renders probable. I observed to Julian —

“ It is strange that the summits of almost all high mountains contain trout. I have seen the lake on the Mont Cenis dragged ; it was said by the fishermen to be unfathomable, and is doubtless, like this, the crater of an extinct volcano. The same is observable of the St. Gothard and the Simplon ; and the wonder is to find there trout that do not exist, and could not, in the Doverea and the torrents rushing from it.”

“ I have been reading White’s Natural History of Selborne, who gives a relation (a well-authenticated one) of a fall of frogs. Fish, I have been told, (though I have never seen them, and will not vouch for it,) are found in the tanks on the tops of houses in India ; and I have myself known ponds that had been dry for eight months in the year swarming in a few days after the rains with small fry, which our bearers used to catch in their kummerbunds, and I have eaten them too, and doubt not they were almost as good as the white bait Tommy Moore was prevented from doing justice to. The only way to

reconcile this strange circumstance that savours of the marvellous is, that the spawn, perhaps the fish themselves, must have been taken up into the clouds by some water-spout, and descended in a shower."

"An ingenious solution of the knot."

"We had now reached Pen y Cader Idris, or the head or seat of the Giant Idris. The day was so clear that not a cloud intercepted the view; a vast prospect lay stretched, like one of the models I had seen of Switzerland at Geneva, below us.

Our guide pointed out the Wrekin, a solitary sugarloaf-shaped hillock, as it appeared, on the immense plain of Salop, and which I had seen from Eaton, though forty or fifty miles distant. It was skirted by the silver windings of the young Severn. Between it lay the Bala lake, the largest of the Welsh lakes, and a worthy rival of Windermere, to which it has been compared, with the Ferwyn chains, surmounted by Arran ben Lyn, that seemed little inferior, as well as we could judge, to Cader itself. To the west we got a peep, through a chasm in the Brecon range, of Swansea Bay. The valley of the Towyn, and

the coast of Cardigan, and the shores of Merionethshire, with a wide expanse of ocean, lay at our feet, and we thought in the dim horizon that we could descry the coast of the sister-island; nor did we forget, in the panorama, to cast our eyes in the direction of Tal y Llyn, hid itself from sight by a range of the mountain, and to gaze on the bleak and barren Plinlimmon and the county of Montgomery.

This enchanting scene, the ride, the exercise, and the mountain-air, gave Julian an exuberance of spirits which broke out occasionally in a kind of hysteric merriment that savoured of flightiness: he pressed his pony down places that it was hardly safe to have descended at more than a walk, and might have met with a serious accident, had not the little animal been very sure-footed; but he carried him, without making a false step, back to our little inn, where we found Charters impatient for our arrival.

“He has given up fishing at an earlier hour than usual,” I observed to Julian; “there must be some mystery in this.”



We sat down, in addition to the old trio, with a stranger, also a brother of the rod, to dinner, the others having taken their departure.

“ Well, Charters, what sport to-day ? ”

“ I have met with an adventure. Do you see this sketch of Pont y Garth ? it is thrown over a narrow part of the river that rushes rapidly through the arch. I was standing and leaning over the parapet to let my line down, when I heard the gate that skirts one end of the bridge open, and having turned round, observed a——”

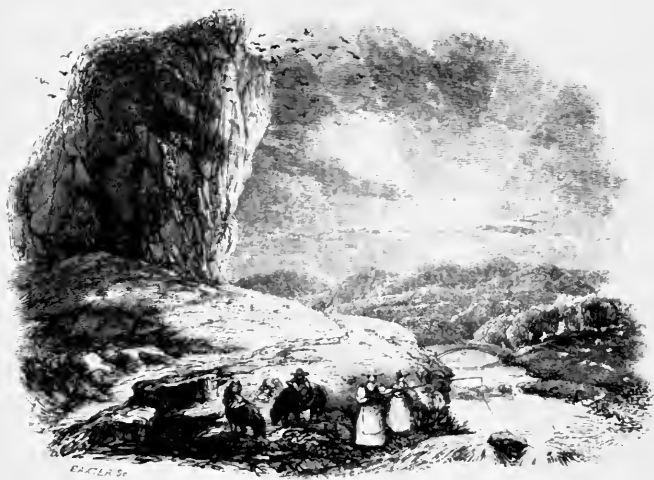
“ Well, what did you observe ? some pretty black-eyed peasant-girl going to market with her basket of butter and eggs balanced on her side-saddle, eh ? ”

“ I observed a girl, but not a peasant-girl. Her nut-brown locks were surmounted by a broad, flat, straw bonnet ; her little hand was armed with a delicate fly-rod, and in her train was an attendant maid, who carried a basket. She favoured me, as I passed, with a look that almost tempted me to address her, or to worship her—or rather she was

‘ Too fair to worship, too divine to love,’

for she seemed to me like one of the deities of the streams, or the personification of Diana.”





“A pretty costume for Diana. I have seen the *Diane à la biche*, as the French call it, in the Louvre, and Dominichino’s Diana and the nymphs, (the counterpart, by the way, of Ovid’s,) some holding greyhounds, others shooting with bows and arrows, and the pretty one in the water, but not fishing. It should have been reserved for Rubens to paint your goddess with a straw bonnet and a fishing-rod. I think Æschylus says, that she guarded all the younglings of the forest, but it is the first time I ever heard of her presiding over, much less destroying fishes, young or old.”

“The gentleman,” observed the stranger, who was a native of the country, “has compared Miss —— well; or perhaps she may be rather considered an Undine—

Her mind, face, form, are superhuman;

’Tis pity she is not a woman.

She need not sit for a statue, for she is herself one. The ancients rightly depicted the goddess of the chase as inaccessible to the shafts of love, and your friend, like many of us, may chance to renew the tale of the disconsolate Endymion.”

“Well, Charters, and what then?”

“I laid my rod on the wall, and followed her with my eye. She turned immediately down to the bank of the stream, and began her cast. I never thought it a graceful art before, but no one ever threw as she threw.

“It seemed to cost her no effort, and the fly dropped like a flake of snow on the water, and seemed to have no more effect on it than a real gnat. Romeo says, he wished he were a glove on Juliet’s hand. I should have liked to have been the rod, to be clasped between her fingers, or to have been a fish, for I would certainly have risen if I should have had to die for it the next moment. The only lines I ever made in my life

I wrote upon the stone of the bridge : I think I can remember them.

If I a trout, and thou should be  
An angler, I would willingly  
Rise, were I caught, thy charms to see,  
And, dying, be content to die."

"That's a crib from Waller, I declare : and what became of the ensnarer ?"

"I watched her and watched her, through all the windings of the stream, throwing, and catching samlets at every throw, which her *ancilla* took off the hook, till she became a white speck on the bank, and then an envious rock hid her from my sight — and — and then I returned home."

"*Povero Endymione!*" exclaimed Julian, suiting the action to the word.

'Ill-fated youth !

Go, day by day, and waste thy manly prime  
In mad love yearning by the vacant brook,  
Till sickly thoughts bewitch thine eyes, and thou  
Behold'st her shadow still abiding thine,  
The Naiad of the mirror.'

"But who is the young lady, sir ?"

"She is the only daughter and sole heiress of a gentleman of large estate, and of one of the

oldest families in this country, tracing back his lineage to those Britons who retired to the fastnesses of these mountains to preserve their freedom. He is now old, and dotes upon this last scion of his stock with a fondness that is somewhat selfish, for he declares that the day of her marriage will be that of his death, and she returns his love with a filial devotion, and has refused every suitor, (and she has had numberless offers,) with a strange insensibility. I accused her of coldness, but that she has an excellent and feeling heart all allow. She had a brother, who lost his sight when a boy, and him she tended with an affection that almost made, as some one beautifully says, the infirmity under which he laboured, a blessing.

“She played to him (for she is a great musician) and sang to him his favourite childish airs, and would take long walks with him on the banks of the Towyn. Often have I met them there; her idiot blind brother leaning on her arm, and she anxiously observing the road lest he should hit his foot against a stone. It was not till he died (which he did in her arms, and she nursed him too, during his long illness, as if he had been a child) that she became partial to

these pursuits. But you are much mistaken, if you think she has an unfeminine mind. She is as gentle as she is beautiful."

"You speak of her *con amore*."

"Perhaps I do. To see her, and love her—"

The stranger did not finish the sentence, and his voice betrayed his emotion, which, I saw, he was ashamed of having shown. We rose, and wishing him a *buona notte*, retired.

## THIRTEENTH DAY.

Fishing on a Sunday prohibited.—National Customs should be respected.—The River Lee.—Inn at Bow.—The Parlour.—Representation of a Chub.—A consequential Personage.—His Sanctum sanctorum.—The Inn Ordinary.—Cockney Anglers.—Welsh Congregation and Curate.—A deserted Village.—A Meeting-house.—A Publican's piety.—Hypocrisy.—Welsh Peasantry.—Their over-reaching spirit.

Tal y Llyn, Sunday, 11th.

You would be stoned, or at least have the dogs set at you in Scotland, and be Yes-indeeded in Wales, were you to fish on a Sunday. Always respect the customs and prejudices of the people with whom you live: I have ever done so, and can with a quiet conscience say that I never missed a bull-bait at Salamanca, an opera at Naples, a regatta at Palermo, the corso at Milan, a veglione at Venice, a *fête des barques* at Geneva, a *fête des vigneron*s at Vevay, or a quadrille-party at the Bois de Boulogne (when not better en-

gaged) on that day, and think “Napoleone il Grande” perfectly right in making himself a Mussulman in Egypt, a Catholic in Italy, a Protestant in Germany, an *esprit fort* in France, until it answered his purpose to believe in the *esprit saint* ;\* nor can *I* believe that Socrates by the last act of his life, the sacrifice of the cock to Esculapius, had any faith in its efficacy or atonement, but that he was only paying the deference of a good citizen to the religion of his country.

What a rambling thing the human mind is! why, Don Juan himself never digressed more! But what has Napoleon or Socrates to do with Sunday?—Much; do not be impatient—I was only showing how the greatest and wisest of men acted. Now the Londoners, spite of Sir Andrew Agnew, make the Sabbath (“The day of the Lord’s rest! what a profanation!” would exclaim a Puritan) a day of no rest to the little fishes.

\* Bonaparte had some difficulty in persuading Pope Pius VI. to officiate at his coronation; it is even said that he would not have dispensed the unction but for the emperor’s threat—“J’ai Monsieur Maron dans ma poche,” meaning that he would Protestantize France in case of his holiness’s refusal.—E.

Some years back I was travelling with my mare and gig on a Saturday—not on a Sunday, mark that—meaning to reach town that night; but, as a loose shoe would have it, my groom thought her a *leetle* tender on the off-foot, so that I was, *à contre cœur*, condemned, though not for my anti-sabbatical sins, to pass the night at Bow. Who has not heard of Bow? Those who have not, may learn that Bow is on the river Lee, the sacred stream of hebdomadals, the scene of the immortal Walton's exploit, catching *the* chub, vide page—no, I have not got Julian's book—and eating him too. Chub! chub!—as Peter Pindar or George the Third said of Pye's poetry—"no more of that—no more of that!" I tried it at Pennibont on the Ithon. The Hindoos would certainly worship them: there's a puzzle, now! Why? Never mind; let us go on swimmingly.

There are four inns at Bow solely supported by the angle, thanks to Izaac. I chose the sign of "The Pike," and was bowed into *the* parlour, an odd-shaped, many-sided place, in every corner of which stood huge cupboards—no, they had no porcelain in them, and I should say buffets, (for I like to be correct in my phraseology,) and



round the polygon hung sundry coloured and uncoloured drawings of fishes. I examined them attentively, and perceived that they were *ex-voto's* made by the pious (I doubt that word) devotees of the rod in commemoration of their triumphs over divers jacks, (a jack is a pike before he comes to years of discretion,) chubs, tenches, and perches; and at the bottom of each marvel of art and nature was neatly inscribed in a printing hand, after the date, first the admeasurement of the fish and his weight, next a minute description of the bait, float, hook, rod, and line instrumental in the exploit, and lastly, in characters of gold, the name of the too happy and thus immortalized victor.

Among the lares of the place, and doubtless worshipped as such, (at least, they ought to have been by the host,) I observed—strange I should not have done so at first—a gilt frame (the others were black) suspended over the chimney-piece, inclosing a silver-leaf paper in the shape of that malacostomous, bull-headed, cow-dung-eating, finned animal, a chub. It was a monster (*horrendum informe*) of the species, and must have weighed, from its length, if Sir H. Davy's rule is a good one, (which *query?* because fishes

are not always in good season or well fed,) at least four pounds. I was surprised to find no name, date, or history, attached to this, I have no doubt, faithful model, and was puzzling my brains to account for this, as I thought, invidious *exceptio regulæ*, when I was struck by the sudden apparition of a consequential personage.

He was about four feet and a half high, very well set upon his pins, though on the wrong side of sixty, and had on one of those classical wigs (his was a black one) that I am sorry to see getting out of fashion, yclept bobs, *i. e.* smooth at the top and pole of the head, and ornamented with two rows behind, and one in front, of curls, which the Greeks, from their size and shape and resemblance to the bells of the flower, called hyacinthine. Tastes change—I am sorry for it—out upon 'em! He was habited in a drab fustian jacket with very ample pockets, indescribable pantaloons to match, and Hessian boots without tassels, that came up to the calf,—by the by, I remember a college-friend of mine writing to Hobby to make him a pair for a *large calf*, and such seemed to me the punchy little gentleman, who accosted me with, “ Sir, you are looking

at that 'ere picture, (frame, he meant; but fine frames and pictures were probably synonymous with him): sir, I'm proud to say, sir, that, sir, I caught, sir, that chub, sir."

"I congratulate you. What a noble fish!"

"Yes, sir. I've never been man enough to get sich another, sir. It is the biggest fish, sir, that has been seen in the Lee ever since, sir; and that is ten years ago, sir! I will show you the hook with which I hooked him, sir."

With that, he opened one of the aforesaid closets, and then unlocked a compartment in it, about five feet high. It was, I found, his *sanctum sanctorum*. On the shelf were lying, in the nicest order, some portentous black pocket-books, enclosing cases that, I found, contained, on bamboo frames, twelve lines in each, of hair and Indian hurl, alternately, like the flats and sharps of a piano, and galore of shots, from number one downwards, in as many divisions of the sliding centre-bit; and side by side lay floats of all sizes, some green and red, some red and green, some yellow and red, and some red and yellow; together with sundry and divers plumb-ing machines, kill-devils, minnow-tackle, spring

snap-hooks, nets, and kettles for live baits, fishing-panniers, landing-nets, worm-bags, and boxes for gentles and other uses.

He thought he had now produced the desired effect, and said—"Now, sir, I will show you, sir, the hook, sir." He opened a shagreen-cased snap-box, and produced the trophy with the air of a hero, and that self-consciousness of superiority that deeds of fame and glory justify. I was astonished to see no rods among his implements of slaughter, but had observed some sticks, of three feet long, standing erect, each in its receptacle, arranged in gradation like the tubes of a Pan-pipe, and, by way of climax, at the extreme end, a portable stool, of the same material of which they were composed:—"These, sir," said he, "I find the best rods, sir; they are all of bamboo, sir, and the joints slide into one another, sir; and when I am tired with my day's sport, sir—for I never misses walking down, sir, to the Lee, sir, for the Sunday, sir,—I always takes one for a stick, sir."

As he was speaking, several persons, armed with rods of a similar description to that of the little old gentleman, bustled in, and showed by their deference how much they appreciated the

high "eminence" to which "merit" had raised him; and in a short time the house swarmed with fishers. He seemed perfectly known to them all; and in fact, it was easy to see that he was the Apollo, the *arbiter ludorum*, the oracle of the temple.

The ordinary was now served, and the chair taken, of course, by the little Unknown. As soon as the cloth was removed, one of the club proposed the health of Mr. Longjaw, our host, (on his right) and his bull! This was drunk in three-times-three! On which the owner, for himself and bull, got upon his legs, and said—"Gentlemen, I humbly thank you for drinking my health, gentlemen, but more so for drinking the health of that 'ere bull!" Thundering applause followed; when my next neighbour, talking of the fine animal, shouted across the table—"Bill, I have been to see the calves! and what do you think Longjaw feeds 'em on? Chalk!"—"La! Dick!" replied the other, "don't you know that that's vat makes weal vite?"

The conversation, *selon les règles*, now turned upon angling, and was confined to the weather, which naturally elicited the novel quotation of—"When the wind's in the south," &c. the

proper depth, and bait for the season, and other equally interesting topics; and each of the party, as he eyed the mural ensigns, gloated on the idea that he would the next day rival, or surpass his bygone brethren of the rod, and have his name, like theirs, chronicled in gold.

I soon retired; and the next morning was disturbed long before cock-neigh,\* and started for London at an early hour. On coming to the Lee (most like a canal, or the New River) I beheld it literally lined with fishers, as it was in the times of an old cockney poet fisherman, who says—

“ And mark the anglers, how they march in rank,  
And all the river's sides along they flank !”

Some were seated on the banks, with their legs dangling over them; some were lying at full length, with their instruments (not) of destruction by their sides, watching the float; some standing, and all with baskets strapped over their shoulders; one loaded with provisions enough for a week, and the other large enough for provisions for the next; whilst others, in a

\* It has been suggested to me by a learned friend, that “the land of Cockagne” is derived from Aristophanes's *Κυκογία*, or *γαία*, *land of cuckoos*. — E.

group, were collected about "the Complete Angler," who, like the genius of the place, seated on his tripod, was giving out his prophecies, like the Pythoness of old. Just as I was passing, a poodle-dog, who had, contrary to all "*jus et norma*," been hied into the water to pick up an orange, mistook for it the old chub-catcher's float, and, in bringing it to land, by a sudden jerk, hooked its owner off his perch into the river. Then arose a tremendous hubbub, for, in addition to the barking of the poodle, and the screams of the young Izaacs for help, were heard the responses of the men of the Humane Society, who, brass-plated and glazed-hatted, came hurrying, with their apparatus for resuscitation, to the spot! But of drowning there was no fear, for the depth was not much above his knees, though it was at the imminent risk of his catching his death-a-cold, that he was fished by his disciples out of the mud! I stood upon the seat for some time, looking at this grotesque scene, worthy of the pencil of Cruikshank or the fair authoress of the "*Comic Offering*," and laughing till my sides ached.—

Well! this is Sunday, and there is a church on the opposite side of the pool. But the ser-

vice is in Welsh, and I shall not form one of the congregation, if two or three gathered together make one. A few years ago they spat on the floor at the name of the devil, and, at that of Judas, struck their heads in concert—customs that reminded me of the Swiss places of worship at the present day, when the officiating ‘Curé’ at every pause in his ‘sermon’ gives a signal to his parishioners to blow their noses, and a trumpeting runs through the aisles of the church. The incumbent of this is literally passing rich on forty pounds a year, for he has, on that slender stipend, contrived to bring up a large family, but not to increase his flock, gradually dwindled down to about as many sheep as he has pounds. After his duty was over, I had no difficulty in making him out at our host’s, for he was easily known by a three-cornered hat, and his grey threadbare coat of true home manufacture. He was smoking his pipe to a pot of cwrw in the ingle-nook of the kitchen. After he was gone, the Welsh stranger told us that the present bishop, when he came to the see, made the praiseworthy resolution of distributing the preferment among the native ministers, and that, having heard of two brothers, whose curacies



did not exceed thirty pounds each, he inducted them the same day into livings of nearly a hundred a-year.

There are few such in his diocese. They were, it appears, well qualified to have contested the houghmagandie, or the whistle, with Burns, or his heroes, Craig Darroch, or Glenriddle; for on the joyous occasion of their taking possession of their incumbencies, being noted 'termers,' they met at the Goat and Tun, to finish a barrel of ewrw, and when the feat was performed, being anti-Malthusians, and not approving of Miss Martineau's *Preventive Check*, married the next morning, one the daughter of the publican, a strapping, six feet, red-faced, and red-headed amazon, the counterpart of our host's, who performed, like her, the triple office of chambermaid, cook, and scullion; and the other that of the clerk, who had distinguished himself among the out-and-outers of the ale party. Amen, said I, to the nuptials. But these instances are rare, for more exemplary characters than the generality of the Welsh clergy are not to be found, or who are more free from the *auri sacra fumes*, a motto not inapplicable to the dissenting hypocrites in this

country, who extort from the pockets of the deluded peasantry, what should go to relieve the wants of their ill-provided families.

Charters has been prowling about Pont y Garth. Having arrived at a pentrif, (village) to the southward of it, to his surprise he found it deserted. The alehouse which he entered to get a pot of cwrw, had neither customers nor host, and all appeared as if some sudden calamity had befallen the romantic spot. Scarcely had he passed the threshold, when a bellowing of monstrous portent struck his ear. Curious to know the cause he issued forth, and led by the protracted screams, found they proceeded from a stable that had been turned into Tyrwrdd, or meeting-house. Here had congregated the villagers, and a stentorian orator, with his head wrapped, like a turban, in handkerchiefs of all colours, the trophies of the sweat of his brain, or many a hard day's labour of a similar kind, ever and anon he wiped his melting face, and roared and roared again, whilst to each ebullition of the *momier*, the audience returned a simultaneous concert of groans. The only words Charters could distinctly make out were 'Thadd Ager, Maab Ager, Ussfrid-dda,' Father, Son, and Holy

Ghost, and Gogoniah, the Welsh Hallelujah. Nor were there wanting dishevelled locks, or tattered caps, yet still the women wept, and tore their hair, and the men seized on their faces with their hands, and struck their heads, as though a fire was in their brains, that racked them to frenzy; in fact, Irving's ladies of the unknown tongues, the Trollopers at the love-meetings in America, or the new Incarnationists of Johanna Southcote, could not have appeared more ridiculous than these ranters.

He had not been a spectator of this extraordinary exhibition long, when a man, who seemed to be foremost in the impassioned responses, turning round, eyed him, and in an instant all his enthusiasm had evaporated; he smelt a customer, and immediately leaving the crowd that continued to rave in discordant unison, in decent and composed English, such as a positive human creature—yes, a simple, downright, human being with common intellect and common sense would have used, civilly asked if he wanted anything at the Sun. Charters having answered in the affirmative, our host, without manifesting in his deportment any hesitation or compunctious visitings of conscience in at once abandoning his

devotions, with the alacrity common to his tribe, led the way to his house, which was indeed the inn; and applied himself with all composure to relieve the traveller's thirst.

The fellow had a cunning eye, which encouraged Charters's inquiries, and he could not refrain from asking him the cause of all this hubbub. Our host was safe from listeners, for no other person in the place understood a word they were saying, and in his own homely way, I do not quote his words, replied, "This is a monthly meeting of the Pregethwr,' (preachers.) They have been employed in praying and singing since six this morning. For my part I do not much admire them, for it takes up time and hinders business, but I must ingenuously confess that I get much by it, for after the exertions of the day are over, their throats become dry, and the appeals to my ale-barrel are strenuous and repeated. I must admit, that my making one of the congregation, and indeed my being conspicuous in it, is indispensable to my success as a publican, for, were I lukewarm in my zeal, I should find such enemies in the preachers, that I might bung up my spigot." The same influence, he added, he doubted not moved the

shopkeepers in this, and most other villages, who found their trade increase as they became adepts in these mummeries.

“Poor human nature!” said Charters; “will men never cease to assume the garb of religion to cover interested views? When will the state of society be such, that every one will follow the dictates of his own conscience, and worship his Maker free from the slavish influences of hoodwinked priestcraft, or the dettractive eye of sectarian malevolence?” And with this observation he left him.

A few words as to these infatuated creatures, and the peasantry in general. In personal appearance the inhabitants of this secluded part of Wales are a robust (though not short) healthy-looking, hardy, primitive, simple, and harmless people; in their manners and address very awkward and shy, particularly the men; with a true Milesian disregard of cleanliness in person and dress, and fortunately with an equal indifference to the quality of their food, or what our labourers call comfort in their abodes. They can mostly read their Bibles, the only books they are acquainted with, and which they are taught to believe the only ones worth reading. Their

knowledge of English is extremely limited, and very many know only those politely-affirmative phrases of "eze indeed," and "aye sure."

A friend of mine used to say that a brave Suisse was the greatest rogue in Christendom. I do not mean to say that it applies to the ancient Britons, though (like the Swiss, with all their bravery towards their own compatriots) they are not over-scrupulous in trying to overreach travellers. As a proof of this, Charters having occasion to send a man to Aberystwith, for his letters and newspapers, a never-to-be-omitted precaution, and great resource in a Welsh tour, for some time paid twelve shillings per trip.

*Verbum sapienti—sat hodie.*

## FOURTEENTH DAY.

Julian's fondness for smoking.—Anecdote of Maturin.—Swallows.—Their habits.—Sir Humphrey Davy's Remarks on those Birds.—Flying Fish.—Atmospheric Evaporation.—Fishing in Boats.—New Arrivals.—Angling in Ireland and Switzerland.—Piscatory Character of the Lake of Geneva.—Byron's Opinion of Angling.—Walton and Sir Humphrey Davy.—Colour of Rivers.—Geneva Flies and Rods.—Rhone Trout.—Cretins.—Goitres.—Azote.—Bridge of St. Maurice on the Rhone.—Angling in that River.—Bains de Louche.—Pass of the Gemmi.—The Aar.—Lago di Guarda.—Enchanting View.—Swiss Scenery.—Traditions.

Tal-y-Lyn, Monday, 12th.

JULIAN was particularly gloomy yesterday, and continues so this morning. He will smoke himself into a mummy, for he gets thinner day by day, and will be reduced, as the Irish say, into a perfect Otomy. He keeps to his den like his hyena, reminding me of Maturin, who, when in the agonies of poetical digestion, typified it

by two wafers on his forehead, a red and a black one. The first denoted only ordinary raving; and in a matter of life and death (but even then with fear and trembling, though he was very uxorious) his wife *might* approach him! but when sporting the sable patch, he was a kind of Bal-four of Burlie in the cave, and you might as well have looked at the Gorgon.

Our *humano major* has, however, consented (though as a spectator) to bear Stanley and myself company on the pool. Salmonius has got it into his head that *our* trout will take his bait. He little knows them.

\* \* \* \*

“ Well, friend, we shall have another wet day; the surface of the lake is covered with swallows. What insatiable creatures they are, and how well does Juvenal’s ‘*Ore volat pleno mater jejuna*’ express their voracity. They almost dip themselves as they fly, so closely do they skim the pool.”

“ An invariable sign of rain. I perceive they are all of the sand species.”

“ I am half inclined to think that these birds, as well as swifts, often remain with us all the



winter (if, indeed, the latter migrate at all), congregating like bats (as I remember, when a boy, on thrusting my hand and arm into a hollow tree) in some inaccessible holes, in banks, churches, or old buildings, as neither of these species are ever met with during their passage. A sand-swallow, some years ago, in Sussex, on the first of January, whilst I was shooting, flew about me, and seemed actively employed in the search of flies. It was as warm as April. That they can live long without food is evident, for this bird of which I speak must have lain in a dormant state many months."

"I remember being on the Newfoundland bank, about the latter end of March, when an immense flight of swallows from the Western Islands took refuge, in a strong gale of wind, on the shrouds and yards of our vessel. The sea was half covered with weed and pink flowers, carried out of the Gulf of Florida, reminding me of *Æschylus's* 'Egean as with flowery weeds,' &c. The weather was remarkably cold and unseasonable, which we ourselves felt the more, from having rapidly left a warm latitude. One of my cabin-windows (for I had half the round-house) was open, and hundreds took refuge

there; but, having once settled, they became torpid, and never flew again."

"But how do you account, as you said, for swallows flying low being a sign of rain?"

"Sir Humphrey Davy in his '*Salmonia*' thus reasons, for this, doubtless, seemed clear to that great chemist, though I must confess that I don't understand him:—'*Swallows follow the gnats and flies, and gnats and flies delight in warm strata of air, and, as warm air is lighter, and usually moister than cold air, when the warm strata are high, there is less chance of moisture being thrown down from them by the admixture with cold air; but when the warm and moist air is close to the surface, it is almost certain that the cold air flows down into it, and a deposition of water will take place.*'"

"What an unlogical and ill-balanced sentence! He had not been studying the style of Thucydides. What wonderful instincts these flies have! and how philosophically they reason!"

"The geniousness of man, as I heard an Irishman say, bangs the world, barring the bees (though they do make hexagons as perfect as a mathematician could, and though hexagons are the only figures in which no space is lost.)"

“ More credit is given to the bees than they deserve ; all circles of a similar matter, when subject to equilateral pressure, form themselves by necessity into hexagons. But Paddy should have said gnats and flies, which latter, I should conceive, are the objects of the swallows’ search, and that it is owing to the weight and moisture of the air, that the former *bon gré mal gré* are driven down, when they become the prey of their relentless pursuers from above and below.”

“ The most unfortunate of all the created tribes of earth or air are the flying fish ; pursued by their myriad enemies, the bonitos and albacores, which throng the tropical seas and make them at night one phosphoric flash, they rise only to be attacked by multitudes of gulls, which drive them back only to rise again.”

“ The unnatural distinctness of the cattle in the distance, shows, too, that the atmosphere is subject to a rapid evaporation, a never-failing sign of rain.”

“ I frequently observed this in Switzerland, particularly in going from Interlaken to Lauterbrunnen, or the Vale of Waterfalls. So rapid, indeed, was the evaporation that several of these small cascades were taken up before they reached

the bottom of the tremendous mountains from which they tumbled. For the three succeeding days we had hardly a moment's intermission from rain, no uncommon, though no very agreeable circumstance amid the high Alps."

"On our return I should like," said Charters, "to make some propitiatory offering to the deity of the sea, who seems as unmitigable in his wrath as he was in the time of Horace, for I am likely (though I recollect he escaped) to meet with a double wreck."

Wrapped in my long cloak to my heels, that defied him, I sate at the head of the boat, whilst the trout rose momentarily at my flies, and came to net. Charters was lobbing out his patent bait, but did not get a single run—a remark applicable to the other boat, where a new arrival from the other inn was trolling with a minnow, with no better success. Salmonius, wet to the skin after our first drift down the lake, and Julian in nearly the same plight, jumped on shore, and made the best of their way to Pennibont, to hang up their *Vestimenta Maris Deo*.

Forty fish were the produce of this day's sport.

\* \* \* \*

We met in the evening at dinner several new anglers.

One was just arrived from the Lakes of Killarney, where he had had splendid salmon fishing. Another, from those of Capel Kerig, little inferior to this, and last from the Bala lake, which, he says, is only good for pike. A third from Bhilt, where he has been passing all the season on the Wye (of which, and its tributary streams, in the months of March and April, he spoke highly); and a fourth, in a disappointed mood from Switzerland.

This latter was complaining much of the sport there, and we asked him for some account of it. I knew every inch of the country, but told him I had been too wise to load myself with the impediments of rods, and their *et-cæteras*.

“Yes,” said he, “you were wise. I took the trouble of carrying tackle during a long tour, and though pertinaciously enthusiastic, never met with a single decent day. The streams are either too thick, from their vicinity to the glaciers, or too pellucid when they *debouche* from the lakes. In fact I lost my labour.”

“I have heard the fishing at Geneva much vaunted.”

“Lac Leman is not poissonneux.\* It con-

\* The Lake of Geneva produces a fish peculiar to its waters, and much prized at the tables of their rich, called the ‘ombre Chevalier,’ or large greyling, that sometimes weighs twelve or fourteen pounds. There is also another species, which I believe exists nowhere else, a very ugly-finned animal, without scales, much resembling the miller’s thumb, or bull-head. It bears the name of Loat, and grows to several pounds weight. They catch them in baskets, like our eel-traps, which they sink near the rocks, or under the walls of the Campaigne. But the principal fishery of the place consists of a coarse fish, called Vaugeron, or ‘ferra,’ (erroneously, I think, confounded by Sir Humphrey Davy, with the ‘shilleg,’ or fresh-water herring.) It seems to me a variety of the mullet, or rather a roach. They are taken exclusively in nets, from twenty to thirty miles distant from the town, in the deepest part of the lake. I never heard of either the Loat, or Vaugeron, taking any bait, the latter certainly confining its food exclusively to vegetable productions. They never exceed two or three pounds, and are in undeserved esteem among the natives. But the most delicate fish I ever ate is the Genevese trout, which are often to be seen in Paris, at the ‘Gourmand,’ in the Palais Royal. In the Rhone are found very large greyling; I have often observed them at the bottom, in some still spot, congregated together, but they refused all my lures. It is true, I have seen small ones taken with the fly in the rapids; but none are ever found in the Lake, or in the Arve, where the glaciated water is too cold for them.

tains pike of a vast size, but they are very rare. I have had a hundred trimmers floating down the wind for hours, and never got a run. Perch

The last time I was at Geneva, I saw the townspeople poaching in the town ditch, with machinery new to me.—They make use of a line, well leaded, to which they attach several large crossed hooks, and draw them across the bottom, where there are pike; and so dexterous are they with this killing contrivance, that they seldom miss their aim. The fosse has a communication with the lake, and in the month of March and April the pike congregate here; but at this season will take no bait, probably owing to a disease in the mouth, as observed by a late traveller in Sweden, and to which circumstance he attributes the non-extinction of all the species of fish in waters where they abound.

I met the other day with a curious old book, Bishop Burnet's Letters, in which speaking of the Lake of Geneva he says, "The Lake is well stocked with excellent fish, but their numbers do sensibly decrease, and *one is quite lost*; it is not only to be ascribed to the ravenousness of the pikes, but to another sort of fish they call montails, which were never taken in the lake till within these six years (1686) last past. They are in the Lake of Newchastel, and some of the other lakes in Switzerland, and it is likely that by some conveyance under-ground they may have come into channels that fall into the lake. The water of the lake is all clear and fresh. It is believed also that there are many great fountains all over the lake. These springs do very probably flow from some vast craters that are in the neighbouring mountains, which are as great cisterns, that discharge themselves in the valleys, which are covered over with lakes."—Ed.

I have caught near the town in considerable numbers, from a boat. They let down a quantity of lines baited with worms, and this they call 'La Peche.' The most provoking river I ever threw fly into, is the Rhone. Byron says 'it is so clear that the smallest pebble is visible at all seasons in the deepest part, for rain never affects it.'

"Speaking of Byron, what did he mean by abusing angling, and Walton, in his *Don Juan*, and calling him a quaint old coxcomb?"

"He was always straining at some paradox to startle with. I believe he never threw a fly in his life, or, except at Newstead, in some dull pond, ever wetted line, or used any other bait than a worm, the recollection of which might well disgust him. Walton is too culinary, and who can bear the idea of skinning frogs, or impaling live baits? I am surprised at Sir Humphrey Davy's dilating with so much complacency on the barbarous and detestable custom of crimping; for myself, the pleasure of catching suffices. I am no frying-pan or pot sportsman."

"But you were speaking of

'The blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone.'



“What can account for the colour of rivers? for instance, the Tiber being gamboge; the Po, a fainter yellow; the Rhine, greenish; the Wye, silvery; the Dee, tan; and most of the Welsh lakes nearly black.”

“The accidents of banks and sky in some instances, in others the beds over which they flow, and the foreign impregnation the water receives during its course.”

“But those cannot be the sole causes, for the Jumna and Ganges flow almost in a parallel line; both take their rise in the snow, and though they run through nearly a similar soil, the one is always thick, and the other pure as crystal, and, at their junction at Allahabad, the latter for some distance is traceable, as if she seemed unwilling to unite with her troubled sister.”

“This is more observable still in the Bala Lake, for it has still a greater antipathy to the Dee, that runs unmixed through it in a streak of inky blackness.”

“Thus at the meeting of the Arve and Rhone, about a mile below Geneva. I had a pocket-book of fine London-made flies of all colours; but the trout would not look at them, and I soon adopted one in use, threw a very small

grey gnat, but I never took a fish of more than a pound. It is said, that a fisherman with one of these minute flies (I was not present and doubt the story) killed a trout of upwards of forty pounds, but such an occurrence had not happened for twenty years, and may never happen again. The rods they use are very long and pliable, and of hazel, all lashed together in the rudest way, without winch or reel, and they fasten at the top a knot-line, as thick as one's little finger at one end, and tapering to a hair at the other. I tried to wield this machinery, but could make no hand at it. It requires great practice to throw as they do, fifty or sixty yards. I was determined not to be outdone, and resorted to trolling, with a small perch out of the lake, the next day, and succeeded, after six hours wading up to my middle, in bringing home a fish of upwards of as many pounds,—a glorious trout, but dearly bought, for I had to pay a fine of five francs to the *gardes de chasse*, who are appointed to prevent any other mode of angling but the fly."

"A six-pound trout is a mere minnow to what the Rhone generates."

"True, they arrive at sixty or seventy, though

I have never seen them so large ; but a forty-pound trout is not an uncommon one. Much of the revenue of the city is derived from this fishery : the trout are stopped in their way into the lake by hoop-nets, and confined in floating stews sunk off the town till their sale in the public market. All the fish, I believe, come up the Rhone, and not down it, for their weirs are an effectual barrier to their progress, and I never heard, though such an accident may occur, of a trout being taken in the Lake : this I did not know when I tried the Rhone above it."

" What success had you ?"

" It is white, and the flies invisible to trout even if there are any, which I doubt. The Valaisans certainly never fish either with nets or in any other way."

" But the Valaisans are hardly removed from brutes."

" I have heard of their Cretins," observed Julian, " though I never saw them."

" Their Cretins ! then you have been spared a hideous spectacle. The Cretin is hardly a human being. He can scarce pronounce articulate sounds ; his features are inexpressive of intellect : he loves to bask in the sun and grope

in the mire. He is incapable of any labour, and lives upon the charitable contributions of travellers, whom he importunes with a clamorous chattering like that of a baboon. They have all immense heads and more immense *goitres*, that sometimes hang half-way down the chest."

"The word I understand from the recollection of Juvenal's

'Quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus?'

and Shakspeare's

'Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at them  
Wallets of flesh.'

"Well described."

"But what is supposed to occasion them?"

"There are many opinions on the subject, for the Swiss doctors are as far from agreeing as to the cause, as the Italian ones on that of malaria. Now the Valais is shut in between two walls of mountains, and through it runs the Rhone, that is allowed by the superstitious and degraded inhabitants to overflow its banks at will: hence, not only the loss of much good land, but the returning inundations leave swamps that breathe contagion and pestilence."

"Goitres are known even in this part of the

country, nor are the Valaisans the only Swiss that have goitres."

"No; the Genevese fair ones are very subject to them; and even our countrywomen generally pay for a long residence in that detestable climate of fogs and 'bises,' by this unsightly addition to their throats."

"Is anything positively known by their wise-acre doctors about the cause of goitres?"

"The most probable one is, calx in the water. But, on what subject can medical men arrive at any certainty? Chemistry has made some strides lately, but it must be considered in its infancy still, when we cannot discover, in analysing the food of animals, the principal substance that has been supposed to colour the blood, azote. It is certainly found in watercresses, cabbage, and some few other esculent plants, but none is discoverable in the grasses, nor any in the food of fishes."

"True, fish live in an element wholly destitute of azote or nitrogen, excepting what is adventitious. Water is composed of equal parts of oxygen and hydrogen: they live only by the separation of one from the other. But inhabiting, as they do, an element so different from ours,

all we know about them must be little more than conjecture. As to azote, it is merely a negative, and has nothing to do with the colouring of the blood, as Sir Humphrey Davy, and others, once thought ; this, according to Lanéc and others, is derived from the oxygen of the atmosphere combining with the proto-oxide of iron. Sir Humphrey Davy has supposed, indeed, that azote is a compound of oxygen and hydrogen ; but on what proofs I know not, for he was unable to decompose it, even with the aid of his powerful voltaic battery. The supposition therefore is, that it is a simple gas."

" But to return to the Rhone."

" I was saying, I had tried the Rhone above the lake. I passed three hours below the bridge of St. Maurice, whilst my travelling companion sketched. The bridge consists of a single arch, of more than two hundred feet span, supposed to be the work of the Romans. It is a remarkable one. Its abutments rest on the Swiss and Savoy Alps ; the Dent de Medi towering above the town and castle in threatening grandeur. The river was swollen beyond its usual size by the melting of the snows, for it was July, and rushed, troubled, and with great impetuosity,

through the chasm, as if indignant at being confined, carrying down with it vast quantities of fir timber, that enabled us to judge of the rapidity of the current."

"Not the best place in the world for fishing, certainly ; and what might you take?"

"Nothing."

"Perhaps the glacier'd water is too hard?"

"No ; I have seen very large red trout taken in nets at Grendelwald, not a mile from the glaciers, themselves finer than the boasted Mer de Glace at Chamouny, that forms the Arviron."

"Did you try any other of the rivers?"

"Several. I passed two days at the Bains de Louche, that almost unvisited retreat, at the foot of the Gemmi, and there threw a fly into the Lonza, an inconsiderable stream, descending immediately from the glacier that overhangs and yearly threatens to overwhelm the spa, as it has done more than once. But the trout, though numerous, were small, and the banks much covered with wood. We laboured a whole day for a dozen. I crossed the next day the Gemmi. It separates the canton of Valais from the Oberland Bernois. Nothing can be more dreary than this pass to Swarrenbach,

zigzagged as it was by the Tyrolese workmen through the perpendicular rock.\* It is awful—so awful that a Frenchman, whose head was not the strongest, turned back the day before, and had not nerve to cross it. The top presents nothing but barren and desolate herbless rocks, such as Prometheus describes, and a pool frozen at all seasons. It had several inches of ice on it, for the frost had been severe in the night, though the heat was (we afterwards heard) suffocating, as we had found it at Sion. But it was a cheering contrast, when we came in sight of the Kander, and followed its banks, covered with rhododendrons, then in full bloom, down to the valley that bears its name. We passed a day at Kandersteg, but could not get a rise.”

“ Had you better luck at Thun ?”

\* Werner has laid at Swarrenbach the scene of his domestic tragedy entitled “ The Twenty-eighth of January.” The story is founded in fact ; the murder of a son, who returns *incognito*, after a long interval of years, to his home, by his father, ignorant of such relationship, and instigated by cupidity at the sight of the stranger’s wealth. It is only amid the glaciers and avalanches of the Gemmi, where such an *attentat* could be probable ; and the mind must throw itself back on these frightful solitudes, in order to consider it a reality.—E.



“ Never was there a finer-looking stream than the Aar. It issues from the lake in two rapids, of a deep transparent blue, deeper than any I remember, except the Lago di Guarda. But neither the river nor the lake gave us a fish of any size. This my companion did not regret, for he consoled himself with the enchanting panorama from the castle.”

“ I remember it well. To the east, the sides of hills, covered with vines and country houses ; above tower Alp above Alp, the imposing summits of Misen, and Stockhorn, their glacier'd heights contrasting with the sombre verdure of the midway forests of pines ; whilst to the west, the eye reposes on the Jura, and between looks over a vast and fertile plain, abounding with cattle and interspersed with fruit-trees.”

“ Your eye has a vision more clear and distinct than mine. Fancy us wandering along the banks of this lovely lake, glassy as a mirror, in a calm evening in July.”

“ Fishing would have been a profanation of such a scene.”

“ From thence we boated it to Interlaken. No spot on earth is more delicious than the valley of Bodeli ; the Aar flows through it too

gently for the fly, and is too translucent. There is, however, a waterfall at Unterseen—a most romantic sketch it made! and here, after two days' thrashing, I did succeed in taking three trout, but neither of them of any size. I here gave up the pursuit in despair, and left my tackle behind, when I crossed the little Sheidigg."

"You vaunt the Swiss scenery, and our travellers post over the Continent in troops to that country, whilst they leave unvisited, and are ignorant of, the beauties of Wales. I advise you to ascend Cader Idris, and I defy the Riggi to surpass it in miniature. Can any spot on earth vie with this lake? I cannot certainly say so much for the Begalen pool."

"Thus the Swiss lakes differ from each other. Lac Lemman is a sunny scene; that of the Waldsettes owes its charm to its sacred solitude and deep seclusion: it was the next lake we visited. Its banks are classic ground; we seemed to breathe there the air of liberty. We had pointed out to us the spot where Gesler embarked in the storm, forcing Tell to become his pilot; there he landed, and from the rock where the chapel now stands winged the arrow into the tyrant's heart."

“ The story savours somewhat of the marvellous, and is about as true as the exploits of Munchausen, Obi, or three-fingered Jack.”

“ If it be a romance, it ought not to be, as the polite Frenchman said of Dr. Moore’s Anglicism ; it is entwined with the best sympathies we imbibe from our childhood, which, as by Nibbi’s scepticism that throws doubt on all the antiquities of Rome, we do not like to have argued away by cold critics or chronologers, nor to have treated as a popular fable a story so dramatic and spirit-stirring.”

“ The Swedes have a similar tradition in all its parts : which is the original I do not pretend to say, but, like two fine pictures, there cannot be two originals. It is supposed to have been introduced by a Swedish colony who settled at Meyringen, and whose descendants still betray their unmixed origin.”

\* \* \* \*

But the night was far spent, and after Scott  
I concluded with the valediction to Marmion,

“ To each and all a fair good night,  
And rosy dreams and slumbers light !”

## FIFTEENTH DAY.

Colloquy with a Cigar.—Anecdote of Glover the Painter.—His knowledge of the language of Birds.—New Flies.—Success produced by them.—A Decoy.—Charters and his chaste Mistress.—Julian's sporting Reminiscences of India.—Juggernaut.—Infatuated Pilgrims.—Self-immolation.—Dangerous bathing.—A barren Scene.—A Herd of Antelopes chased.—Cheetahs.—Lion-hunt.—Tiger-shooting.—A Lion's lair.—Lamentation on leaving India.

Tal y Llyn, Tuesday 13th.

“Is this a cĭgar (as a dear, good, deaf, old, tobacco-loving gentleman, who has never heard the sound of the melodious word, pronounces it) that I see before me—the small end towards me?—Come, let me clutch thee!”

“But softly,” whispers the cigar—a real Havannah, not one of your town-made pretenders—“softly!”

“Softly! mightest thou not have known instinctively that I would not for all the world

handle thee too roughly? that I would take thee between my thumb and forefinger, and touch thee as tenderly as I would the stem of a delicate flower?"

"Thou dost so, and I thank thee. But there are some who do wound us barbarously, shorten the brief span of our being, making it only a few volcanic exhalations, who cruelly wound us with their teeth, and bite off our stalks, and pinch us between their lips, as though they were afraid of our touch—as if there was poison in it, and when we are not half extinct throw us contemptuously away. Thou wilt not be one of these?"

"Thou doest me wrong by thy suspicions: see, I half hide thee in my mouth, and shall keep thee there till thy life is spent; then will I sigh over thine ashes as a Hindu over the funeral pyre of his mistress."

"Nonsense!" exclaims the barrister, as with all his fingers he took up half an ounce of snuff (he has taken a canister since we came out) and applied it to his olfactory organ—"nonsense! hold a colloquy with a cigar! What absurdity is this!"

“And why not? did not Rousseau confabulate with the birds? Would Glover\* have found a less musical language in any of his favourites

\* Glover, the celebrated landscape-painter, who has withdrawn himself to a new world, having exhausted the old, carried, perhaps, his knowledge of birds beyond that of any man who ever lived. It was his custom, in the summer-season, to visit the most romantic parts of England and Wales, and there to pitch his tent and draw and colour from nature. He chose for his retirement the vicinity of some unfrequented village, and, being very abstemious in his diet, contented himself with the humble fare that the nearest ale-house afforded. His sole companions in these excursions were birds, with whom he held colloquy, professing perfectly to understand their language and to have made them conversant with his own. Pigeons were his favourites, as being most intelligent: of the latter species, he had one who would sit on his shoulder while he was at work, and who, when evening came, was wont, at a given signal, to fly home and await his master's return. One day the artist made a circuitous route, and being interested with sketching some newly discovered scene, or catching some extraordinary effect of light, forgot the hour, when he was surprised at seeing the little creature soaring above his head, and at length alighting on his accustomed perch. When seated there, it expressed, by the querulous tones of its voice and the sharpness of its beak, its displeasure, which Glover was for a while puzzled to divine the occasion of. He soon, however, threw him up in the air, and pointed towards the encampment; but his attached friend resumed his old post, and would not be driven away, nor would ever afterwards

than in this dear charmer, whose last remains of existence I will soothe by the tribute of my praise ?

be induced to lose sight of him, being afraid, as the painter said, that it was his intention to give him the slip. Starlings, he used to say, were possessed of great genius ; and being asked which of the feathered tribes were the least so, after a pause, he replied, sparrows—not that they wanted *talent*, but that they were *vulgar* fellows.

He had made the habits of birds so much his study, that when a lark was hovering over a field, he could tell whether the songster had eggs, a callow brood, or if the young were full-fledged ; in fact, Jean Jaques was a mere ignoramus compared with him. It is a pity he did not leave us, before he went to the New World, a complete grammar and dictionary of the particular language of each species, and an exact prosody for rightly comprehending the intonation of the words. Thus, perhaps, he was convinced that nightingales or thrushes (the finest songsters, by the by, of the two) do not sing for the pleasure of singing, but of conversing with one another and conjugating the verb “ love.”

A French abbé gives the following dialogue between two magpies, which our bird-linguist is as likely to have rightly interpreted as Champollion has done the hieroglyphics :—

“ Il n’y a rien plus ici à manger. Allons ailleurs.

“ Où allez vous, ma mie ?”

“ Je m’en vais.”

“ Suivez moi. Venez vite, accourez. Voici des bonnes choses.”

“ Où êtes vous ?”

“ Me voici.”

“ Yes, pretty chuck ! chuck ! ” I continued, addressing myself to the imprisoned spirit, and ceasing for a moment to suck her soul out. “ Thou *piccianina* ! thou darling ! thou tempter ! in whom is no coquetry, in whose breath of balm no falsehood or deceit, whether thou choosest to embody ‘ thy naked beauties \* ’ in the vesture of the golden *Dos Amigos*, the panthered *Sylva*, or the sober-stoled *Woodville*, or disdainest not the sable livery of *Cuba* ! Thou friend to him who has no friend beside, to whom I communicate without disguise the inmost secrets of my breast, who makest it not solitude to be alone, but rather peoplest it with all sweet fancies and delightful reveries !

“ Thou comforter ! thou best of anodynes ! who

“ *Vous mangez tout. Je vous battraï.* ”

“ *Ahi ! ahi ! vous me faites mal !* ”

“ *Qui est-ce qui arrive là.* ”

“ *J’ai peur.* ”

“ *Gare ! gare ! Alarme, alarme ! Cachons nous !* ”

“ *Sauvons nous.* ”

Montaigne says, “ Comment ne parleroient elles contre elles ? Elles parlent bien à nous, et nous à elles. ”

ED.

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\* But by pure lovers more admired by far  
In naked beauties—give me a cigar.—BYRON.



sootheest to rest my troubles and inquietudes, and makest them vanish into thin air like thyself—who warmest me in winter, and now, as I am seated after breakfast, enveloped in the palm-leaves of my dressing gown, with my legs on the table, dissolved in thine own aroma, floating in clouds as fragrant as incense from an altar, throwest a delicious perfume around me, a halo over my mind—I love thee!”

In the midst of this eulogium and ardent declaration of my passion entered Julian, unshorn, and with haggard look, as though he had found no opiate from his last night's Trichinopolies. To our questions as to his health, he said, laconically, “I am well for all day.” Nothing, I find, annoys him more than such inquiries. He, however, assumed spirits that were not natural to him, and Roger soon came to announce that the boat was ready.

“But first I must catch the old black hen, and then this little feather-legged bantam, that has made her nest, half hid by the laurustinas under the window. She is certainly a cross from the grouse, at least her plumage is exactly like theirs. Throw the landing-net over her. Cackle away, my lady! It is not the first time you

have been caught, and must give me some of those pretty neck feathers, for I saw yesterday gnats on the water, speckled like them, with a green body, and this I will imitate with some of the wool from the old carpet."

I set to work, and when I had completed my task, sallied forth to the lake. They were completely successful: thirty-five trout were the produce of this day, which I passed with one of the strangers.

He had been trolling in the Bala lake, and described a murderous process, that I, poor ignoramus, had never before heard of.

His prescription was this. Procure a long glass tube, with holes for air, and one large enough to admit minnows. Imprison half-a-dozen, and drive a plug in tight, attaching it first by perforation, and a knot, to a water-cord, with corks sufficient to weigh the machine, having previously calculated the required depth, and let it float out from the boat twenty or thirty yards. You may then troll with a good lively bait, with certain success, *i. e.* a certainty of slaughter, for all the perch in the neighbourhood will be attracted to the decoy.

"A curse on all such contrivances!" thinks I to myself.

\* \* \* \*

Charters has not forgotten his chaste Dian, and has been Endymionizing till a late hour about Pont y Garth. He has made a sketch of her, and if it is like, (but lovers' eyes see with a different vision to those of common mortals,) she must be passing fair. The young Welshman's story of her being cold as the moonbeam, has not chilled him. She did not make her appearance, and he consoled himself with victimizing galore of trouts, but none of them out of their teens of months.

Since dinner I have been trying to bring out Julian, and have succeeded. He is never happy, or animated, but when his fancy turns back to India. One of the party had with him a wire-haired greyhound, from Ireland, that reminded our 'Venator' of a coursing of quite a novel kind. And you shall have his description of it, preface and all—which is like the mile and the wai bit, in Sussex, the one twice the length of the other.

"I went with Colonel G——, and a party, among which were two ladies, to pass a month

at Juggernaut, the Golgotha, or Gehenna (the Hindostanee word for hell is Gehannum) of the East, and not improperly applied, for the environs of the place of skulls are white with the bones of victims, who come to die there, thinking themselves sure of 'Keylas' (Paradise) if they can reach it, so to do. We had with us, camels, elephants, horses, palanquins, and a train of servants and followers, that astonished my weak European mind, for I had but just arrived in the country.

"We found on the beach several deserted bungalows, that had been built before the cantonment was removed to Cuttack, from which we had set out, and took possession of those best in repair, having brought all our camp equipage to furnish them for the occasion.

"It was the time of a great Teerut, the Ram-Iathra,\* and we had found the road literally avennued with pilgrims from the remotest parts of India, emaciated, half-starved creatures, such as Dante describes Ugolino, or Sir Joshua Reynolds painted him. Some were measuring their length in the dust; others with their arms raised above their heads, till the muscles had become rigid and

\* See Appendix.

inflexible; others, their nails bedded into their hands; and many stark naked, reviving the account of the early Christian worthies in the Thebaid.

“The ‘Rhat,’ the drawing out of the carriage of the idol, took place the day after our arrival, and I was present in the great square, and seated at the Collector’s house, when the doors of the Temple were thrown open. I cannot tell you what was my horror to witness the torrent of bodies, like a meeting of waters, rushing in conflicting eddies through the gates. When the tide had subsided, I saw three hundred left dead in the crush. I am telling no fiction, but a positive damning fact;—damning, I say, to the Company, for they had exacted a rupee from each of these devoted fanatics. How strange it is that we can weep over a moving tale, and with tearless eyes bear spectacles so shocking to humanity!

“We passed our time in hunting all day near the ruins of the Black Pagoda, eating and drinking afterwards till twelve, and then bathing by moonlight in the surf, though we knew it to be full of sharks. But I had as narrow an escape from the jaws of the sea; for, having got into

that *τρικυμια*, I could not get back for nearly half an hour, the retiring curl carrying me whence I had set out, and it was only by diving through it, as it retreated, that I at last effected a landing.

“ I began by talking of greyhounds. W——, the collector, had just received from England three or four thorough-bred ones, and invited us to a course. We mounted our horses before sunrise, and proceeded some miles along the tri-breakered sea-shore, between which and the jungle was stretched a long tract of level yellow sand.”

“ It must have been a novel sight, and to most an uninteresting one ; yet, even from such a scene a poet can draw inspiration ; for you remember what one of the greatest in these prolific times, in riding along the Lido at Venice with Lord Byron, says :—

‘ I love all waste  
And solitary places, where we taste  
The pleasure of believing, what we see,  
Is boundless as we wish our souls to be.  
And such was this wide ocean, and the shore  
More barren than its billows.’ ”

“ Such an idea never crossed one of our

minds, though this was boundless and barren enough, without a blade of grass to relieve the eye. But on the beach itself grew some lichens, and marine weeds here and there, that tempt the antelopes from their thickets to cross the plain in the night, and pick up this scanty vegetation, of which they are fond.

“ I had seen, the day before, one of these deer in the open part of the covert, bound after bound, as if in play, leave behind the fleetest of our dogs, and was assured that such would be the result here.

“ We came at last in sight of a herd, reminding me of Virgil’s ‘*cervos prospicit errantes.*’ Off they went, and off were slipped, full three hundred yards behind, the greyhounds. But the odds were now greatly in their favour, for their feet passed with comparative lightness over the surface, whilst the cloven hoofs of their prey sank deep below it, and the consequence was, that they were overtaken, and two pulled down. As to our horses, they were, as you may suppose, far in the rear, and came panting and blowing, and toiling, up to their knees, through the loose ground, to where two beautiful black bucks lay.

“ Some years afterwards I had an opportunity

of witnessing a course of another kind, against the same sort of animals. It was with 'cheetahs.' They were drawn to the ground on a sort of four-wheeled platform, by two natives, armed with sharp instruments of defence, in case they should be outrageous. The antelopes are said to be fascinated, as birds are by snakes, at the sight of these brutes, and prevented by terror from using the means Nature has provided for their safety. But in this instance, when found, notwithstanding the incredible bounds of their feline enemies, they made clear off, and the hunting-leopards were so savage at their unsuccessful chase, that it was some time before their keepers ventured to approach them."

"*'Naturam expellas furcâ, tamen usque recurret,'*" said one of the strangers, laughing at his own pun.

"But I despised these pastimes when I had been initiated in nobler sport. My friend Williams, of the 8th Dragoons (who was drowned, poor fellow! with Shelley, in the Mediterranean,) wrote me an account of a lion-hunt, in which I regret much not having joined. His letter (which I am sorry I have mislaid, or would read to you) was highly graphic.



“ It was the season of the hot winds, when, driven by want of water from the Bichanier, or Green Deserts, on the edge of which the party were met, the beasts of prey seek the jungles near the villages on its borders, and commit great ravages among the cattle.

“ The chase had been for several days very unsuccessful, when a Rhaiot, or Guallah, came one morning to their camp, saying, that a buffalo from his herd had been chased away in the night, and that for some time past he had frequently heard the phao. This sound, though it is supposed generally to come from the jackall, or lion’s provider, I imagine to proceed from males or females, in the amatory state, purring like cats. Be this as it may; the train was ready for the field, and immediately sallied forth, and with them, half the ‘gong,’ to form a line between the intervals of the elephants, eight in number, on which was mounted the ‘Partie de Chasse.’ I must tell you, that an elephant which has once carried baggage loses all his courage, and is worth nothing for hunting.

“ My friend was mounted on a female I have often seen. She was so bold that she would attack a tiger, and kneel on him; and I had

once one of the same sex, that, having got a leopard between her legs, kicked it backwards and forwards, from her hind to her fore foot, and from her fore to her hind, with the ease we strike a tennis or cricket ball, till it was dead. This by the way.

“ Their ‘ battu ’ was of a different kind from yours at Hyneham or Rencomb. Profound silence was observed, for tiger is not like pheasant-shooting or fox-hunting, and the least noise often scares away, to be found no more, the slinking sly game of the forest. They beat for four hours without finding, and began to think the peasant’s tale a fable, when, coming to a clear spot amid the jungle, they perceived the print of a buffalo’s hoofs, and a number of monstrous foot-marks of wild beasts, that had seemingly been hunting in company. These tracks were sometimes lost in high dagger-grass up to the howdah, and then the ground was too hard to retain the impression ; but, by careful pricking, they were hit upon again, and finally led to the carcase of a buffalo still warm and half devoured.

“ It was now certain that the animals, whatever they were, could not be far distant ; but it

was uncertain which course to take, from the circumstance of distinct traces of paws being perceptible in four different directions. Suffice it to say, they conducted to the lairs of as many lions, who were thus proved to have been hunting in a pack; a fact which forms a singular exception in the habits of creatures of the feline species, and is well worthy of notice by the naturalist.

“ They were so much gluttoned, that three of them showed little fight; but the fourth, an enormous male, having been struck at the onset by a ball from Williams’s Joe Manton, fought with desperate courage, and sprang upon one of the elephant’s heads, to the great terror of the mahout and the imminent risk of the owner. The brute, however, having no *που στω* there, soon fell with his own dead weight, and was not eventually overpowered and killed till he had received thirty balls;—we counted them.

“ My friend had the hide, which he was entitled to as the inflictor of the first wound.

“ The distance between the eyes was greater than in any tiger I ever saw.

“ Perhaps you are not aware that it is a custom religiously observed to burn off the

whiskers, lest they should be administered in the nature of a poison: the natives believe that a single particle of hair of so strong a quality must be attended with the most fatal consequences to the intestines. Shakspeare seems to have attributed the same quality to horse-hair, and says, in *Anthony and Cleopatra*,

‘ Which, like the courser’s hair, has got but life,  
And not the serpent’s poison.’

But this by the way.

“ It was from Williams’s description of the death, I wrote, almost in his own words, the following lines :—

‘ Senseless, outstretch’d, and gasping on the plain,  
Life ebbing fast from many a streaming vein,  
Yet—yet unquench’d, his lurid eyeball’s fire  
Glares with a savage, fell, malignant ire ;  
And his curved paws, in act of conflict still,  
Though lost the power to slay, retain the will,  
And if a leaf but rustle, feebly close  
Those fangs in fancied clutching of his foes.  
Then does a wilder frenzy light his eye,  
And lengthen’d howls of lingering agony  
Express a joy not all his pangs abate—  
His lordly nature overmastering fate.  
And when the blood in suffocating tide  
Rush’d upward, and the rattling throat denied

Their further utterance, stifled groans express'd  
That thoughts of baffled vengeance marr'd his rest.  
He dies ! his terrors e'en outlive his breath,  
And all the lion shows itself in death !

“ But my days are counted : the spell is broken—it was a protracted dream. I shall no more mount my favourite ‘ hattee ;’ never again thread those untrodden solitudes ; accompany no more to the chase the brothers of my heart, whom I left—fool ! fool !—to return to what ?—my native country. Country ! it is a cheat—a juggling cheat, a word most mouthed by those who know it least. Call it exile—call it what you will, India was *my* country. There I had friends, a home, congenial employments—pursuits to rouse the mind to energy : here all is torpor—stagnation—death !

‘ Man has no scorpion like inglorious rest ;  
Unfed—the worm will feed upon the breast.’ ”

With these words he left us, and I, for one, returned in no very merry mood to my chamber.

## SIXTEENTH DAY.

Tal y Llyn.—Success on this Pool.—Dine *en petit comité*.  
 —Lady Holland and Tommy Moore.—Return of Charters.—His Adventure.—Shelley's English-Italian Lines.  
 —Buona Notte.

Tal y Llyn, Wednesday, 14th.

LASHED as this pool is, from morn till dark, strange that the trout should be such fools as to rise. But I lashed it again, and still with the same result—thirty fish to add to the list!

\* \* \* \*

We dined *en petit comité*, the Welsh Angler, Julian, and myself. Charters did not return. Where can he possibly be? \* \* \* \* The stranger has retired, and Venator, lost in the jungles of Hindoostan, made no Christopher at our *noctes*: reminding me of what Lady Holland said to Tommy Moore, on his return to the drawing-room after dinner—"Moore, you did

not do your duty to-day." At twelve o'clock our Endymion made his appearance, with a true lover-like, Sir-Joshua face, haggard, wan, and disconsolate. This time he has really met with an adventure. Hear him.

"As I was sauntering along the banks of a small rivulet that falls into the Towyn, I suddenly came in sight of a gentleman's seat. It was built of the white stone of the country, and seemed to have been added to, and modernized, at no distant period. The pleasure-grounds were filled with American plants, and the lawn, which exhibited the nicest care of some elegant mind, shelved down to the edge of the silvery stream, that gaily danced along like some infant to rush into its nurse's arms. The house, peeping through some venerable beech-trees, was backed by a range of wild mountains, part of the extreme chain of Cader; and half way up, its sides were clothed by a forest of oak, contrasting well with the barren and broken crags that overbrowed it.

"How pleasant, thought I, from this 'loop-hole of retreat to peep at such a world' as must expand itself from the windows of this sweet abode! Would that such a retreat were mine!

“I sighed, and passed on to where the junction of the two streams offered a deep bay. It attracted me, and I soon hooked a small trout.

“Just as I was drawing him to land I observed a large fish make two or three rapid zigzags, that flashed each like a plate of silver; they were preparatory to his seizing my prey, which he did, notwithstanding my resistance, dragged it several yards, then dropped it, and disappeared. I trolled for some time with the paste, but he was on a different scent; and I bethought me of my artificial minnow (for I had no live baits), and as the water was slightly discoloured by yesterday's rain (though I had tried it often without success), was resolved to give it one more essay. At my very first cast I hooked and landed him. He was a sea-trout of four pounds. I hallooed to the boy who was following with my pony, and sent it, with my compliments, to the mansion.

“The day was fast closing, and the mist, which had at intervals been floating fast over the mountains, now grew dense, and at last descended, more like a tropical rain, or a water-spout, than a shower, when a maid, whom by her costume I perceived to be other than a peasant,



approached me, and, with a very pretty address, delivered a message, to the purport that her mistress had observed that I was overtaken by the rain, and begged I would accept of shelter, and some refreshment at the villa.

“ I was scarcely a becoming figure for a lady’s boudoir ; but there was so much of romance in the ‘ situation,’ that I could not find it in my heart to get out a negative.

“ I put up my rod, wound the tack round my hat, and accompanied the pretty-spoken messenger, chatting with her on the way, and endeavouring, by cross-questions (at which I am rather an adept), to elicit some information respecting the owner of the mansion.

“ But the cunning minx was as wary in her replies as the most practised French abigail. The hall-door was open, and I was ushered by the *ancilla* into a saloon, furnished in the newest fashion, and that bespoke the opulence of the inhabitants. A square green-damasked ottoman, with cushions the most inviting, was in the centre of the room ; an upright piano, and a harp, stood against the walls ; and a cheerful blaze from a wood fire threw a flickering light over the apartment.

“ Before I had time to seat myself, I was welcomed by a sweetly-modulated voice, soft, and clear as a silver bell, proceeding from a girl that I took to be nineteen, and in whom I recognized at a glance the mysterious Naiad of the stream. She was above the common height, resembling most — Cynthia as she appeared to Actæon,\* or rather the Personification of Greece, that stood before Atossa in her dream, and made for ‘ a queen of the land.’ Her form was of exquisite symmetry, and seen to advantage through the many folds of the ‘ wind-woven’ muslin robe in which she was enveloped, being what the French denominate a *blouze*.

“ Her air was easy and unembarrassed, and her step—

‘ The antelope,  
In the suspended impulse of its lightness,  
Not less ethereally light.’

Her hair, as I told you, was of a deep brown, that corresponded with her eyes, and floated in luxuriant and massy ringlets over her fair shoulders, which fell with the true classic bend, and would have defied a shawl to have remained on

\* Tamen altior illis

Ipsa dea est, colloque tenus supereminet omnes.

OVID, *Met.*—Ed.

them without constant assistance from the hand, a piece of coquetry so successfully practised in Italy; but coquetry formed no part of the character of the lovely Cambrian, whose grace was that of nature, and countenance the index of a mind pure and unadulterated by the vanities of ball-rooms and the posture-study of opera-boxes.

“ She thanked me for my present, said her father was from home, and supposed I was surprised at her receiving me in his absence, but that she had always held in sovereign contempt Madame de Stael’s maxim, ‘ *Qu’une femme doit céder aux opinions du monde.*’

“ I saw before me a second Diana Vernon, a beau-ideal likeness of that charming creation of the Scotch novelist.

“ In half an hour all the formality which strangers feel was worn off, and our conversation became, if not confidential, unrestrained. She spoke to me of our mutually-favourite pursuit, and seemed to be well acquainted with the lakes and rivers of her native hills, particularly Tal y Llyn, Bala, and Capel Kerig, the Dec, and the Tivy.

“ ‘ My pursuits,’ she remarked archly, ‘ I am

aware, are thought too masculine for our sex; but I am the only child of one who has been, though he is now unhappily getting old, a determined sportsman, and he has long given me a taste for amusements that have ended in constituting my happiness. You will be surprised to hear that I breed race-horses; I am also fond of hunting, and could show you in my stable, for my groom is just returned from giving her a *breathing*, a mare that has carried me over stone walls that few of my father's hunt dared to face till I showed them the way. You see this little terrier; I like him because he is no *varmint*, and many a fox has he drawn from earth.'

"The rough, wiry-haired, blink-eyed creature seemed by his caresses to appreciate his mistress's panegyric, and leaping into her arms, watched for some moments her intelligent and animated features, and then, making a turn or two, rolled himself up to sleep in her lap.

"Can such occupations, thought I, glancing at the piano, be consistent with the finer arts and accomplishments that embellish woman?

"She seemed to read my thought, and, ringing for lights, which were brought by the same attendant, moved towards the instrument. It was

a grand piano of Broadwood's, and on the desk lay the opera of 'Semiramide.' I was familiar with the music of that chef-d'œuvre of Rossini, for I had been at Florence in 1826, and during six weeks drank deep of the inspiration of the divine and soul-piercing Pesaroni.

"The book was open at a cavatina which had stilled, night after night, the noisy 'palchi' of the Pergola. She sat down before it, and I listened as if my whole frame, like that of a fish, was one ear. At the first notes she struck, I could perceive that she was a finished '*pianiste*.' I never heard but one woman who had so *firm* a touch; her prelude was brilliant. She began to sing: the enchantment increased; her voice was a magnificent 'contr'alto'—her accompaniment faultless, for she indulged in no variations of her own, and contented herself with the notes as they were written, which I perceived, by the sharpness of the character, were French. Her pronunciation of the words was purely Tuscan.

"There was no difficulty that did not vanish before the marvellous flexibility of her organ. Her deep notes now penetrated the bottom of my heart, and now she played with her voice like a

humming-bird\* fluttering over the tops of flowers; and when she had ceased, I was so charmed to silence that I had no breath to utter a single 'bravo.' To conceal my emotion, I involuntarily

\* Charters's description of Miss ——'s singing reminds me of the song of the nightingale in Pliny the elder, so beautifully paraphrased by an Italian poet; and, as Tytler has said it is untranslatable, I will endeavour to give my version of that masterpiece of writing, itself evidently borrowed from some Greek poet.

"Delightful bird! marvellous indeed thou art! How can so mighty a voice reside in so diminutive a frame? and that frame be animated by such an indefatigable spirit, and have the faculty of modulating its strains of harmony with so perfect a knowledge of music? What enchanting tones are here! Now they are drawn out in an endless sinuosity of sweetness; now she dwells on a single note; now blends many variations into one; then takes up those she has abandoned, and all at once muffles them. At times she murmurs to herself the air: full chords, flats, sharps, crotchets, minims, quavers, semi-quavers, semi-demi-quavers—all yield to the marvellous flexibility of her organ, for she runs up and down the gamut, fluttering and playing with her voice, in treble, tenor or base, at will; in short, her little throat pours forth the most exquisite melodies that the art of man can elicit from the finest wind-instruments. The pretty creatures have also trials of skill together, in which it is evident that the contest is carried on with more and more emulation: defeat is not unfrequently succeeded by death, the spirit of song surviving the power to give it utterance."—E.

turned over the leaves of another book lying on the rack, and happened to light on a 'duo' in Odoardo and Oloiska, which I had heard——  
But no matter.

"She rose; and I took her place, and asked, striking the first notes of the prelude, if she knew the duet? She smiled an affirmative, and soon we were joining in that divinest——

*'Cio che tu bram' io bramo,*

*Non aviam' che un' cuore!*

"Never was I in better voice, for I never felt so deeply. At first, indeed, it trembled, and I fancied, though it might be imagination, that her's trembled too; but at the close they were in perfect accord, and seemed like a soul within a soul, 'a difference without discord,'—'notes formed for each other, yet dissimilar;' such was the entire harmony in which they blended. Suffice it to say, that our bravura left nothing to be desired, but that the words should be true. Never till then had I really known what the magic of music was. I could have worshipped her, as I once saw happen to Miss Stephens, and the thought brought with it the blighting recollection of her insensibility.

"An elegant collation now made its appear-

ance (but my heart was too full to eat), accompanied by several sorts of French wines, to which, however, I did ample justice. Hours flew away like moments, when I would have had them crawl into eternities. I was like a bird under the fascination of a hawk — spell-bound, and had not courage to tear myself away from the spot. It was necessary to remember that the night was far spent. I rose, and extended my hand; she did not refuse it, and I think I never heard a sound so melancholy as her — ‘Good night!’

“As I was opening the door she said — ‘Sir,’ (that cold monosyllable sounded like a knell,) ‘I am going to Aberystwith to-morrow, to prepare for the races, where I have a horse to run for the cup, and then we mean to pass a month there for sea-bathing; but if you come into this part of the world again, I — my father will be glad to see you.’ I bowed, and rode my pony at speed to our hotel.”

“*At at! habet;*” I said, laughing; “I will show you some English-Italian lines, of Shelley’s, which, as she is a professor in that language, though not in *the* language of love, she may set to music. Send them to her, original and my



translation, a line in the last stanza of which I have a little altered, to suit the occasion. Perhaps they may help to soften a soul flinty as her native mountains.

BUONA NOTTE!

‘ Buona notte ! Buona notte ! come mai

La notte sia buona senza te ?

Non dirmi buona notte, che tu sai,

La notte sa star bene da per se.

Solinga, secura, cupa, senza speme,

La notte, quando Lilla m’ abbandona,

Pei cuori che se batton insieme,

Ogni notte senza dirla, sara buona.

Quanto male buona notte si suona,

Con sospire, e parole interrotte.

Il modo di aver la notte buona,

E’ mai non di dir la buona notte !

GOOD NIGHT!

Good night ! Good night ! Ah ! say not so !

Can night be good where thou art not ?

Say not Good night ! Night’s good, you know,

Whether we would not, or we would.

Dark, silent, hopeless, sad, alone,

Night seems when thou withdraw’st thy light !

To hearts that only beat as one,

There needs no voice to say, Good night !

Good night 's a sound ill understood  
By one who parts with words that blight.\*  
The only way night can be good  
Is, never more to say, Good night !”

“ And so ‘ Buona notte !’ Charters, and pleasant dreams. I think I shall dream of her myself—And you, Julian.”

“ Dreams have made up the best of me. This *boutonner et déboutonner*, as the Frenchman said, ‘ avant qu’il brûlait la cervelle !’—I ’m sick on’t.”

\* *Var.*—In sighs and murmurs of delight.

## SEVENTEENTH DAY.

The old Fisherman.—His Illness.—His Opinions.—A Bard.  
—Transmigration of Souls. —Origin of that Doctrine.—  
Bardic Poetry.—English translation of a Welsh Poem.—  
A Salmon Hunt.—Neapolitan method of Fishing.

Tal y Llyn. 17th.

SHOULD any one chance to read this journal, he will be surprised to have so long lost sight of the old Fisherman.

Humphrey has never been well since our expedition to the Begalen pool. Whether it were that the fatigue was too much for him, or that the relation of the fatal events of his early life awakened too vividly recollections of things that had only floated dimly in his imagination, he has been gradually sinking ever since that night, and has not crawled out since our arrival more than three or four times. Poor fellow! he is now confined to his room.

Julian and myself have been constant visitors at his sick-bed, and this morning I had a long conversation with him. The old man will never live to benefit by the first fruits of the bet, or second, that have arrived, and seemed to give him little pleasure. There is, it seems, a kind of freemasonry, between the Indian and himself, in their religious or irreligious creeds, and it would appear that the old man is more than half a Hindoo. Thus they agree that the whole tribe of fishes is considered fair game, allowable food, and no others, except such as may directly or indirectly cause the death of man: rather a broad latitude by the by, if they choose to make it so, for thus a bull, or even a goat, or a ram, might effect this. Their conception of the Divine nature is equally Brahminical, denying the Supreme Power all locality of existence, as unworthy of him, and that of matter, by the following aphorism; "Nid Dim ond Duw, nid Duw ond Dim," or "God cannot be matter, and what is not matter, cannot be God:" reminding me of Byron's,

"When Bishop Berkeley said, There was no matter,  
Why, then, it was no matter what he said!"

Thus they are both Immaterialists. Humphrey tells me, that he met at the Eisteddfodd, at Caermarthen, a hierophant, in the person of a Bard, who, after a long probation, initiated him in the mysteries of his sect, and in the doctrines of Bardism, the principal one of which is, 'Fiat veritas pereat mundus.'\* This liberality is not confined to metaphysics, but, like that of the Illuminati of Germany, and the Carbonari of Italy, their leading profession of faith is, liberty and equality, and consequent perfectionability and happiness, all the world over. But there is a point still in which he comes nearer to Julian's way of thinking, a belief in the transmigration of souls into the bodies of animals, a sort of purgatory, by which men at last get absolution for all their sins; and so they ought, seeing it is not a very comfortable persuasion, nor half so agreeable as Dante's, some of whose 'circles' must be rather pleasant places.

Now, Julian (if the beasts of the field have any influence in the next world, and Pope's American savage is right,

"Who thought, admitted to another sky,  
His faithful dog would bear him company,")

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\* Y Gwir yu erbyn y byd.

will certainly, for his sins and murders, have to pass into the body of some anthropophagous tiger, and Humphrey for his, into some mighty eawg (salmon) or brithell (trout), whose antenatal existence, he thinks, accounts for their wariness, or what we call, in our blindness, mere instinct.

This strange system of theology, our disciple of the "cwmry" contends, was drawn immediately from Heaven,\* and taught by Gomer, the son of Japhet, not of Noah, as it appears, whence it has been orally preserved (like the marvellous poems of Ossian) from Bard-braint to Braint-bard, down to the present times, pure and unadulterated by the lapse of ages, or the changes in matters of religion, and was, he says, common to the disciples of Brahma and the Egyptian Magi, whence it found its way into Greece through the medium of Pythagoras, who picked it up during his travels into those countries. Something like the common sentiment in Wales, that "John Jones has always been John Jones." As to the language itself,

\* Dwyn o'r nen

Deç reud açau'r Awen.

We derive from Heaven

The primeval inspiration of Bardism.

ED.

he quoted St. Isidore, to prove that it was the same spoken in Italy in the times of Janus and Saturn. He seems to entertain no fears of a future state, which he thinks himself near, and has a full confidence in the immortality of the soul;—but what sort of immortality? Who would not rather be a revolutionary materialist, or an animal-magnetic Theosoph? In fact, they believe everything and nothing.”\*

The old bard has repeated me text after text, arranged in tri-metre, which he has rendered for my conversion literally; but they seem to me, generally speaking, anything but oracular—neither over-wise nor over-inspired: he firmly believes them to be as old as Adam. These sententious proverbs are conveyed in verses that walk side by side like the French male and female rhymes, except that they go in threes of right centre left, as a troop is told off.

These trilogues or triads, he says, are easily retained in the memory, (I know I should not learn one in a month,) and he quotes one that says whoever remembers the verses will never want a friend by day or a guard by night.

\* ‘Coelliaw dim, a coelliaw pob peth.’—E.

So say the Arabs of Antar's poetry, and so believe the Irish of their famous 'rhann,' or rhyme, written by St. Patrick himself, of which I remember two of the *saving* stanzas : —

“ All pious Christians that repeat  
This rhann with true devotion,  
They need not be afeard of all  
The water in the ocean :  
  
The blessed Virgin too will grant  
Whatever they desire,  
And they'll always be saved  
Both from water and from fire.”

Humphrey also spoke to me much about an old sportsman and warrior-bard who lived to one hundred and eighty, a good old age, equal to that of an eagle, who, the ancients thought, never died but when his beak cut his own throat : this worthy is, in fact, the Welsh Nestor, and like Horace has of course been turned into a canorous swan, whilst his brother bards have become, as Pythagoras says, cackling geese. Some of his lines he quoted in his story ; he calls him Llywarc, and says he is the greatest of poets in the “ Ynys Prydain,” or the Isle of Beauty, (Britain,) by which he means a part for



the whole, the Principality. I was curious to have a specimen of his merits, and with much exertion, which I fear has been too great a fatigue for him, he has dictated to me, who am notorious for my scepticism, very many of the Triban Milwr, or Warrior's triplets in Welsh, and a literal lineal version. By the effect they produced on Humphrey, they must be full of force in the original, monosyllabic, consonantal, and by-me-and-all-foreigners-unpronounceable tongue, well described in Beppo—

“ A harsh and northern, whistling, grunting guttural,  
In which they're forced to hiss, and spit, and sputter all.”

Taking leave of him for an hour, I amused myself with selecting such stanzas or parts as pleased me most, and having turned them into English, flattered myself, as Byron says, until I read them to the old man, that they were done “ into very decent verse ;” but the Cambrian, I saw, did not think so. Here they are, and the transcript will fill up the time till dinner ; they are, it must be remembered, addressed by the broken-hearted minstrel to his staff, a fit divinity for a Druid.

“ Baglan bren, gangen galed,  
Baglan bren, neud gwanwyn?

“ Baglan bren, neud cyntevin,  
Neud rhudd rhç, neud cryç, egin?

“ Baglan bren, neud cynhauar,  
Rhudd rhedyn, melyn calav?

“ Eiddil, hên, hwyr yd re!  
Dyrgweny gwynt gwyn gre godre gwydd,  
Dewr hydd, diwlydd bre;  
Eiddil hên, hwyr yd re.

“ Baglan bren—gangen galed,  
A'm cynnwysi: Duw diped!  
Elwir pren cywir cynnired.

“ Y sawl a'm caroedd ni'm câr.  
Wyv tridyblyg hên, wyv anwad—al drud,  
Vy mhedwar priv-gâs crymoed,  
Ymgyvarvyddynt yn unoed.

“ Y ddeilen hon neu's eynnired gwynt.  
Gwne hi o'i thynged  
Hi hen—eleni y ganed!

“ Adwen leverydd eyni vrân  
A'i du gyssel eyr eu bran,  
Can ddiwg ac argynan.

“ Ysyd Lanvor dra gweilgi  
Y, gwna mor mohed wrthi  
Trwydd a geti di anwyl.”

O say, my staff, my sole remaining might,  
Is it the spring? do all things breathe delight?  
Can sounds or odours sweet to day turn Llywarc's night?

Or, tell me, is it not a summer's morn,  
The furrows green, the bloom on the young corn?  
Feel I the west wind fan my faded cheek in scorn?

Does autumn from the full ear shake the seed?  
Is the fern brown, and parch'd the yellow reed?  
*I* am a sapless stem—a useless, wither'd weed!

Slow—slow my steps. Winter has bound the rill;  
O'er the bleak heath the scoffing gusts howl shrill;  
Free bounds the wild deer now—from me can bound at will.

Bear up, my staff, yet bear awhile with me,  
My sire, like thine, was a time-honour'd tree;  
Bear with an old, old man, in second infancy.

Those who once loved me love me now no more,  
For I am triply bent—old, blind, and poor;  
Loathsomeness, palsy, aches, catarrh, are all my store.

The leaf that hangs the last upon the bough,  
Sways it not whencesoever the wind may blow?  
With every breath to fall, I shake and quiver too.

Hist! hark! 'twas some oracular voice that spoke!  
No; from the hollow of the Druid oak,  
Omen of death and fate, I heard the raven croak.

On—on to Lanvor! Emblem there of me,  
A dark—dark stream flows on to swell the sea:  
Thus be my years and woes gulf'd in eternity!

\* \* \* \*

Our Wye stranger made one of the dinner party, and related a *battue*, of which he was spectator, different from that of Bengal; it was a salmon-hunt, and whether it be peculiar to Wales I know not.

“ The party consisted of a great number of persons, not fishermen alone, but the farmers and proprietors of the land on the banks of the river Wye, where they were about to beat. For this last purpose many of them were exclusively assembled, and armed accordingly with long poles; the rest, some with single and some with double-pronged harpoons, but they were different in make, the first having a shank of three feet and being fastened by a rope similar to the ‘grains’ on board a ship, and the other possessing a handle of seven or eight. Thus equipped, all sallied up the stream.

“ It was then low water; in fact, at any other season than in the greatest drought such an expedition could not take place with any prospect of success.

“ On coming to a pool, the spearsmen took their posts at intervals in the shallows, for

several hundred yards above and below the spot where it was expected to find the prey lying; and the signal being given by the most distant, and conveyed through the line that they were ‘barror’ (ready,) the ‘waddors’ (beaters) waded into the pool up to their middles, beginning to lash and agitate the water with loud yells. Presently, one of the finny tribe, frightened by the unusual disturbance of his retreat, as well as the barbarous Welsh screams, (as he well might be,) dashed up the stream. ‘Vinidd!’ (up) cried the beaters with one voice, which, like the word of command through the ranks of a regiment, was conveyed voice by voice from man to man, as the fish passed his ambush.

“ The river was lower on this occasion than it had been known for many years, and the shallows were consequently so shallow that the salmon, which was a giant of the species, did not in many places, where the

‘ Obliqua laborat

*Lympha fugax trepidare rivo,*’

find more than depth for his huge body to swim in; and his back once appeared above the surface. But I was not till then aware of the bird-like velocity, the lightning speed of the cawg,

nor ever considered how admirably Nature had provided the means of its self-preservation, by gifting it with a form of all others the best adapted for cutting so solid an element as it inhabits, a form from the imitation of which, I doubt not, that of the arrow has been derived. You may conceive, that it must require no little dexterity, and a good and practised eye, to allow for the loss of time from the arm to the fish, in order to strike him as he darts past, fear adding wings to his fins. The first of his enemies missed him. ‘Vinidd!’ he vociferated. The second was equally unsuccessful. ‘Vinidd!’ he exclaimed.

“In like manner the salmon escaped from the shafts of several more in succession, and at last, being more alarmed than ever by the disturbance in the bed of the river, made by a random spear that fell wide of him, turned sharp round, and resuming his old course, with the same chances against him, returned in safety to the pool whence he had set out, and took refuge under the roots of some alders, that lined the bank, and once there, it was needless to endeavour to start him a second time.

“ The next pool produced two salmon, who took different directions. ‘ Vinnid eawg un laur,’ (a salmon up and down,) echoed the voices of the ‘ waddors,’ and the banks sent back the accustomed watchword, ‘ Vinidd un laur!’ This time both the salmon fell victims. An accident happened, that I believe is not unusual, to one of the victors. He was hanging earnestly over the bank, so far that in delivering his harpoon he lost his balance, and man and fish lay floundering together in the rapid, to the great amusement of the lookers on, and myself among the number. A complete ducking was the only consequence of this ridiculous mishap, and the spearman was soon consoled by the sight of his spoil (that weighed upward of twenty pounds), and the conscious pride of the exploit.\*

“ The sport was continued after sunset, but then the *battue* ceased, and the strictest silence and caution were observed. The peasants

\* The salmon was a female. These are easily distinguished from the males by the nose being larger and more hooked, the scales less brilliant, and the body speckled over with dark brown spots.—Ed.

brought bands of hay or straw, which they lighted, and held down by the side of the spearmen, who crept quietly along to the most likely parts of the river. The salmon had now the odds greatly against them, for, attracted by the torches, they rose, and lay motionless almost on the surface of the water, presenting an easy aim to their foes, who announced each victory by the death-yell of 'Clath utto!' (kill again), that was repeated in deafening shouts by the spectators. The night was dark:—the glare of the flambeaux lighting up the banks of the river, and reflected on its surface—the figures of the spearmen, in broad relief—the cries of the harpooners, and the yells of applause, that followed each triumph, presented an animated and novel scene."

"This method of taking fish reminds me of what I saw practised in the Bay of Naples, in 1822, from the Chiatamone, where I lived. I used nightly to watch the motion of a broadly reflected, rapidly-moving torch, opposite my windows; and on inquiring what it meant, learned that it proceeded from a boat, to which it was attached, and which boat contained 'Fer-



dinando, il re dei Lazzaroni,' as he was properly called, for none of them could vie with him in imbecility of intellect, in vulgarity of manners, or in dexterity at their own particular occupation."

" But our lights are nearly extinguished, and give us warning that the dawn is not far distant."



## **A P P E N D I X.**



## APPENDIX.

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*From Swammerdam's rare Treatise on the Ephemerus.*

“HOW AND IN WHAT A WONDERFUL MANNER THE WORM IS  
TRANSFORMED INTO AN EPHEMERUS.

“When the time of the change of the worm of the Ephemerus is approaching, and the wings, hidden in the cases or husks, have acquired their due strength and form, and it is no longer in the power of the worm to delay its change; those which have their parts thus disposed and prepared, march out of their habitations into the water. This usually happens in the evening between six of the clock and half an hour after. This I observed on the thirteenth of the month of June, in the year 1671, pursuing the change of the worms of the ephemerus.

The other worms, which are not as yet come to this state of growth, remain in their cells. Those which have crept into the water move forward, and make all the haste they can from the bottom to the surface; which, when some more swiftly and others more slowly are arrived at, each of them is changed into a winged insect. But this change or casting of the skin is so suddenly performed, that even the most attentive person cannot otherwise judge, than that the worm breaks

or bursts its way and swiftly flies out of the middle of the water.

Every insect that I have hitherto observed has a certain and determined time appointed for it by the omnipotent God to expand its wings and dry them, that they may become smooth and polished, before they are able to prepare themselves for flight. But the Ephemerus, on the contrary, is almost at one and the same point of time a reptile and a flying creature. Wherever one sees at this time a little water bubble up, if he casts his eyes on the surface, there is immediately a winged insect observed to issue out of the middle of the water. Argus would want eyes, if he should attempt to trace these miracles of the adorable Creator of the universe. If any one goes into a boat and fixes in a situation directly against the descending stream of a river, then he may very well see these insects emerging or rising up, and casting their skin.

It is difficult to say what is the reason that these wings are so swiftly expanded, and yet have neither muscles nor joints in them, but only artificially plaited and folded; nay, they must again change their skin the moment after. This difficulty surely is very worthy to be solved. I indeed thought it necessary that these wings should be provided with muscles and joints in the substance of them, as we have observed in many other insects; for the latter can by the help of such joints and muscles very artificially contract their wings into a narrow compass, and again quickly unfold or display them. This holds, among the rest, in Ear-wigs, which hide or put up very long wings in a small sheath, which folds and covers them so neatly that they seem to be quite destitute of wings. But though the Ear-wigs can

by the power of muscles and joints, which they have in the middle of their wings, closely fold these wings in the same manner as in the *Ephemerus*, which has not yet gone through its change, and again quickly expand them; and though I thought the *Ephemerus* was in need of the like assistance, yet the supreme Architect has not been pleased to make use of the same structure; and it appears that even this structure was not necessary.

If the trials that I have hitherto made can throw any light on this instantaneous expansion of the wings, it must consist in this: that I think the water, which is warmer on the surface than in the bottom of the river, flowing all over and penetrating into the wings, contributes very much to their expansion. For by the assistance of the water, the blood which is then driven out of the heart into the wings, in order to promote this needful expansion, may be impelled with greater force; in the same manner as we see the blood is by the help of hot water drawn more plentifully into the feet, and those parts are more distended when any one is blooded in the foot. Thus, because the blood and all the humours in this insect, when it gets into the water, swims about and is employed in changing its skin, are violently moved; hence the surrounding water may be of great service to impel the humours contained in the wings, so that they may be more expanded. Wherefore we likewise observe, that in the wings of insects, if wounded at that time, there follows a mortal hemorrhage, or if the creature survives, the wings are never afterwards displayed. To the more ready expansion of these wings, the impelled air likewise probably contributes very much, because it is conveyed thither through the numerous pulmonary tubes, and may serve for giving

strength and firmness to the pulmonary pipes, and for expelling the humour from thence. If you cut off the wings of the worm of the Ephemerus when it is very near its change, and throw them into a basin of water, you will immediately see them expanding by the force of the water flowing round them, and at length extending themselves into their natural, smooth, and even surface, so that they would serve the creature to fly if they were dry and strong enough. I have often made this experiment on the wings of this insect, and by that means have in some measure learned how they are expanded. When I have put them in the water, in the manner beforementioned, I have observed that their larger folds were first opened, and then by degrees the wings were stretched out at length. Afterwards, the longitudinal plaits of the wings were expanded, until at length the whole wings were entirely thrown open. This may be seen in the insect itself, which I have delineated from the life ; but the figures of the wings beforementioned are drawn with the help of a microscope. So long as the wings continue in their plaits and folds they are of a dark grey colour ; but this by degrees becomes more faint when they are expanded.

When the Ephemerus has taken its first flight, it seeks out with all speed for some place where it may quietly rest ; and having found such a one, it casts off a very thin and tender skin from its whole body, that is, from its head, breast, belly, and wings. But before I treat of this other change of the skin, I must observe that it is always made on dry land, whereas the former is constantly performed in the water. And the first change is likewise much more admirable and worthy of observation than the second. When the Ephemerus first casts



its skin or outward coat on the surface of the water, it at that time entirely loses its former shape ; but this is not the case in the second change.

Therefore, under the first of these changes, in which the skin of the worm, opening on the head and back, suddenly is separated from the body, until the fly speedily and quickly makes its way from thence, some very considerable parts are lost, that is, all the branches or gills on each side, together with the ten rowing fins under them. Nay, when these branches are separated, they do not leave even their hairs upon the body, but all vanish away so entirely, that only some small vestiges or points remain of them, which form a little margin or border on the sides of the belly. The Ephemerus loses also its teeth or forceps, and the former shape of its legs, and the cases of its wings, and tails, and other parts. Hence the Ephemerus having gone through this change of its skin, is become as it were another creature.

But as it is very difficult, perhaps impossible to observe all these things in the very short space of time in which the skin is casting, any person may do this at his leisure, if he gently and dexterously strips the worm, that is to change immediately, of its skin. For then the parting branchiæ or gills, which adhere to the exuviae or cast skin of the worm, are seen very plainly : then likewise appear those prominent apiculi or points they leave on the body of the Ephemerus itself ; nay, you may likewise see those little holes which received the apiculi or points just mentioned. The pulmonary tubes may be likewise seen. Why should I say anything of the muscles, tendons, vessels, and nerves which are separated from their membranes, like ripe fruit falling from a tree ? for neither reason, observation, nor

experience can discover anything of them, since they are all directed by the Omnipotent wisdom and providence, and conducted in such a wonderful manner that they are altogether incomprehensible.

Again, though many parts of the worm of the Ephemerus are extended and become longer under the first change of its skin, yet the horns which project from the forepart of the worm's head only cast their skin, and when it is off they become more slender and short in the flying Ephemerus than they were in the worm itself. The change that happens about the eyes merits yet greater attention, for their cornea tunica, which was of a smooth and equal surface in the worm, seems in the Ephemerus, after casting its skin, to consist of a congeries of many eyes, which form a little net equally divided. The legs likewise, together with two of the tails, become as long again by the change; but the third or middle tail is entirely taken off, having served no purpose but to the worm.

When I say the two eyes of this creature are composed of a congeries of lesser eyes, six, nay seven thousand of which I have observed thus clustered together in some insects; whereas in others, as spiders and scorpions, they are dispersed all over the body; I would not have any one conclude from thence, that their eyes are formed as they are in the human species and other known animals. They are by no means such, for they want the humours; but every globular division emits an hexagonal filament like a needle, which terminates in the net-like tunic or coat of the eyes, and this coat itself ends at the nerve and brain: so that these creatures see in a different manner from us. We see by the assistance of rays collected on the inside of our eyes, but these per-

form vision by a collection of nervous filaments, which, when they see, are lightly and gently affected and moved in their prominent extremities by visible objects, and by the rays of light or colours, and other appearances, as I have described at large, and expressed in figures, in my treatise on Bees.

As to the succeeding change of the skin of the Ephemerus, which immediately and without interruption follows the first, we are to observe therein, that the Ephemerus having once cast its skin, chooses no particular place to rest or settle in, in order to undergo the other. It fixes upon any place it can find in its flight, and it does not regard whether it be wood, stone, earth, a tree, a boat, a ship, a beast, or a man. It seems to be a most innocent little creature, indifferent to everything, so that it can rest anywhere, in order to cast off this second skin, which is done in the manner following:

The fly firmly and strongly fastens its legs, which are armed with sharp claws for that purpose; then it appears as if seized with a shuddering and trembling motion, and immediately its skin opens on the middle of its back in the small shield that is placed there: this opening becomes by degrees so large towards the fore parts, that the creature can thrust its head out of it. After this it draws its legs also out of the skin, whilst the claws, adhering to the cast skin, are in the mean time still firmly fixed in their places; and this indeed contributes much to remove the skin from the rest of the body.

Moreover, it must be well observed, that the head and legs are stripped of their skin in the same manner as we draw our feet out of our shoes, or our head out of a narrow cap. But as to the other parts, namely, the

first and second pair of wings, the skin is drawn off from them in such a manner, as that the inside is turned out and the outside in, as we invert a limber pair of gloves, the inward surface or inside of the fingers being pulled out. At the time when half the skin is drawn off the wings, these insects are as helpless captives, and fixed in that condition, they even lie for some time without any sensible or remarkable motion. The rest of the body is likewise by this second change extended, and becomes much longer, and the tails become a third part longer than they were after the first change. So that the tail and legs which were made, under the first change, a third part longer, are now again as much more lengthened ; but this holds more perfectly in the tails than the legs. For as the tail consists of hollow rings which are capable of being drawn out from each other, hence its extension is much more conspicuous than that of the legs, because the latter only lay folded in the skin, but are now extended fully to their length, and nothing more. It is moreover to be observed in regard to the tail, that its hairs, which were planted very thick in the worm of the Ephemerus, are placed more remote from one another when it flies, and they also become much finer and thinner, since they likewise cast their skin twice, and appear issuing out of their hairs as out of little sheaths.

The Ephemerus having thus partly shaken and partly drawn off its skin, by inverting or turning it inside out, being now perfect, seeks again the water, on the surface of which it flies and beats up and down gently and quickly, and, as it seems, wantonly sports and plays, and then rests again, leaning on its tails, and striking its wings against each other. Whilst the

fly is thus in motion on the surface of the water, and loosely playing with its wings, its tail, which is hollow and full of hairs, very easily supports the body; for as it contains air in it, it is therefore carried lightly upon the surface of the water, and does not sink under it. Something like this is observed in several other insects, which will continue in the same manner suspended on the surface of the water by the help of hairs, within and between which the air is detained, as is the case in the worms out of which gnats and gad-flies are produced. The air, however, does not always continue in the tail of the Ephemerus, but sometimes comes out of it, and may at any time be let out if they are pricked with a needle, in order to dry and preserve them; for then they generally become corrugated or wrinkled, and sink or fall together.

There is also another reason why the Ephemerus flies thus lightly on the surface of the water, and that is, because it carries a small bladder full of air in its body; unless we should rather incline to think that it is the stomach of the Ephemerus, which is then inflated or blown up with air. But I shall affirm nothing certain concerning this matter, since it is not sufficiently clear to myself.

The male, as appears to me, changes its skin twice, but the female only once. I do not, however, advance this as undoubted truth, since I have not yet confirmed it by a sufficient number of experiments. For this reason, if it be thus, we observe that the tails of the female are a third part shorter than the tails of the male. Besides, another more remarkable difference is, that the eyes in the male are twice as large as in the female. A third difference is, that the yellow colour of the body in

the male approaches more to red than in the female. The male likewise has, besides his two larger tails, four appendages, like crooked little tongues, which cannot be so distinctly seen in the female. These are the great differences of the two sexes.

The Ephemerus does not engender either in the body of the water, or on land, nor in the air, but the female throws out her eggs on the surface of the water, and the male afterwards casteth his sperm upon them, and he has probably, for this purpose, larger eyes given him by the all-seeing Creator, that by means of this advantage he may easily find out the eggs of the female wherever she has dropped them. As therefore a great many species of fish without coition throw out their eggs into the bottom of the water, to be afterwards impregnated by the male; so the Ephemerus throws its sperm into the water. These eggs, when cast out, are not collected and concreted together in the form of a perfect ovary, like that which the Ephemerus carries in its body, but are separated and dispersed from each other as they are in fish. That the Ephemerus while a worm does not perform the business of coition in the water, is manifest from hence, that it does not come out of its cells only at the time it is to cast its skin. Nay, if it should go out of them, as it sometimes does through necessity, or to breathe fresh air, yet it is by no means able to do any act to propagate its species in the water, for it cannot remain suspended in the water but while swimming, and it sinks immediately to the bottom when it has a mind to rest in it: but at the bottom it has no fixed residence till it has made a new cell or habitation for itself. To these we may add another, the strongest argument of all, that is, that no insect ever enters upon

the business of generation until they have cast their last skin; at least I have been taught so by all the experience I have had in their examination.

Neither do the Ephemeræ breed or engender in the air; this may be easily observed when they fly. Besides, they could not possibly breed in the air, because the legs of the males are so vastly lengthened after the last change of the skin, that Clutius took them for horns. Those who would favour such an opinion, must consider what an apparatus is necessary for such coition in the air; as may be seen in those flies which do it, and particularly in the *Libellæ*, which perform their venereal embraces in a wonderful manner, flying and wandering all the time in the air, visibly coupled a long time together. I therefore conclude from all my observations, that the Ephemeræ never engender together, either in the air or water, but that the female only throws her eggs on the water, and the male afterwards pours its sperm, which it carries about in flying, as the female does its eggs, upon them; so that this operation is performed without any communication of the two sexes. All these things are hastily transacted in the short period of a most transitory life, so that a more accurate inquiry into them cannot possibly be made.

These little creatures do not eat in the whole course of their lives, while perfect flying creatures, as is also the case with many other insects. I have likewise found by experience that frogs, lizards, serpents, and cameleons, are capable of living without eating many weeks; nay months.

HOW LONG THE EPIHEMERUS LIVES, AND WHAT HASTENS  
HIS DEATH.

The Ephemerus thus flying about and wandering over the surface of the water, and moving sometimes up and sometimes down through the air, never lives more than four or at most five hours; that is, from six o'clock in the evening, or half an hour after, until eleven o'clock. This I say from experience, because I have carried some of them closed in a box in my chamber, and then accurately observed the length of their lives.

All die in this very short space of time, nor do any of them, which is a matter very worthy of observation, die a natural death on land. All of them invariably go to the water again after they have gone through the second change of their skin. God, therefore, the Supreme artist, has been pleased to assign this insect a short life that surpasses all admiration.

Who has so great a genius, or is so conversant in the art of writing, as to be able to describe with a due sense the trouble and misfortunes this creature is subject to during the short continuance of its flying life? For my part, I confess, I am by no means able to execute the task; nor do I know whether Nature ever produced a more innocent and simple little creature, which is, in truth, destined to undergo so many miseries and horrible dangers.

Believe me, that the life of the Ephemerus is short, nay, amazingly and incomprehensively so; an immense number of them are always destroyed in the birth, being devoured by fish. Nor does Clutius acquit any species of fish of this barbarity, except the perch and pike. Though the rest of the Ephemeris have escaped this cruel danger, yet on land, when they are engaged in the



great work of changing their skin, they are barbarously destroyed by swallows and other birds. Nay, if they escape this danger, when they afterwards approach again to the surface of the water and carelessly sport and play there with their wings and tails, they a second time become a prey to the fish, which drag them away to the dark bottom of the water and devour them. If they fly higher into the air, another kind of torment attends them, for they are persecuted with a different barbarity by other kinds of birds, which tear their limbs asunder and devour them. Though these insects are the most innocent perhaps of all others, they are more cruelly treated than the most mischievous of wild beasts.

As the Ephemerus abounds with useful lessons and moral precepts, so it affords sufficient matter for various speculations. It is engendered, grows to its bigness, and then generates large eggs, casts them, grows old, and dies in the space of five hours. This short term comprehends the morning, noon, and evening of its life.

When the Ephemerus is flying, and particularly a little before the end of that time, the trout which eat it as its food comes to its perfection; its flesh and flavour being finer than at any other time. So I have been assured by Nicholas Tulpinus, formerly Consul at Amsterdam, for he fairly made trial of the matter.

One may ask farther this question, why, exclusive of all those dangers and misfortunes, the life of the Ephemerus should be so short? In answer to this let it be observed, that the eggs of the Ephemerus, whilst it still swims as a worm, are arrived at their perfection, so that as soon as the insect is increased and perfected by changing and extending its limbs, their eggs are instantly fit

for production or birth; to which may be added, that the Ephemerus has not the nourishing of its offspring, wherefore God has made this creature likewise more than others void of reason, as the ostrich among birds, that He from whom springs all reason and knowledge might take upon himself the care of nourishing its progeny.

Since, therefore, this creature assumes its winged form only to propagate its species, it follows that when this is done its death is naturally near at hand, and for this purpose it seems to remain three years hidden in the water and mud, and to undergo after that time its change, and get wings in that form, living till the business of generation is performed, and then it dies.

THAT THE EPHEMERUS KIND FLIES THREE DAYS, AND SOMETIMES FOUR. CERTAIN OTHER SPECIES THEREOF ARE DESCRIBED.

That the Ephemeris are changing and flying during three days continually, is known to all who live near the rivers famous for this annual miracle. I have observed them flying the fourth, nay, even the fifth day, but then very few in number. These were the succession of insects hatched one after another, and hence I think they had been worms of the same year, the wings whereof had acquired their maturity somewhat slower than some others, and that these latter were sick, or prevented by some impediment which hindered the change in the appointed time. As, on the other hand, it is certain that the transformation of the worms of this species, which are changed before their time, happens on account of their wings and other parts being perfected earlier than natural.

As this may and does continually happen in all the insect kinds, I see no reason why the Ephemerus should not sometimes be produced in the winged form some days sooner or later than the strict time ; since it is certain, from experience, that the general change in them may happen fourteen days sooner or later, as the season of the year favours it more or less.

If we attentively consider the things which have been here related of the Ephemerus, it is evident that Wouffit speaks truth when he says, “ The Ephemeron, or Diaria, is a wonderful fly, whether we consider its make, or shortness of its life.” But some of the other particulars related of this insect by this author, as well as Aldrovandus, Johnson, Clutius, and others, who are cited by the latter writer, do not correspond with the truth. Far be it from me to upbraid or animadvert on others in these matters, since it is possible that this gentleman might have described a different Ephemerus from mine, as there are various species. Besides, Nature, or her author, God, is perfectly inexhaustible in the marked properties and dispositions of these creatures. I shall only recommend it to any who shall be desirous of knowing the truth, to consult the insects themselves ; for Nature far surpasses all the writings and treatises that can be compiled, and in this and all other cases will teach more in one instant of time than any one can learn in a long series of years out of the best library.

Whilst I was engaged in investigating the nature of this insect, I met with various specimens of it at different times, but I never had the good-fortune to see the Ephemerus of Hocfuagel, which Clutius delineated, and which is found among the figures of Hocfuagel. But I once found its nymph trodden upon in the road .

that goes by the lake of Diemermeer. I at that time thought it had its origin from a kind of blackish and toothed water-worm, which has a closely corrugated or wrinkled skin. Since the latter, having attained its full bigness, leaves the water, and betaking itself to land, is there changed into a nymph, which in process of time perhaps acquires the form of the Ephemerus delineated by Hockfuagel.

The ephemerus afterwards throws its eggs into the water, which is the case with many other insects, and with several other species of the Ephemerus which I can show. I saw and took some of their species in the river Loire, at Saumur, in France. These do not differ in their general form from the Ephemerus of our country ; but they are less, and of a somewhat different structure. I have seen great swarms of them flying, when I chanced to walk in the evening on the bridge that is over the river at Saumur. Some of these carried about them their second skin, still sticking to their tails, as they flew up and down above the bridge. I have nothing further to say of this kind, or of other species, which I presume, only that some of them are as short-lived as our Ephemerus which I have been hitherto describing ; but I have observed that others of them live longer than these. I therefore apprehend that the various species are distinguishable from each other by several further peculiarities, and for this reason I do not pronounce those authors reproachable who relate any thing of these or of the like insects, because what they say does not exactly agree with the species of our particular country. Far be it from me to be guilty of such temerity, since God is infinite in all his works, and the species may be numerous.

About the end of June 1670, when I arrived in the village of Shooten near Amsterdam, I went sometimes in the evenings into the fields, where so great a number of minute insects, which were somewhat larger than gnats, at times pitched upon my clothes, that I was all over covered with them. Each of them cast a small skin on my clothes, after which I observed that all of them returned to the water, and then, like the large Ephemerus, sported and beat up and down. These insects are produced nearly in the same manner as the Ephemerus before described, for they live in ditches and water-trenches; and when they are to suffer a change in the fly-state, they likewise at regular times cast two skins, one in the water and another on the land. The manner of the smaller Ephemerus differs from the larger, in that they do not hide themselves in the mud, or form cells or long holes, but merely inhabit stony and sandy bottoms. Therefore, nature has formed them of a rougher and more robust constitution than the larger Ephemerus. Their skin also is more like the crustaceous integuments of crabs and shrimps. They have also branchiæ or gills, and rowing fins on the sides of their bodies. When in the middle of summer any one takes up stones from the Rhine or Leck, or other collections of waters in our own country, in carrying them to the land, he will most commonly see some worms of that kind sticking to them, which is likewise the case in other countries and other rivers, as I myself have learned from experience in the Loire, the Seine, and other rivers of France.

Hence it is evident that there are many distinct species of the Ephemerus.

The end of the wonderful history of the Ephemerus."—*Swammerdam*

## PAGE 33.

The following Maxims and Hints for an Angler are taken from an amusing little book with this title, written it is said by Mr. Penn, a no less accomplished angler than chess-player.

Bear always in mind that no tackle is strong enough unless well handled. A good fisherman will easily kill a trout of three pounds with a rod and line which are not strong enough to lift a dead weight of one pound from the floor, and place it on the table.

Remember, that in whipping with the artificial fly, it must have time, when you have drawn it out of the water to make the whole circuit, to be at one time straight behind you before it can be drawn out straight before you. If you give it the forward impulse too soon, you will hear a crack. Take this hint, as your fly is gone to grass.

Never throw with a long line when a short one will answer your purpose. The most difficult fish to hook is one which is rising at three-fourths of the utmost distance to which you can throw. Even when you are at the extent of your distance, you have a better chance; because in this case, when you do reach him, your line will be straight, and when you do not, the intermediate failures will not alarm him.

It appears to me, that in whipping with an artificial fly, there are two cases in which a fish taking the fly will infallibly hook himself without your assistance, viz.

1st. When the fly first touches the water at the end of a straight line.

2nd. When you are drawing your fly out for a new throw, in all cases it is necessary, that in order to hook

him, you should do something with your wrist which it is not easy to describe.

If your line should fall loose and waving in the water, it will either frighten away the fish, or he will take the fly in his mouth without fastening himself, and when he finds that it does not answer his purpose, he will spit it out again before it has answered yours.

Although the custom of fishing up and down the stream is usually settled by the direction of the wind, you may sometimes have the option; and it is therefore as well to say a word or two on both sides.

1st. If when you are fishing down-stream, you take a slip or two with each successive throw, your fly is always travelling over new water, which cannot have been disturbed by the passing of your line.

2nd. When you are fishing up-stream, you may lose the advantage of raising so many fish; but, on the other hand, you will have a better chance of hooking those which rise at your fly, because the darting forward of a fish seizing it, has a tendency to tighten your line, and produces the desired effect.

3rd. If you are in the habit of catching a fish sometimes, there is another great advantage in fishing up-stream, viz. whilst you are playing and leading (necessarily down-stream) you do not alarm the others which are above you, waiting till their turn comes.

The learned are much divided in opinion as to the propriety of whipping with two flies or with one. I am myself of opinion, that your chance of hooking fish is much increased by your using two flies; but I think that by using one, you increase your chance of landing the fish.

When you are using two flies, you can easily find the

bob-fly on the top of the water, and thus be sure that the end-fly is not far off. When you are using only one fly, you cannot so easily see where the fly is; but I think you can make a better guess where the fish is likely to be after you have hooked him.

## PAGE 49.

*Manuel of the elements of Natural History, by J. F. Blumenbach.*

## SECTION VII.

*Of Fishes.*

99.—Fishes are those animals which possess red cold blood, which move by means of true *fins*, (with bony or cartilaginous fibre,) and which breathe by true *gills* lying deep at each side of the neck; and not, as in the larvæ of frogs, &c. projecting beyond it.

*Remark.*—I say *true gills* and *true fins*, in order to distinguish them from organs to a certain degree analogous in young frogs, salamanders, &c. (94.)

100.—These gills (*branchiæ*) in fishes almost perfectly supply the place of lungs. They are placed on each side behind the head, for the most part under one or more large semilunar plates, hence called *opercula branchialia*, and in most instances connected with the membrane of the gills, *membrana branchiostega*. The gills themselves are filled with innumerable very delicate vessels, and are mostly divided on each side into four layers, which somewhat resemble the beard of a quill, and which are attached at their basis to a corresponding number of little bones.

101.—Respiration, which fishes are nearly as incapable of dispensing with as those animals which possess



lungs, is in them effected by introducing the air, which the water holds in solution, through the mouth into the gills, and then expelling it again through the branchial aperture (*apertura branchialis*); consequently not by inspiring and expiring through the same passages as in those animals which possess lungs.

102. — Not having lungs, it is evident that they cannot have any voice, although some, as *Coltus cataphractus*, *Cobitis fossilis*, &c. can make a noise.

103. — The form of the body in fishes, in general, is infinitely more varied than in the two preceding classes. In most, however, the body has a vertical direction, *i. e.* is flattened at both sides (*corpus compressum*;) in some, on the contrary, as the Rays, it is horizontal, and extended laterally (*corpus depressum vel plagioplateum*;) in others, as the Eel, &c. it is more rounded; in others, prismatic or quadrangular, &c.

In all, the head and trunk are connected immediately, without being separated by a neck.

104. — With only a few exceptions, fishes are covered with scales; in the osseous fishes the scales are real, are formed of a peculiar substance, and in different species present a great number of varieties in point of form, marks, and colours, which latter sometimes shine like gold and silver. On the other hand, the cartilaginous fishes, in general, are covered with several bone-like plates, hook-shaped prickles, &c.

The scales are covered externally with a kind of slime, which appears to be in a great measure excreted from small cavities, which in most fishes are placed in a line along each side of the body.

105. — The fins, the organs of motion in fishes, in which a very great power of re-production has been re-

marked, consist of their bony or cartilaginous spines or rays, connected together by a particular membrane, fastened to a bone, and set in motion by certain muscles. They are called, according to their position, the upper dorsal fins ; those at the side, behind the gills, pectoral fins ; those on the belly in front of the anus, abdominal fins ; those behind this opening, anal fins ; and lastly, those on the tail, which always have a vertical direction, caudal fins.

The flying-fish, as they are called, have very long and stiff pectoral fins, by means of which they can raise themselves above the surface of the water and fly for a short time.

106.—Another auxiliary in the motion of fishes, particularly in rising and sinking, is the swim-bladder, with which fresh-water fish in particular are supplied, and which communicates by a particular canal (*ductus pneumaticus*) generally with the œsophagus, seldom with the stomach.

107.—With regard to their place of abode, fishes in general are divided into sea-fish and fresh-water fish. Many can live for some time out of water, as the eel, *murœna*, &c. ; others in hot mineral springs.\*

108.—Most fishes, especially those of the sea, are nocturnal animals, that is, they are active during the night, and in the day remain in a state of repose. Hence the inhabitants of islands and coasts, who live on fish, choose the night for catching them.

109.—A great many species of fish change their place of abode at certain seasons of the year. Many sea-fish ascend the mouths of rivers and creeks to spawn ;

\* Somesat, in Rozier's *Journal de Physique*, Air. 1774. p. 256. and Buffon, *Supplement*, vol.v. p. 540. &c.

many, as the herring for instance, in the North Atlantic, make extensive migrations at certain seasons of the year in incalculable numbers between the coasts of the west of Europe and north-east of America.

110.—Fishes are in a great proportion carnivorous animals, and as they have no feet with which to hold their prey, are supplied with a variety of other contrivances for mastering it. Some have long fibrous threads (*cirri*) about the mouth for the purpose of enticing other small marine animals as with a bait, as in the star-gazer, frog-fish, &c. Others, as the *Chætodon tostratus*, have a kind of syringe, with which they strike down insects flying over the surface of the water; others, as the three sea-fish, the electric ray, the tetrodon electricus, and trichiurus indicus, and the two fresh-water fish, the electric eel, and silurus electricus, possess a peculiar benumbing paralyzing power.

111.—As to the external senses of fish, smelling must be very acute from the distance at which they discover a bait. *Their hearing also is good*, and they have organs similar to those of the internal ear in other hot-blooded animals. Above all, however, there are many peculiarities in their eyes, numerous membranes partly not found elsewhere.

112.—From the deficiency of correct observations, little can be said decidedly on their instincts and other *mental* faculties. It is known, however, that many\* trout for example become very docile, and that others, as old carp, are very wary and cunning.

113.—As to their sleep, the observation that was made with respect to the amphibia is applicable, viz. that probably most have a winter sleep, but only a

\* Barter Opuscula Subseciva, t. i. l. 2. p. 88.

very few are found daily asleep, as is said to be the case with gold fish.

114.—Except the small number of viviparous fishes, such as the eel, the *blennius viviparus*, but very few actually copulate. In most instances the female lays the unimpregnated eggs, the male coming afterwards and sprinkling them with his semen.

Advantage of this circumstance has been taken in rural economy, young fish having been procured by the artificial mixture of the ova and semen of trout.

*Remarks* :—Among many other peculiarities in the mode of generation of fishes, many, as the lamprey, possess the organs of both sexes in perfection ; whilst in others, as the carp, anomalous instances of hermaphrodites are found.

115.—The increase in the number of most fishes is wonderfully great, so that, although the ova are in most instances proportionably much smaller than in any other class of animals, the ovaria of many are larger than the whole of the body. Thus, in the herring, there have been counted from 20,000 to 37,000 ; in the carp upwards of 200,000 ; in the tench 383,000 ; in the flounder upwards of a million.

116.—In some cases the young fish have not their perfect form when they escape from the egg, but must, as in the amphibia, undergo a kind of metamorphosis by which they obtain fins.

117.—In proportion to their size, fishes reach a very advanced age. Examples are known of carp, pike, &c. living one hundred and fifty years ; on the other hand, some smaller fishes, as the stickleback, living but a few years.

118.—The liability of fishes to man is not very va-

rious, for the most part only as food, but in this respect of the utmost importance to a great part of the human race, who live entirely on this class of animals.

Savage nations, as the Kamtschatdales, Brazilians, &c. possess the art of preparing fish in a great variety of ways, even as a kind of flour, bread, &c. With many, as the islanders of the Pacific Ocean, fishing forms a principal occupation, and a serious kind of study with reference to the ingenious methods and instruments they have invented. To a great part of the cultivated world the taking of the herring, the cod, the tunny, &c. is of still greater value; the inhabitants of the eastern coast of the middle of Asia clothe themselves in the tanned skin of the fishes, &c.

119.—Fishes of prey are the most noxious, particularly the shark in the ocean, and the pike in fresh water."

#### PAGE 63.

There is an old distich that says,

The first great flood that happens in May,  
Carries the salmon fry into the sea.

That the samlets are not the salmon fry, but hybrids, seems most probable by the following facts :

"In the river Tees about two or three miles from Middleton, there is a remarkable cascade. The rock is above twenty feet high from one side to the other, and salmon cannot get up it. The pool it falls into has been often plumbed without finding bottom. Below this *force*, as it is called, there is abundance of these pinks meltons or skegger trout in summer; and *above* is never found *one*."

Another reason why I think the pink is from the sal-

mon, is because they are all melts, or he fish; and to be fully satisfied in this point, I have taken all the fish that have been in a long shallow pool, above five hundred, of which there have not been above twenty spotted trouts, all the rest pinks with melts in them, so that I concluded it was not a distinct spawn of trouts, but was produced by some other heterogeneous spawning together of two different species of fish. I suppose it is the pink that Mr. Walton talks of when he says, "There are certain waters that breed trouts remarkable both for their number and smallness. I know," says he, "a little brook in Kent that breeds them to a number incredible, and you may take them twenty or forty in an hour, but none greater than the size of a gudgeon.

"There is also in the rivers near the sea, as at Winchester, and the Thames about Windsor, a little trout called a samlet or skegger trout that will bite as fast and as openly as minnows; they are by some taken to be young salmon, but in these waters they never grow to be bigger than a herring."

How these pinks are bred is still the question.

My opinion of it is this:

I have sometimes seen a she salmon that had, as I supposed, lost her mate, with two or three melt trout in a hole, as I thought spawning with her. Sometimes a melter that has lost his mate, and could not find another in due time, has had two or three she trouts in the bed with him. I have with a net taken them of all these sorts, to satisfy my curiosity, and released them again immediately, the spawn of both kinds issuing from them. Of these unnatural copulations proceeds the pink; whether it outlives the winter or not, I cannot tell, perhaps it may go down to the sea about November, when

the salmon go down, when they have spawned, and may never return, for I could never see one of them in the spring above four inches long.”—*The North Country Angler*.

## PAGE 84.

“HAL.—He is a well-fed fish, but, in proportion, not so thick as my model, which was a fish of 17 inches by 9 inches, and weighed 2 lbs.;—this is my standard solid. We will try him. Ho! Mrs. B.!—bring your scales and weigh this fish. There, you see, he weighs 5 lbs. 10½ oz.”—*Salmonia*.

## PAGE 93.

“PHYS.—As I was looking down into a ditch coming down the river, which is connected with it, I saw a very large eel at the bottom, that appeared to me to be feeding on a small grayling:—are there many of this fish in the Teme? and do they breed here?

HAL.—There are many of this fish in the river; but to your question, Do they breed here? I must answer in the negative. The problem of their generation is the most abstruse, and one of the most curious, in natural history; and though it occupied the attention of Aristotle, and has been taken up by most distinguished naturalists since his time, it is still unsolved.

PHYS.—I thought there was no doubt on the subject. Lacepède, whose book is the only scientific one on fishes I have read with attention, asserts, in the most unqualified way, that they are viviparous.

HAL.—I remember his assertion, but I looked in vain for proofs.

PHYS.—I do not remember any *facts* brought forward on the subject; but tell us what you think upon it.

HAI.—I will tell you all I know, which is not much. This is certain, that there are two migrations of eels,—one up and one down rivers, one *from* and the other *to* the sea; the first in spring and summer, the second in autumn or early winter. The first, of very small eels, which are sometimes not more than two or two and a-half inches long; the second of large eels, which sometimes are three or four feet long, and weigh from 10 to 15, or even 20 lbs. There is great reason to believe that all eels found in fresh water are the results of the first migration: they appear in millions in April and May, and sometimes continue to rise as late even as July and the beginning of August. I remember this was the case in Ireland in 1823. It had been a cold backward summer, and when I was at Ballyshannon, about the end of July, the mouth of the river, which had been in flood all this month, under the fall, was blackened by millions of little eels, about as long as the finger, which were constantly urging their way up the moist rocks by the side of the fall. Thousands died, but their bodies remaining moist, served as the ladder for others to make their way; and I saw some ascending even perpendicular stones, making their road through wet moss, or adhering to some eels that had died in the attempt. Such is the energy of these little animals, that they continue to find their way, in immense numbers, to Loch Erne. The same thing happens at the fall of the Bann, and Loch Neagh is thus peopled by them: even the mighty Fall of Shaffhausen does not prevent them from making their way to the Lake of Constance, where I have seen many very large eels.

PHYS.—You have shown that some eels come from the sea, but I do not think the facts prove that all eels are derived from that source.



HAL. — Pardon me — I have not concluded. There are eels in the Lake of Neufchatel, which communicates by a stream with the Rhine; but there are none in the Lemane Lake, because the Rhone makes a subterraneous fall below Geneva; and though small eels can pass by moss or mount rocks, they cannot penetrate limestone, or move against a rapid descending current of water, passing, as it were, through a pipe. Again: no eels mount the Danube from the Black Sea; and there are none found in the great extent of lakes, swamps, and rivers communicating with the Danube, — though some of these lakes and morasses are wonderfully fitted for them, and though they are found abundantly in the same countries, in lakes and rivers connected with the ocean and the Mediterranean. Yet, when brought into confined water in the Danube, they fatten and thrive there. As to the instinct, which leads young eels to seek fresh water, it is difficult to reason: — probably they prefer warmth, and, swimming at the surface in the early summer, find the lighter water warmer, and likewise containing more insects, and so pursue the courses of fresh water, as the waters from the land, at this season, become warmer than those of the sea. Mr. J. Couch (*Lin. Trans.* t. xiv. p. 70.) says, that the little eels, according to his observation, are produced within reach of the tide, and climb round falls to reach fresh water from the sea. I have sometimes seen them, in spring, swimming in immense shoals in the Atlantic, in Mount Bay, making their way to the mouths of small brooks and rivers. When the cold water from the autumnal floods begins to swell the rivers, the fish tries to return to the sea; but numbers of the smaller ones hide themselves during the winter in the mud, and

many of them form, as it were, masses together. Various authors have recorded the migration of eels in a singular way — such as Dr. Plot, who, in his *History of Staffordshire*, says, that they pass in the night across meadows, from one pond to another : and Mr. Arderon (in *Trans. Royal Soc.*) gives a distinct account of small eels rising up the floodgates and posts of the water-works of the city of Norwich ; and they made their way to the water above, though the boards were smooth planed, and five or six feet perpendicular. He says, when they first rose out of the water upon the dry board, they rested a little—which seemed to be till their slime was thrown out, and sufficiently glutinous — and then they rose up the perpendicular ascent with the same facility as if they had been moving on a plane surface. — (*Trans. Abr.* vol. ix. p. 311.) There can, I think, be no doubt, that they are assisted by their small scales, which, placed like those of serpents, must facilitate their progressive motion : these scales have been microscopically observed by Lewenhoeck.—(*Phil. Trans.* vol. iv.) Eels migrate from the salt-water of different sizes, but I believe never when they are above a foot long — and the great mass of them are only from two and a-half to four inches. They feed, grow, and fatten in fresh water. In small rivers they are seldom very large ; but in large deep lakes they become as thick as a man's arm, or even leg ; and all those of a considerable size attempt to return to the sea in October or November, probably when they experience the cold of the first autumnal rains. Those that are not of the largest size, as I said before, pass the winter in the deepest parts of the mud of rivers and lakes, and do not seem to eat much, and remain I believe, almost torpid.

Their increase is not certainly known in any given time, but must depend upon the quantity of their food: but it is probable they do not become of the largest size from the smallest, in one or even two seasons; but this, as well as many other particulars, can only be ascertained by new observations and experiments. Bloch states, that they grow slowly; and mentions, that some had been kept in the same pond for fifteen years. As very large eels, after having migrated, never return to the river again, they must (for it cannot be supposed that they all die immediately in the sea) remain in salt water; and there is great probability that they are then confounded with the conger, which is found of different colours and sizes—from the smallest to the largest—from a few ounces to one hundred pounds in weight. The colour of the conger is generally paler than that of the eel; but, in the Atlantic, it is said that pale congers are found on one side of the Wolf Rock, and dark ones on the other. The conger has breathing tubes, which are said not to be found in the other eel; but to determine this would require a more minute examination than has yet been made. Both the conger and common eel have fringes along the air bladder, which are probably the ovaria; and Sir E. Home thinks them hermaphrodite, and that the seminal vessels are close to the kidneys. I hope this great comparative anatomist will be able to confirm his views by new dissections, and some chemical researches upon the nature of the fringes and the supposed melt. If viviparous, and the fringes contain the ova, one mother must produce tens of thousands, the ova being remarkably small; but it appears more probable that they are oviparous, and that they deposit their ova in parts of the sea near deep basins,

which remain warm in winter. This might be ascertained by experiment, particularly on the coasts of the Mediterranean. I cannot find that they haunt the Arctic Ocean, which is probably of too low a temperature to suit their feelings or habits; and the Caspian and the Black Sea are probably without them, from their not being found in the Volga or Danube; these, being shallow seas, are perhaps too cold for them in winter. From the time (April) that small eels begin to migrate, it is probable that they are generated in winter; and the pregnant eels ought to be looked for in November, December, and January. I opened one in December, in which the fringes were abundant, but I did not examine them under the microscope, or chemically. I trust this curious problem will not remain much longer unsolved.”—*Salmonia*.

## PAGE 101.

“HAL.—Now take your places — what think you of our fish?

PHYS.—I never ate better — but I want the Harvey or Reading sauce.

HAL.—Pray let me entreat you to use no other sauce than the water in which he is boiled — I assure you this is the true epicurean way of eating fresh salmon, and for the trout use only a little vinegar and mustard, a sauce *à la Tartare* without the onions.

POIET.—Well ! nothing can be better, and I do not think fresh net-caught fish can be superior to these.

HAL. — And these snipes are excellent; either my journey has given me an appetite, or I think they are the best I ever tasted.

ORN.—They are good, but I have tasted better.

HAL.—Where?

ORN.—On the Continent. Come let us have another bottle of claret — a pint per man is not too much after such a day's fatigue.

There, he is a sea trout of nearly 3 lbs. This will be a good addition to our dinner: I will crimp him, that you may compare boiled sea-trout with broiled, and with salmon. Now, if you please, we will cool this fish at the spring, and then go to our inn.

POIET.—If you like. I am endeavouring to find a reason for the effect of crimping and cold in preserving the curd of fish. Have you ever thought on this subject?

HAL.—Yes: I conclude that the fat of salmon between the flakes of the muscles is mixed with much albumen and gelatine, and is extremely liable to decompose, and by keeping it cool the decomposition is retarded; and by the boiling salt and water, which is of a higher temperature than that of common boiling water, the albumen is coagulated, and the curdiness preserved. The crimping, by preventing the irritability of the fibre from being gradually exhausted, seems to preserve it so hard and crisp, that it breaks under the teeth; and a fresh fish not crimped is generally tough. A friend of mine, an excellent angler, has made some experiments on the fat of fish; and he considers the red colour of trout, salmon, and char, as owing to a peculiar-coloured oil which may be extracted by alcohol; and this accounts for the want of it in fish that have fed ill, and after spawning. In general, the depth of the red colour and the quantity of curd are proportional.

POIET.—Would not the fish be still better, or at least possess more curd, if caught in a net and killed immedi-

ately? In the operation of tiring by the reel there must be considerable muscular exertion, and I should suppose expenditure of oily matter.

HAL. — There can be no doubt but the fish would be in a more perfect state for the table from the nets; yet a fish in high season does not lose so much fat during the short time he is on the hook as to make much difference; and I am not sure, that the action of crimping after does not give a better sort of crispness to the fibre. This, however, may be fancy; we will discuss the matter again at table. See! our companion on the lake, the eagle is coming down the river, and has pounced upon a fish in the pool near the sea.

PHYS.—I fear he will interfere with our sport: let us request Ornither to shoot him. I wish to see him nearer, and to preserve him as a specimen for the Zoological Society.

HAL. — O! no. He will not spoil our sport; and I think it would be a pity to deprive this spot of one of its poetical ornaments. Besides, the pool where he is now fishing contains scarcely anything but trout; it is too shallow for salmon, who run into the cruives.

POIET. — I am of your opinion, and shall use my eloquence to prevent Ornither from attempting the life of so beautiful a bird—so majestic in its form, so well suited to the scenery, and so picturesque in all its habits.

THE INNKEEPER. — Gentlemen, dinner is ready. — *Salmonia.*

## PAGE 114.

*Of the spawning of Salmon Trouts, &c.*

How the several species of salmon, salmon trout, burn trout, and spotted trout, and some other fish are propagated, I have been not a little inquisitive and curious in my observations. I have seen all of them spawning several times with wonder and pleasure at the surprising instinct which the God of nature has given them.

Salmon and the several species of trout spawn generally in September and October, earlier or later, as the season is most agreeable to that end.

When plenty of salmon are taken in locks and nets, it is easy to observe when the spawn begins to grow in them, which in some may be in the beginning of April, in others not till May, as they have got up the river and spawned and gone down again to the sea the preceding year. For sometimes there not being proper floods to bring them down to the tide, they will lie a month or six weeks in the fresh-water pools in a languid starving condition, and such fish will be a month or six weeks longer in recovering than when they do get to the salt water. From their first having milt and roes in them till they spawn is generally five or six months. In the four of which they are in their full perfection, as several other creatures are whilst the eggs are growing in them, as in hens, &c.

When there are no dams to stop them, as in the Tweed, and most of the rivers in Scotland and Ireland, they will change the salt for the fresh water several times in the summer, when they taste a *fresh*, as the fishermen call it, that is to say, when a great flood and a spring-tide reach a good way into the sea.

And as these migrations or changes are necessary for their health, so there are some reasons, that in a manner force them to it. For when they have got too long in the sea and have laid among the rocks and seaweed, the sea-lice get upon them, stick so close, and make them so uneasy, that they will rub the very skin off where the lice bite them, and nothing cures them of their tormentors but the fresh water. And then again, when they have been above a month in the river and lie under banks, roots, or stones, the fresh-water lice creep upon them and force them to get to the sea again to be freed from them, which the salt water does effectually.

I must observe how this migration of creatures answers the same end of Providence with that of woodcocks, quails, &c.; and several kinds of fish that go round our island at their proper seasons, and furnish the neighbouring inhabitants with delicious food.

But the sea-lice are more troublesome to the salmon when they grow big-bellied at the end of August and beginning of September, for then they are heavier and larger, and lie more among the rocks, and get the more lice upon them, and this forces them to the fresh waters upon a double account, to be cured of the vermin and their natural burthen too. As this time their skin grows thicker than in summer, and of a dusky copperish colour, to make them endure the cold of the winter season the better. At this time also the melter is more easily distinguished from the roe, for now at the end of his lower chop there grows a hard bony gib, from which they are then called the gib fish, larger or less according to the age and size of the salmon, in some above an inch long, and taper. And this gib, as it grows, makes for itself a socket or hole in the upper jaw which nails



up his mouth when it is shut ; and besides all the fore part of the head is at this time tough and bony.

This is one of the numberless works of the God of Nature, by which the fish is armed and prepared for the work he has to do when they are come to proper places for spawning.

At what particular time they choose their mates and pair like most other creatures, none of our books of angling tell us, but I suppose it must be as they come up the rivers, in shoals of three or four hundred together. And who knows but they may keep to their own tribes, and match or choose mates among their own relations? for it has been observed that salmon particularly, and salmon trout, will come up the same river and spawn in the very same places wherein they are bred, and I am inclined to believe the same of some other fish, as we read of swallows and other birds of passage.

The lightest and strongest go farthest up the rivers, and the larger and heavier press up as far as they can get, if not to the place where they are bred, choosing large pools and pretty deep gravelly streams. As they come up the river they swim close to the bottom, and generally in the middle and deepest part of it, making tracks in the gravel and sand like sheep-tracks, by which we fishers know when any salmon are up the river. And it has been observed that the pilots or guides, as fishermen call them, often come to the top of the water to reconnoitre, if I may use a modern military term, and see what coast they are upon. They swim very fast, and generally more at night than day, and rest when they come to convenient places under bushes, weeds, banks, or stones, and then the whole

shoal run again. The reason I suppose of their swimming in the middle and at the bottom of the river is, because that part is the least disturbed by a flood, and there is the safest and best travelling.

They generally choose streams to spawn in, at the head of the deep great pools, both for their own security from their mortal enemy the otter, and the great preservation of the young fry, which we may observe in the spring very near the shore of those streams where they were bred, waiting for a flood to carry them down.

When a gib fish has found a stream that he likes, he makes a hole as a swine works in the ground with his nose, his mouth being nailed with the gib in its socket. When he has made this hole a yard and a half or more long and near a yard broad, he goes down to his mate under a root or stone, and in what manner he makes his addresses to her I cannot tell; but I have often seen the gib fish rush at his mate as if going to bite her, jolting her sometimes on one side and then on the other, chasing her from place to place as we see a cock pigeon does the hen in the nest till they come to the marriage bed he has been preparing for her, where they lie at the lower end of it close by the side of each other.

All the roes that are shot and touched by the melt, which is of a viscous quality, sink among the little stones and gravel; and those that are not touched by it are carried down the stream, and are delicious food for the many trouts that are watching the opportunity.

Then the she fish leaves her mate, chasing away the small fish, whilst the gib fish is working away at the head of the bed, covering up the spawn with the gravel and sand, which he throws up with his head, making at the same time a new bed and filling up the other.

This he does all by himself, for I never saw the she fish along with the he when he was making a new hole at the head of the other. Sometimes I have seen him lie still in the hole as if resting himself, and then in an hour or two bring up his mate again and do as before.

If it is rainy or muggy weather, they will be three or four nights in finishing their work, but frosty weather puts them in a hurry, and they will have done in two nights or less, and hasten down to their holds and take the first opportunity to get to sea.

In this manner salmon, salmon trouts, and I believe all trout spawn, and other fish that spawn in the streams use much the same, or such like method in making beds and covering up their spawn.

I have been more particular in this article because I have often seen it done, and in many places, both in the evenings and mornings, and sometimes at night with lights. Sometimes a salmon loses its mate before they have done spawning, and yet the gib fish has brought up another in two or three hours to spawn with him.

Whether there be any supernumerary shes in the pool, or he has taken by violence another's mate, I cannot tell, but I have a better opinion of our noble salmon than to suspect him of such injustice.

A salmon spawn heap will be three yards or more in length, and two feet or near a yard in breadth, and looks like a new-made grave."—*The North Country Angler*, 1786.

PAGE 274.

“Digna miratu avis. Primùm, tanta vox tam parvo in corpusculo, tam pertinax spiritus. Deinde in una perfecta musicæ scientia modulatus editur sonus; et nunc continuo spiritu trahitur in longum, nunc variatur

inflexo, nunc distinguitur conciso, copulatur intorto, promittitur revocato, infuscatur ex inopinato: interdum et secum ipse murmurat, plenus, gravis, acutus, creber, extentus; ubi visum est vibrans, summus, medius, imus. Breviterque omnia tam parvulis in faucibus, quæ tot exquisitis tibiæ tormentis ars hominum excogitavit.—Certant inter se, palamque animosa contentio est. Victa morte finit sæpe vitam, spiritu prius deficiente quam cantu.”—PLIN. *Nat. Hist.* lib. 10. c. 29.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

LONDON:  
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,  
Dorset Street, Fleet Street.







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